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(Class of 1839)

This fund is $10,000 and its income is to be used
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BOOKS IN THE WAR

THE ROMANCE OF LIBRARY WAR SERVICE

FROM A POSTER OF THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
LIBRARY WAR SERVICE

BOOKS IN THE W

THE ROMANCE OF LIBRARY WAR SERVICE

BY

THEODORE WESLEY KOCH

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, CAMBRIDGE
1919

ASSOCIATION

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1919

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NOV 18 1919
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TO

DR. HERBERT PUTNAM

LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS AND
GENERAL DIRECTOR A.L.A. LIBRARY WAR SERVICE
BUT FOR WHOM THESE STUDIES WOULD
NEVER HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

PREFACE

THE present volume is an amplification of the first part of my *War Libraries and Allied Studies*. It is, however, more than a revised and enlarged edition of "War Libraries" with the omission of the "Allied Studies." As the earlier book was written during the war, before some of the striking features of library war service were fully developed, and there were but scanty reports of results obtained along certain lines, it was necessary, with the fuller information now at hand, to rewrite large portions of the earlier account. Instead of one chapter on the work overseas, it is now difficult to do justice to it in five times the space. The Armistice released much material from the war zones. Not only were the returned prisoners of war free to talk of their experiences, but the lifting of the military censorship gave us the benefit of many interesting personal narratives. Men coming back from overseas have told us of the help which they derived from books and magazines while in the fighting area, in military hospitals, or waiting for a transport. Letters sent home from the front have shed additional light on the place which reading occupied in the lives of the fighting men.

Then, too, the signing of the Armistice not only changed in large measure the tense of my narrative from the present to the past, but shifted the empha-

sis in library war service from the preparation of men for war to training for the arts of peace.

I hope that in the present volume I have been able to give a more adequate picture of the kind of work which the American Library Association has been privileged to do for the soldiers and sailors, the sick and the wounded, in our home camps and overseas. The book is not a history, nor an official report of results accomplished; but, as far as I have been able to make it, a human-interest story of what books and reading have meant to the morale of the army and to the individual soldier and sailor in helping them to win the war and preparing them for their return to civil life.

My study of the whole subject began in London in 1917, before the United States had entered the war. I had been sent abroad by the Librarian of Congress on a special mission, and had the misfortune, — or good fortune, it all depends upon how you look at it, — to be taken ill with influenza and to be sent to a private hospital. The matron, in her endeavor to keep me supplied with reading matter, brought me a volume of the *Ruhleben Magazine* in which there was an account of the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme. This interested me so much that I investigated it from the London headquarters — and wrote it up. Then I heard of the British Y.M.C.A. libraries and got a "story" about them. In quick succession followed the discovery of two other British welfare organizations, — the War Library and the Camps Library.

I felt that my library friends back home and my fellow countrymen with a feeling for books would like to know of the provision that had been made for the British soldiers and sailors in the way of books and magazines. I published my findings in a little pamphlet entitled *Books in Camp, Trench, and Hospital.*

I had given a typewritten copy of the paper to Dr. Henry van Dyke, then in London, with the request that he write a preface for it. He took the paper with him to America and sent back this letter: —

"I have read with much care and interest your typewritten statement in regard to 'Books in camp, trench, and hospital.' It needs no introduction. All the arguments for giving a supply of good reading to soldiers as a part of the spiritual munitions of war are lucidly and strongly put in your paper. One thing this war has certainly taught the world, and that is that victory does not depend solely upon big battalions, but upon large and strong and brave hearts and minds in the battalions. The morale of the army is the hidden force which uses the weapons of war to the best advantage, and nothing is more important in keeping up this morale than a supply of really good reading for the men in their hours of enforced inactivity, whether they are in campaign preparing for the battle, or in the trench waiting to renew the battle again, or in hospital wounded and trying to regain strength of body and mind to go back to the battle for which they have been enlisted. Human fellowship, good books, and music are three of the best

medicines and tonics in the world. I believe these things very thoroughly, and you can use this expression of belief in any way which may seem to you helpful. I should like to do all that I can do for the good cause."

By the time I returned home, the United States had been in the war for three months. The American Library Association had outlined a programme for an adequate Library War Service. I was asked to assist in the literary publicity of this work, and the present volume is the final form of such contributions as I have been able to make to the story of Books in the War.

In the preparation of this volume I have been fortunate to have had once more the assistance of a former associate, Miss Mary M. Melcher. I have naturally drawn heavily upon the letters and reports of the camp and hospital librarians and to them I acknowledge my indebtedness for many illustrative anecdotes.

T. W. K.

Library of Congress
June, 1919

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BOOKS IN THE WAR

CHAPTER I

THE LIBRARY WAR SERVICE OF THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

THE social side of the Great War presents some topics which have not been prominent in former conflicts. One of these is the provision of food for the minds of the fighting men. Previous wars had shown us how to equip and administer commissary departments and canteens, but they taught us little of present-day value as to what the men called to the colors would need in the way of literary or intellectual equipment.

Mr. J. S. Lockwood, a Civil War veteran, says that he can recall no incident of books being available to the soldiers of the sixties with the exception of the few which were sent to hospitals in or near Washington and in a few of the Northern cities. The men relied almost entirely on *Harper's* and *Frank Leslie's Weekly;* but in addition to these magazines they longed for interesting books to read. Major George Haven Putnam in a recent address in New York City recalled the fact that two English grammars were eagerly read and passed along among the men shut up in Libby prison.

More fortunate were the Connecticut regiments, where libraries were a part of the regimental equipment. These libraries by July, 1862, numbered 1284 volumes and 5450 magazines, shelved and locked in strong portable cases with a written catalogue and proper regimental labels. The books were on a great variety of subjects and were of good quality. They were in charge of Professor Francis Wayland, who purchased some 250 of the latest books so as to make sure of having up-to-date material in the collection.

"It is the most convenient thing imaginable," wrote Chaplain Hall of the 10th Connecticut Volunteers. "I have constructed a long writing-desk, on which I place all the papers which you so kindly furnish me; at the end of the desk is my library of books. You will always find from ten to fifty men in the tent, reading and writing. The library is just the thing needed. The books are well assorted, and entertaining."

"The nicely-selected stock was gone in two hours after I had opened the box," wrote Chaplain Morris of the 8th Connecticut Volunteers. "Since that time, the delivery and return of books has occupied several hours a day. Dickens has a great run. The tales of Miss Edgeworth and T. S. Arthur are very popular. The Army and Navy Melodies are hailed with delight, and 'the boys' are singing right merrily almost every night. Day before yesterday, I received a box of pamphlets from the Commission. There were half a dozen men ready to open the box, and twenty more at

hand to superintend the process and share the contents. The demand for reading is four times the supply."

The Commission referred to is the United States Christian Commission which prepared and sent out 215 collections of 125 volumes each, and 70 collections of 75 volumes each. These libraries were widely distributed through the army, having been placed in the general hospitals, at the permanent posts and large forts, and on war vessels. Chaplain J. C. Thomas of the 88th Illinois Regiment became general reading agent for the Army of the Cumberland. "The nearer you can bring the home to the army," said he, "the more useful you are." As an illustration of the regard in which the soldiers of the Civil War held such books as they possessed, it is related that when General Hooker started to cross the Potomac, two Pennsylvania cavalrymen came into the old church at Fairfax Court House bearing their regimental library of 100 volumes on their shoulders. The books had been with the regiment for a year and a half and, thinking that they would become separated from them, it was proposed to turn them over to the Christian Commission for the use of some regiment of infantry.

Under the title "How a Soldier may Succeed after the War," Dr. Russell H. Conwell has recently published a score of stories of men in the Civil War whose success in after life was traceable, in part at least, to their application to books during their leisure hours while in the army.

During the Spanish-American war a private, discovered with a set of correspondence school books, was told that he would have to get rid of them, and they were only saved by his captain coming to his aid.

Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick says that while he was on the Mexican border in the summer of 1916, as the train stopped at the watering tanks soldiers would come through and ask whether the passengers had anything to read, — a book, a magazine, or even a newspaper. The soldiers had little to do and absolutely nothing to read.

The methods of warfare have been revolutionized and more is expected of the soldiers of to-day than ever before. Innumerable technical subjects must be studied; highly specialized branches must be mastered. Books must be within reach. Not only do the students in khaki call for more than did the old soldiers in blue and gray, but more is demanded of them in return.

"The Civil War was fought with the old-time instruments, by the old-time methods," said Dr. Herbert Putnam. "This war has introduced novel instruments and quite novel methods. It is, in fact, a war of mechanism and of exact science; the mechanism is intricate and the science extends not merely to the ordnance but to every factor of organization, transportation, sanitation, equipment, supply. It is a war of engineering; it is a war of chemistry; it is a war of physics; it is a war of dynamics. It is a war of hygiene, down to the minutest values. The sciences of it involve not merely vast ingenuity in the creation

CAMP LIBRARY, CAMP SEVIER

This building was fortunate in its wooded setting

© Underwood & Underwood

AN ALCOVE IN THE CAMP LIBRARY, CAMP UPTON

of offensives, but an even more anxious study and creation of defensives.

"You might suppose this need to concern only the officers. That would be your mistake; branches of it may concern even the privates; and if they don't concern them as a part of their military duties they are bound to interest them as individuals, with an avid curiosity to learn all about the mechanism which they are aiding to operate."

The earliest camp library, so far as we know, was that which figured in Napoleon's campaign in Egypt. This was selected and organized by the Say brothers with scrupulous regard for Napoleon's orders. It consisted of about one thousand volumes, forty of which were on religion, with equal numbers in the drama and epic poetry, sixty in history and one hundred in fiction. The famous authors included Homer, Virgil, Tacitus, Polybius, Plutarch, Thucydides, Tasso, Ariosto, Montesquieu, Voltaire, La Fontaine, Le Sage and Ossian. There were French translations of Cook's Voyages and Barclay's Geography, lives of Charles XII and Frederick II. But needless to say these books were not for the men in the ranks.

Upon the entrance of the United States into the world war, the president of the American Library Association appointed a War Service Committee which made its first report at the annual conference of the Association at Louisville in June, 1917. The

Commission on Training Camp Activities by a unanimous vote invited the A.L.A. to assume the responsibility for providing adequate library facilities in the camps and cantonments.

The Secretary of War having appointed ten nationally known men and women as a Library War Council to aid in an appeal for funds, it was decided to raise by private subscription a million dollars with which to carry on the work. The financial campaign was successful in raising the money asked for — and two thirds as much again. A campaign for books was conducted at the same time as the campaign for funds, resulting in the receipt of over two hundred thousand volumes for immediate service. These were collected at central points and delivered either at the camps or at designated depots for transportation abroad. It was planned to use the funds largely for books of a serious nature, as it was anticipated that the lighter books would be largely supplied by gift. The campaign for books was to continue as long as the war lasted, as would also the need for funds if the war were to last as long as some people predicted. The Carnegie Corporation made a grant of $10,000 for each of the proposed thirty-two camp libraries, and a similar sum was received from another source for a library building at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

These financial resources lasted, with careful husbanding, for approximately a year. The A.L.A. then joined with the six other welfare organizations in

the United War Work Campaign of November, 1918, which brought to the Library Association a quota of something over three and a half million dollars.

In October, 1917, at the request of the War Service Committee of the American Library Association, Dr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, took over the direction and control of the War Service work. Headquarters were established in the Library of Congress. Here there was competent oversight of the work at the camps and careful administration of the Fund, with a scrutinizing accounting of all expenditures. Prompt consideration was given to the needs and opportunities for service as reported by the librarians in charge at the camps. Considerate attention was paid to the relations with other organizations and branches of the government service. An urgent appeal for material was being sent out and its distribution properly looked after. The headquarters also served as a clearing-house for information, and for experiences of camp librarians, and as a place for conferences between workers themselves. An earnest and successful effort was made to keep administrative expenses down to a minimum. Every dollar saved meant another book bought. The headquarters in the Library of Congress were supplied without cost to the Fund.

The first care was to provide for the needs of the large cantonments. Locations for the proposed library buildings were secured near the residential center of the camps and convenient to the transportation lines.

The buildings were erected in the fall and winter of 1917–18. They were plain wooden structures, one story high, conforming to the general type adopted for the cantonments, but admirably suited to their special use. They were designed by E. L. Tilton, a well-known library architect, who contributed his services. The libraries were all built after one plan, differing only in length. The original drawings called for a building 120 x 40 feet, but in some cases the length was cut down to 93 feet. The interior was one large room with two bedrooms located at one end. Open shelving provided accommodation for from ten to fifteen thousand volumes.

The charging desk faced the entrance. There were suitable reading chairs and tables for about two hundred men. The buildings were heated and lighted by the War Department. Some had open fireplaces, while others, in the South, had the attractive feature of an enclosed porch. The majority were built on a basis of cost plus six per cent. Delay in arrival of furniture and equipment postponed the opening of a few libraries; epidemics were a deterring factor in other cases. But in the meantime the buildings were used for the storage and preparation of the books for the shelves. They were doing business even without furniture. In some cases makeshift furniture was rented; in others, crude benches and tables were made out of rough lumber.

At Camp Devens temporary quarters were found in a mess hall formerly used by officers of the Quarter-

INTERIOR, CAMP LIBRARY, CAMP KEARNY

The wall maps and globe in the background were popular features

master's Corps, with tables for about seventy readers. Books were accommodated on makeshift wall shelving under the windows and in six-foot sections of shelving so constructed that they could be used elsewhere if needed. Boxes turned on sides were also used for shelving.

The buildings for the National Guard Camps were deliberately deferred because of the uncertainty as to how long these tent camps would be maintained, and because of the likelihood that the already seasoned occupants would be sent abroad before the buildings could be made available for them.

In erecting the buildings, many obstacles were met. Wages and prices for materials had risen, freight was seriously congested, and contractors were leaving the camps with their laborers.

Much of the equipment can be used later on in the establishment of new public libraries.

It became apparent quite early that at least three hundred and fifty thousand new books would have to be purchased immediately for the larger cantonments. While it was recognized that many desirable books would be presented and that similar gifts would continue to come in, yet there would be innumerable titles asked for that could only be secured by purchase. It would be obviously impossible to rely upon donations to meet the specific needs of officers in charge of military instruction and ambitious soldiers following definite lines of study. It would be futile to hope, for instance, that the special books on wireless

telegraphy most in demand would come in by chance gifts. Ample funds must be in hand so that all needs could be met as they became known. Textbooks had to be supplied in considerable quantities. Expensive up-to-date reference books were provided generously. The problem of transportation and freight congestion had to be faced. All books, whether purchased or donated, had to be made ready for use. Volumes had to be replaced as they became worn out or lost.

Thanks to the "speeding up" of this work by Dr. Putnam, the General Director, the first of January, 1918, found three hundred and ten thousand books in the larger training camps and thirty-four thousand in the smaller posts, with about two hundred and twenty thousand additional volumes on the way. Had it not been for transportation difficulties all these books would have been in place much earlier. By the end of March an additional half million books were shipped. The purchases were made cautiously, and consisted almost entirely of serious books on technology, the mechanic arts, military science, history and travel.

Credit is due many publishing houses for their generous coöperation. Discounts of from forty-five to fifty per cent from publication prices were by no means uncommon. Some university presses and correspondence schools offered to donate such of their publications as could be used.

The books were not chosen by librarians closeted in their offices. The lists ordered from headquarters

were the result of consultation with numerous experts in the different fields of the service. Many titles were requisitioned by officers, educational secretaries, and men in the camps who felt the need for a specific book.

Much of the assembling and despatching of material at local points was done by the local librarians volunteering for this special war service. Expensive formalities in the way of complicated classification and cataloguing were avoided. There was ordinarily no catalogue record of fiction. Non-fiction, which represented the expenditure of much money, was roughly classified, just enough to bring the large groups of kindred books together.

Two months' resident service was asked of the library organizers. For this work a number of high-grade men were lent by their library trustees, given leave with pay, their expenses being met by the Association. Some of the camp librarians were volunteers; others were paid a small salary. There were also paid assistants provided with subsistence. Provision was likewise made for janitor service and the expenses of the local volunteers.

That men who had been drilling, marching, and digging trenches all day were likely to be too tired in the evening to wish to walk any great distance for books was recognized in efforts to bring the books as near to the soldiers' barracks as possible. In some instances traveling libraries were resorted to with very great success.

In some camps, books were sent to the barracks, where they were placed in the social room under the direction of the "top" sergeant upon the request of the commanding officer of the company, the captain or the lieutenant. The handling of books so deposited was left to the sergeant, with no instructions except a request that he look after the books as carefully as possible.

Regimental libraries were found at the headquarters of the officers of a regiment. These were used by from seventy-five to one hundred officers. A lieutenant was usually detailed to look after the library, which was treated as a branch of the A.L.A. library. The books were exchanged from time to time as needed.

All books had to be delivered at storehouses of the Quartermaster's Corps, and had to be taken from platforms every day. No assistance could be given in the matter of delivery to the library building either by the Quartermaster or the express companies. It was found expedient to supply each camp library with a low-priced automobile with delivery box attached.

Requests for additional aid in handling the books in some instances resulted in amusing misfits. One camp librarian had two Italians who could neither write nor speak English detailed to assist him, — despite the fact that there was a trained Library of Congress assistant among the drafted men in camp. Another discovered that the sturdy enlisted man chosen by the Division Adjutant to be his library assistant could neither read nor write. The librarian

at Camp Dodge was more fortunate, as four men previously engaged in library work were found in camp, and were permitted to help in the library.

The American Library Association worked in close connection with other welfare organizations. It was originally proposed that the book service should be largely through the Y.M.C.A., the Knights of Columbus, and other agencies. Until the A.L.A. buildings became available many books were distributed in mess halls and among the Y.M.C.A. huts, field hospitals, and clubs of the Commission on Training Camp Activities. These books formed part of the collection for which the A.L.A. was responsible and for the supply of which it should have credit. Despite the fact that the book-plates showed the source, their service was popularly credited to the Y.M.C.A.

The Y.M.C.A. buildings (of which there were from six to ten in each camp) and Knights of Columbus buildings were utilized as branch libraries or distributing stations. A Y.M.C.A. building was provided for each brigade — a unit of six or seven thousand men — and this use of their buildings by the libraries shortened the distance between the book and the prospective reader. It helped to get hold of many men who were not in the habit of reading. When a quarantine was declared at Camp Beauregard, and the Camp Library had to cease its activities and the circulation of books was temporarily stopped, the Y.M.C.A. distributed many thousands of camp library magazines among the infected troops.

In each Y.M.C.A. hut there is provision for shelving from three hundred and fifty to six hundred volumes and also some reading-room space. "Quiet rooms" are provided and also two large class rooms that can be converted into four smaller rooms and made available for the use of soldiers for reading and study. To each building are attached four or five secretaries, one of whom has special charge of the educational work, including the supervision of the library, for which men familiar with library work are sometimes found.

The camp libraries furnished books to the various army chaplains, some of whom had reading tents. Other chaplains had shelves in the officers' mess hall.

While the Red Cross distributed some books with the soldiers' kits, it does not maintain libraries or lending collections. Such library service as it did in Great Britain was limited to the men in the military hospitals. In France, on the other hand, it acted as one of the distributing agents for A.L.A. books.

The fairly steady stream of gifts to the camp libraries kept pace for some time with the demands for new branches and the replenishing of the shelves of branches already open. The quality of the books sent was in general, good, — varying from sets of encyclopedias to individual books contributed by their own authors.

"Many clean, second-hand books can be used," urged Mr. W. E. Henry, "but let us not insult our devoted brothers by offering them what no one else

can use. They wear the best of wool clothing, much of which may be blood-stained. They wear the best of leather shoes, many of which will be worn out, but these materials will have done their service. Give the soldier, therefore, good clean books and late magazines whatever ultimately may be the fate of this material."

In March, 1918, a national campaign for books was started which brought in three and a half million volumes, the great majority of which was well suited for Library War Service.

That the gift-horse needed inspecting, however, was demonstrated anew in a few centers. To the assistant in charge of the sorting station at the New York Public Library, it seemed as if at least one copy of every improper book that had ever been written was sent in for the soldiers and sailors. At the other end of the range of these rejected offers was a shelfful of Elsie books, with scattering volumes of Alger's juvenile stories, interspersed with a file of the *Undertaker's Review*.

School readers antedating the Civil War were judged unusable, as were out-of-date textbooks and the too soiled editions of classical authors given by people with zeal for clearing their shelves, rather than ideas of what soldiers like. One well-meaning but misguided woman beamed with a sense of duty done when she said that her grandfather, who was a minister, had had his sermons published, — "well, not exactly published, but privately printed. I have

several hundred copies left and while I dislike parting with them, I may as well send them to the Camp Libraries. And there are some more books which have been in the house for ages, that I don't know what to do with. I'm going to send those too."

Among other rejected offerings were Paley's "Moral Philosophy"; Sunday-school books of fifty years ago; annual reports of the Bureau of Ethnology, proceedings of the American Breeder's Association; the Postal and Telegraphic Code of the Argentine Republic; annual reports of the Episcopal Eye and Ear Hospital, twenty years back; odd volumes of the official Records of the War of the Rebellion; "How to Exercise in Bed"; "Ten Nights in a Bar Room"; Ruskin's "Letters to Young Girls"; Miss Leslie's "American Girl's Book, or Occupations for Play Hours" (1866); "The Lady's Friend" (1864); copies of the *Housewife* and *Home Needlework* and a Diary for 1916, partly filled in by the donor!

One camp librarian estimated that of the gifts sent to his library, eighty per cent were first class, ten per cent tolerable and the balance worthless. Budding poets seemed particularly generous with contributions. Among the literary curiosities at that particular library were an 1870 European Guide and a street guide to Berlin, the latter in constant use by the optimistic men who expected to find a knowledge of the Prussian capital helpful later on.

Attempts were made to use the camp libraries as a means of circulating German propagandist publica-

CAMP LIBRARY, KELLY FIELD, TEXAS

Showing screened porch and fireplace chimney

INTERIOR, CAMP LIBRARY, KELLY FIELD, TEXAS

Showing delivery desk and well-stocked shelves
Plaster-board ceilings and electric fans were added to the original equipment

tions. "The Vampire of the Continent" and other pro-German works had to be refused.

Evidences of the appreciation of the efforts of the camp librarian have come in from many sides.

A man looking over the technical shelves at Camp Jackson, said, "Do you know that every time I come in here I am surprised at the scope of this library. I have enjoyed every minute I have been here." A frequenter of a branch library located in a "Y" hut at Camp Jackson thought it would be a respectable library for any town, adding that books were a great relief after the day's drill and the hard physical exercise.

A man at Camp Devens said that what he wanted was a place where he could sit down in peace and quiet, with a book or two and a chance to read and dream. "Your alcoves are godsends," said he to the librarian. "The barrack's social room in which seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five men are talking and playing cards, where a piano and phonograph are rivaling one another, and where at any moment a basketball may knock your head sideways, is certainly no decent place to read, let alone trying to do any studying." One officer reported that the A.L.A. library buildings were the only places where the men felt secure from both rag-time and prayer meetings! A captain who used a camp library regularly said that the library books were what made army life endurable for him.

"I don't know what would become of us if it were

not for the Red Cross Convalescent House and the Hospital Library," said a convalescent soldier at Camp Sevier.

When a machine-gun company in one of the camps went into quarantine on account of measles, the major was glad to have a hundred books and a lot of magazines sent over to him. The camp librarian was aware of the fact that the medical officer might not permit the return of this material, but he was willing to stand the loss.

A soldier detailed to call for a box of books at the public library, said: "Gee, Lady, you mean to *give* us all those books! Say, you people know what to do for a soldier! Some people just talk an' talk about entertainin' soldiers, but say, you just hit the nail right on the head — without sayin' a word, too!"

"I have just returned to my tent after a visit to the Camp Library," wrote a private from Camp MacArthur to his people at home. "I wish I could tell you how very much it means to me to have all the facilities of a modern, splendidly equipped library at my disposal right here in camp. The library building itself is very attractive and it is most refreshing to enter a large airy reading room with real chairs and tables in it. This last statement may sound strange to you, but perhaps you have never lived in a tent where the only furniture consisted of light canvas cots. To get away from these hot, dusty surfaces of canvas and rough boards and then to enter a clean, well-lighted room with books, magazines,

and ice water, certainly makes a fellow grateful to the people who established special libraries for the soldiers.

"A great many men go to the library to read and to study who never entered a library before in their lives. They can be distinguished by their freedom from the customary subdued and rather book-wormy behavior of the habitual frequenter of libraries. Instead of walking around on tiptoe and addressing the librarian in a meek whisper, they stamp around in their big boots and talk out loud in a most unconcerned way."

Major-General Glenn, in accepting the library building at Camp Sherman on behalf of the Eighty-third Division, spoke with great warmth of the efficiency of the camp library service and said that its work was of the very first importance. He dwelt on the lesson to be learned from a book he was then reading, Dawson's "Carry On," and showed how the spirit of optimism, the ability to smile and make the best of things, could survive and overcome every trial. Such a spirit could be cultivated best from books, from the great minds of all ages, for the supreme quality of every great mind was to rise superior to circumstances. "This is not a charity," said Major-General Glenn. "Our soldiers give up excellent libraries at home and should, if possible, have them available during their spare hours while serving in the ranks as soldiers. All forms of healthy mental and physical entertainment of enlisted men

are desirable, but none more so than fine, suitable reading matter."

The Chairman of the War and Navy Departments' Commissions on Training Camp Activities wrote as follows to the General Director of the A.L.A. War Service in regard to what had been accomplished up to midsummer of 1918:

MY DEAR DR. PUTNAM:

Just back from France, I want to express my keen appreciation of what the American Library Association is doing for our troops abroad. I found your books everywhere, from the seaport bases to the front line trenches. I found them in dug-outs thirty to forty feet below ground, in car barns where the shrapnel had blown parts of the roof away, as well as in the substantial huts and tents far back from the firing line. I found them also in hospitals and dressing stations; in scattered villages in the training area where our men are billeted and even in remote parts of France where our forestry units are carrying on their lonely but essential work.

And they were well-worn books that I saw, showing signs of constant usage. Indeed, the books are in continual demand and I am sure that it will be a reading army that we shall welcome home from France when the war is done.

As you know, your organization overseas is working in close coöperation with the Young Men's Christian Association, Knights of Columbus and the

Salvation Army, and its services are recognized and appreciated by the entire Expeditionary Forces from General Pershing to the lowest private.

Cordially yours

RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

Chairman

To help win the war, and to help in the great work of reconstruction after the war, were the two great objects of all these affiliated organizations. The camp libraries contributed their share to both these ends. They helped to keep the men more fit physically, mentally, and spiritually, and prepared many for greater usefulness after the war. Good reading helped to keep many a soldier up to his highest level and aided in the recovery of many a wounded man. It helped to keep him cheerful, and to send him back to the firing line with renewed determination to win or die bravely in the attempt.

CHAPTER II

READING SOLDIERS

Do the men in the camps read? When do they find time for it?

Some people at the outset raised the first question; others were doubtful about the second. Major-General Glenn, the commanding officer at Camp Sherman, wrote in 1917 to Mr. W. H. Brett, late librarian of the Cleveland Public Library, asking him to take steps to correct the erroneous impression that had gone abroad that the men did not have time for reading on account of the demands of military training. He wished to have it known that there was no one thing that would be of greater value to the men in his cantonment in producing contentment with their surroundings than properly selected reading matter.

One officer wrote to headquarters that he needed books for his men so badly that he was quite willing to pay for them himself. Another said that if the A.L.A. would supply his regiment with books, he would see to it that a room and a competent man to take care of them should be provided. Even before the regular camp libraries were opened a hundred books placed in a Y.M.C.A. building of an evening would usually be borrowed before the building closed for the night.

The expectation that as the men became hardened and accustomed to their work and hours they would not tire so quickly and consequently would be better able to read and study was soon fulfilled. As they had little but the recreation halls to occupy their leisure, many who were not naturally studious were glad to turn to the libraries during the stormy days and long evenings.

Within three months after the opening of the first camp library, forty per cent of the soldiers in the camps and cantonments had become users of the libraries.

A Pole at Camp Devens remarked that since they could carry very little with them, he had left his books with his friends, but he was taking with him to the front Plato's "Republic" in Greek, Shakespeare's "Sonnets" in English, and Goethe's "Poems" in German.

"Please send us some books. We ain't got no books at all. We are regulars and get just as lonesome as national guards." This was the appeal sent by a private from a small camp to a public librarian in the East. Into the first of several shipments the thoughtful librarian slipped a supply of candy and tobacco. The response was immediate. "If you ever done good to a man you done good to me," wrote the soldier, "but please don't waste no more space for eats. Just send the books."

"What's that you're reading?" asked a corporal of a companion in barracks.

"Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.'"

"Why are you reading *that?*"

"Because I am tired of telling people I never read it, or trying to look wise when somebody mentions it. Now is the time to clean up on books like that, and the Camp Library has got them all."

At Camp Gordon the very first call was for Goethe's "Faust." The second was for a book on carpentry. An unexpected request was from a chemical student for a book on aniline dyes. One man, during his spare time, was studying up on foreign trade with a view to working in South America after the war.

"We use all sorts of books, from primers to Virgil, and logarithms, with lots of good stories all the time," said one camp librarian. "One man walked up to the desk and said, 'Look at me and give me a book to read.' When the librarian started to question, he asserted that one in her position ought to be able to tell by a man's appearance what his literary taste might be. It seems that the reputation was upheld, for he has been one of the regular patrons from that day."

Many of the men who are using the camp libraries have never before had the privilege of access to books and know nothing of the liberality of library service. "How much do I owe you?" asked a mountaineer from an isolated district in the southeastern part of Kentucky, after having been given a book at Camp Zachary Taylor. A question constantly put to the camp librarian is "How much does it cost to

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BROWSING IN THE ALCOVES OF THE A.L.A. LIBRARY AT CAMP UPTON

All kinds of books for all kinds of men

Photo by Columbia Commercial Studio

LIBRARY IN Y.M.C.A. TENT AT VANCOUVER BARRACKS

Technical books were in great demand among these men, who were working in the lumber mills

borrow books?" There are many who when told that the service is free look at the librarian a second time to see whether he is not joking.

Into the Detroit Public Library there came recently a young man, dressed in khaki, with his arm in a sling. He asked somewhat timidly for a certain book which the assistant helped him to find. The soldier was so evidently pleased at getting hold of the desired book that it led him to be confidential. He said that he was on a furlough from Camp Custer until his broken arm healed; that he had disliked the thought of leaving the camp because he would miss its library, but had been told that there was a similar and much larger library in Detroit for the free use of the public.

An architect graduate of a Middle Western college and of Harvard University was at Camp Devens, homesick. In looking over the camp library shelves he discovered Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," and he almost wept with joy as he pointed out to the librarian all the places he knew in his boyhood. He became a constant visitor and his homesickness vanished.

A Texan at Camp Devens who had never been in New England before was invited to Boston for dinner, and in preparation for the event asked at the library for something that would show the special character of Boston and its people.

Camp Humphreys is on the site of the old Fairfax estate at Belvoir, and the historic nature of the

ground has aroused a desire for information on the subject. Books on the Civil War campaigns in Virginia have been much in demand, and there has been a steady circulation of books bearing on the Colonial family history associated with the locality. In this connection the library has been able to offer Wilstach's "Mount Vernon," Hayworth's "George Washington, Farmer," and Callahan's "George Washington, the Man and the Mason."

The taking of Jerusalem by the British forces created a demand for books on Jerusalem and the Holy Land. There were calls for such works as Sir C. M. Matson's "Story of Jerusalem"; Ellsworth Huntington's "Palestine and its Transformation"; Henrietta Szold's "Recent Jewish Progress in Palestine" and "A Jewish State" by Theodore Herzl, the father of the Zionist movement.

The first two requests at the Camp Merritt Base Hospital are fairly characteristic. One was from a boy who was devouring a book a day; he wanted McGrath, Oppenheim, or any good story with "something doing." The second was from a man of evident education and background for books on the war, particularly upon its origin and significance. During his last two weeks at the hospital he read, among other things, Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany," Usher's "The Winning of the War," Dawson's "Carry On," Wheeler's "Book of Verse of the Great War," Service's "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" and Hazen's "Europe since 1815." A rather low-spirited

boy asked for a book that would give him "more pep." Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" was given and in a day or two the boy came back. "Say, that hit me just right," he said. On the other hand, one man noticing the case marked "War Books" said that he got enough war all week and that he wanted some stories. Many others were of the same mind. The usual tenor of the requests from the man who has been across is that any story will be all right "if it's only *American*, that is, written by a Yank, with an honest-to-God American girl in it. No French talk in it, please, and the scene right here in America. We all like adventure, you know. Funny, is n't it? You'd think we'd had enough of that. And, say, if you have a Western story, that would be fine."

One of the most urgent demands of returning overseas convalescents is the opportunity of finishing thrilling tales begun and left behind "Somewhere in France." One lad in the Camp Dix Base Hospital had been looking through six French and American hospitals for a copy of "Dora Thorne," interrupted at the most exciting chapter by a drive on the western front. This was no moment for critical book judgment, said the hospital librarian. A copy was secured for him parcel-post-haste, and received with the ecstatic satisfaction of a hope long-deferred.

The library records at one camp for one week show that 1050 books were borrowed by the men in camp. Of these 548 were works of fiction, 46 dealt

with war, 52 were in the foreign languages, while the balance, 404, were works on technical military problems, educational topics, poetry, art, history and general literature. These figures do not include the large number of books placed in circulation by the various branches of the camp library at the Y.M.C.A, Y.W.C.A., Knights of Columbus, and hospital buildings.

"When I started this work," wrote Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, for some time librarian at Camp Sherman, "I had some very plausible theories about the kinds of books the men would want; but I soon discarded them. We have had requests here for every sort of book, from some books by Gene Stratton Porter to Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' and Bergson's 'Creative Evolution.' We have had requests for Ibsen's plays; for books on sewage disposal; and so many requests for 'A Message to Garcia' that I had a supply mimeographed. In one building there were so many requests for books on religion and ethics that we set up a small reference collection. Broadly speaking, of course, most of the men read fiction; exciting, red-blooded fiction, — detective stories, adventure stories, and so on. But there is also a steady demand for Conrad and Wells and Hardy and Meredith. Poetry is also in demand, and good books of travel go well. The only kind of books we don't want is the salacious, risqué sort — for they have no place in our camp libraries. And we don't care for unattractive, cheap editions, with yellow, muddy paper and flimsy bind-

Photo by Columbia Commercial Studio

WOMEN SERVED AS LIBRARIANS IN SOME OF THE CAMPS

Library in Y.M.C.A. hut, in the cantonment of the Spruce Division of the Signal Corps, Vancouver Barracks

A LIBRARY TABLE IN BARRACKS, CAMP UPTON

© Brown Brothers, N.Y.

ing. We want attractive books — nice, clean copies of good editions — and the more of these we get the better service we can give the men."

The writers that seemed to be the most popular were O. Henry, Rex Beach, Zane Grey, John Fox, Harold Bell Wright, G. B. McCutcheon, Jack London, Chambers, Conan Doyle, Mark Twain, E. P. Oppenheim, Kipling, Poe, Booth Tarkington, Rider Haggard, Dumas, and H. G. Wells. Some of the books by these authors never got to the shelves as they were taken out by readers as fast as they were returned to the charging desk.

At Camp Zachary Taylor a soldier came in to renew Mrs. Barclay's "Rosary," remarking that it was the finest book he had ever read, but that he could n't get through with it in fourteen days to save his life. The book was renewed and his chums, who also wanted it, had to wait their turn.

Some of the enlisted men, on the other hand, showed a remarkable capacity for rapid reading. There were those who came in practically every day for a fresh book. One patron took out and read regularly three books a day, until a soldier in another company began to do the same. The first man then dropped down to two books a day, feeling that the effort to maintain his supremacy among camp bookworms was too great a tax upon his endurance. At Camp Gordon one copy of Ralph Connor's "The Doctor" circulated forty-eight times in one month.

There was an amusing rivalry between the differ-

ent units as to which was the best educated. Some of the men tried to display their erudition in the library. Said a soldier to a camp librarian: "A fellow told me about a book to read by Porter, called 'The Thresher.'" Gene Stratton Porter's "The Harvester" was given him and found to be what he was in search of.

There is, as might be expected, a loud call for detective stories and tales of adventure. The men want books of that sort which they have read before. They find relaxation in going back over the books of Conan Doyle, Stevenson, and Weyman. Time being at a premium, some don't care to risk new things that they are not sure of, but prefer to go back to the old authors with whom they are familiar. A young lad who had been in the hospital for over a year asked for a copy of Thompson's "Green Mountain Boys" and after keeping it for some time said to the librarian: "Please ma'am, can I keep this book while I stay here? I would rather read it over and over than anything else and I don't feel like reading very often." Needless to say the request was granted and he was assured that he might keep the book as long as he wished.

Surprises were sometimes in store for the librarian who thought that the men would care only for fiction. A librarian starting in at a new post expected that the first call would be for some book by G. B. McCutcheon or Jack London. He was somewhat taken aback when the first patron asked for Shakespeare's

"Pericles." One librarian reported that 90 per cent of his circulation was non-fiction, mostly technical books in French, historical works, and "war-stuff."

A private asked for a late book on electric motors and was shown what the camp librarian considered his best book on the subject. "Oh, I did the drawings for that book," said he. "I want something better than that!"

Books on vocational training, and technical treatises on military science, telegraphy, gasoline engines, signaling, transportation, and other subjects are eagerly studied by the ambitious officers. The librarian at Camp Upton reported that officers have come to the library for help in the technical aspects of their particular branch of the service and have expressed appreciation of the value of good propaganda material in building up the morale of the men.

A private in the Engineers' Corps at Camp Devens asked for books which would explain the psychology of camouflage. He was something of an artist and had been successful with color photography. He wanted to know, for example, why the eye fails to recognize a shadow when light patches have been painted where the shadow would naturally fall. Material was found for him and he succeeded in hiding guns so well with paint that he deceived his own captain.

At the Great Lakes Naval Training Station the men are pursuing systematic studies and are in need of special books in mathematics, engineering, history, and the languages.

The most popular book received at one hospital library was a geography. As soon as the boxes were opened it became the center of attraction, and at least half a dozen men immediately buried themselves in its maps.

MAGAZINES

It was natural that there should be a great call for magazines and newspapers from the military camps, the military hospitals and the men overseas. As a means of supplying this demand a postal regulation was passed permitting the public to send the current magazines through the mail to the camps by affixing a one cent stamp to the outside cover. Neither address nor wrapper was necessary. These so-called "Burleson magazines" were distributed by the post offices according to a definite scheme. At first they were sent to Y.M.C.A. secretaries. Later on, they were sorted and distributed through the camp libraries. The result was a vast influx of periodicals of varying degrees of suitability for the purpose intended. Some well-intentioned people seemed to have no idea as to the subjects in which men were interested. Others failed to distinguish between the literary tastes of men and women.

The librarian at Camp Funston reported in the summer of 1918 that the number of sacks of magazines of all ages and conditions received through the postal authorities had grown from about twenty per week in the beginning of October, 1917, to five

times the number, — more than they could use to advantage. The librarian at Camp Beauregard said that he had had the same experience, adding that the magazines he had been receiving were mostly such as were undeliverable to the addresses, though some were specifically for the camp. "It is not a choice lot," said he, "and the latest numbers are few and far between. Very few are the more expensive monthlies." He had more than enough of back numbers, he said, excepting the best popular magazines. What he needed was from ten to twenty subscriptions to a dozen different magazines, so that he could be sure of receiving them regularly.

For a time there was a deluge of

Socks and sardines
And old magazines

over all our camps, which brings to mind the remark of one of the soldiers in the trenches: "We are up to the knees in mud and mufflers." Magazines might have been added. Yet the oversupply was used to advantage at times. When Camp Bowie was quarantined for three weeks, there were as many as seventeen hundred patients in the base hospital at one time. The soldiers were not allowed to use library books during this period and the great store of back magazines which had previously seemed almost a nightmare to the camp librarian, came into an unexpected usefulness. All available copies, except those reserved for reference, were used up, even down to the latest *Saturday Evening Post*.

One camp librarian, struggling with tons of magazines, sent quantities of them, without sorting, to the Y.M.C.A. and K. of C. buildings, to barracks, to officers' clubs and base hospitals — hoping to give the men a variety of reading. He had at first endeavored to sort by titles and then group chronologically, but gave it up in despair. The demand was rather for the current month or the weekly issue, or simply for a "bunch of magazines." Neither of these calls is served the better by elaborate sorting. One group of readers will ask for magazines of a general nature — because they are quickly glanced through and thrown aside — while another will ask for books — frequently definite titles — the reading of which takes considerable time.

At Camp Lee as many as twenty sacks of "Burleson mail," each sack weighing over one hundred pounds, were sometimes received in one day. An attempt was made to get the magazines to the men for whom they were intended, but the copies of the popular weeklies often proved to be altogether too many to be handled properly. At Camp Dix the old uncalled-for magazines were sold for waste paper and the proceeds invested in copies of "Over the Top," then in the heyday of its popularity, — even with forty copies there were seldom many on the shelf at one time.

In one of the barracks, thirty men of the company subscribed to one of the most widely circulated weeklies. As many more received the same magazine,

BURLESON MAGAZINES AT THE A.L.A. CAMP LIBRARIES

Upper: Camp Custer. *Lower:* Camp Lee

Photo by Paul Thompson

READING ROOM IN Y.W.C.A. HOSTESS HOUSE, CAMP DEVENS

The hostess house was one of the most successful welfare centers in camp

directly and quite promptly, from their families. Naturally, month-old copies of that particular weekly were not much in demand at that particular company house. Magazines were also placed on sale at the post exchanges and many of the men who bought and read them in civil life continued to buy them in camp as the current numbers came out.

"As for the *Saturday Evening Post*," said the librarian at Camp Dix, "we are deluged with them. I do not doubt for a minute that they print two million copies a week, for I handle so many I dream about them at night."

A Syrian-born soldier in an American camp was attracted one day by the light and warmth of the camp library. He entered shyly and stole up to the newspaper files. His amazement at finding a Syrian paper was so great that he fairly grabbed it, and he read it through from beginning to end, advertisements and all. The next day he reappeared, leading three other Syrians. They, in turn, read the paper, handing it from one to the other. The news apparently spread throughout the companies until all the Syrians in camp heard about it. From that time on they awaited the weekly advent of their home paper as eagerly as they waited for the letters from home.

Magazines in French were in constant demand by the men who were studying the language. Subscriptions were placed, therefore, for the *Courrier des États Unis* to be sent to all camp libraries. The great

demand, however, was for American magazines. For the men overseas the English publications did not take the place of the home product. The "real American magazine" ranked next to pie and ice-cream as "looking like home"! From a marine station in the West Indies word came: "We are now receiving copies of *Everybody's*, *National Geographic*, *The New Republic*, and *Scientific American Supplement*, and we do surely appreciate the same." The men working on the tugs in Brest Harbor sent a delegation to appeal to the A.L.A. librarian on one of the transports for some American magazines, — they were not particular as to the kind nor the age. A soldier observing a hospital librarian with a punctured tire asked: "Is n't this the car that brought magazines to my section during the flu epidemic? I was down with it and never was so lonesome in my life. You never will know what those magazines meant to me. I'm sure glad to have a hand in changing the tire on this car."

Those who were too sick to read were interested in pictures and scrapbooks. One officer on a milk diet in an overseas hospital derived much pleasure from looking at the illustrated menus of an old copy of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

One of the most welcome gifts received at Camp Devens was contributed by the Wellesley College Undergraduate Periodical League. It consisted of subscriptions for twelve copies of six monthly magazines and six weeklies. These were distributed to the

main library, the Y.M.C.A. huts, and the Y.W.C.A. hostess house.

But the Library War Service could not depend entirely upon donated magazines. While those devoted to fiction need not be new, the informational ones must be up-to-date. Consequently, a list of forty-five popular and technical magazines was compiled and ordered by the A.L.A. for all the camp libraries. Another list of eleven magazines was provided for the huts of any organization giving library service. To meet the great demand for newspapers, the metropolitan dailies as well as selected papers from different sections of the country were supplied to all camps. The call for magazines from overseas was so insistent that ten tons were needed each month to supply the American Expeditionary Forces.

CHAPTER III

STUDENTS IN KHAKI

It is an undisputed fact that the men in the American army are returning to civil life far better educated than they were when they entered the service. In the accomplishment of this result the camp libraries have played no small part. They have been valuable auxiliaries to the courses in history, civics, literature, social conditions, geography, and practical science conducted by the Y.M.C.A. in the various cantonments, with a view to the cultivation of habits of study and reading. The method employed in carrying on this work was a combination of the preceptorial system and the university extension idea. Lecturers lived in the camps for a week at a time, and by moving from building to building conveyed their inspirational message to the entire camp. Special study classes under local volunteer preceptors were also formed, and reading clubs were organized to guide the men in their choice of literature. A certificate was given to every soldier who completed one of the courses outlined. "It's a school!" said one man about his camp.

"The American Library Association coöperates in this educational work by suggesting correlative reading and supplying the books required," said Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick in *Scribner's Magazine*. "The

well-equipped library in each camp thus widens its sphere of usefulness beyond merely purveying reading matter for entertainment, legitimate though that sphere may be. The requirements for books in the camp libraries are more specialized than in ordinary city libraries. The standard as a whole is even higher. Men are being called to unaccustomed tasks; so they are doing a vast amount of 'reading up.' The growth of the reading habit among the soldiers has brought to light an interesting contradiction to the generally accepted theory that among a group of individuals the leveling process is a leveling downward. The men in the camps who are readers stimulate by their example the interest of those who are not. 'Have you read this story?' asks Private X of Private Y. 'Naw,' replies Private Y; 'I never read a book through in me life.' 'Well, y' oughta read this one. It's better'n any movie show y'ever saw. It's a bear!' Thus does Private Y get an incentive to taste the joys of literature. There is a tendency toward a leveling upward."

Many men have been glad of the opportunity to catch up on general reading, and others, who in civil life seldom entered a library, have become regular readers of history, travel, and poetry.

"I'll venture to say that we've got one of the best libraries in the State," wrote one camp librarian, "and I know that it's used far more than any other. Many a man has said to me, 'I've done more reading here than I ever did in my life.' We have one division

headquarters sergeant, a man studying to be an interpreter, who reads a book every day.

"The men in camp who use the library are the best advertisers among the men who have n't yet learned to use it. One of our mess-sergeants is a joy in this respect; he lines out its advantages to every new man he meets."

A man at Camp Devens, a musician, developed both music and reading among his associates. He knew that he was doing good missionary work, though he did not call it by that name, "Anyhow," he said, "men stay at the barracks and read evenings, instead of going to Lowell and coming back drunk."

"I've heard of William Shakespeare all my life, and now I want to read something he has written," said a corporal. A copy of "Julius Cæsar" was at hand, and he was started on his course with that. He returned regularly to complete the reading of the other plays.

The librarian at Camp Greene had requests for Horace in the original and in English. Spencer's "Sociology" circulated regularly there, as did also James's "Pragmatism." Several men wanted to read Ibsen, either in the original or in translation.

The following list showing the non-fiction circulation from the main library building at Camp Humphreys on an oppressively hot Sunday in August is a fair index of the extent to which the men were making use of the facilities for constructive reading: Cook, "Life of Robert E. Lee"; Empey,

"Over the Top"; Callahan, "George Washington, the Man and the Mason"; Bond, "Pick, Shovel, and Pluck" (practical engineering); Irvin Cobb, "Paths of Glory"; Moss, "Army Paper Work"; Hazen, "Europe since 1815"; Patterson, "With the Zionists at Gallipoli"; War Department publication, "Tests of Metals for 1916"; Ruggeri, "Office Practice"; Benjamin Franklin, "Poor Richard's Almanac"; Moss, "Manual of Military Training"; McLaglen, "Bayonet Fighting"; Prior, "Operation of Trains"; Huard, "My Home in the Field of Honor."

By means of books which he obtained from the camp library a man at Camp Lee was able to follow the courses in contemporary literature which his wife was taking at the University of Washington. A young man in the aviation section in California was obliged to go to a hospital for an operation a few weeks before the date of his final examination. He was much distressed until the hospital librarian assured him that he would be supplied with all the textbooks and reference books he needed. He spent his convalescence reading, and passed his examination on the appointed date. One camp librarian procured a Greek Testament for a man who had been studying for the ministry but had waived his exemption claim.

"I was on duty all day Sunday, for a stretch of about fourteen hours, and the caliber of the work on that day was worthy of any university library in

this country," wrote Samuel H. Ranck from Camp Custer, in May, 1918.

The educational director at Camp MacArthur reported that French books and magazines, especially those containing illustrations, and French coins and phonograph records would be of much service in the twenty-three French classes in the camp.

A private in a Texas camp asked for books on intensive agriculture. When questioned as to why he was interested in this special subject he replied: "I'm a farmer. My dad has a truck-farm just outside of Houston, and he sent me to an agricultural school to learn up-to-date methods. I've simply got to read these things and keep up to date, so that when I get through soldiering I'll know how to handle a cultivator. And say, — have you got David Grayson's 'Adventures in Contentment'?"

"Do you supply books on any subject?" was asked of one librarian.

"Yes, as far as possible," was the reply.

"Could you get me something on embalming? In civil life I am an undertaker."

The *Undertaker's Review* was promptly secured for him.

"Have you any books on cost accounting?" asked a soldier at the Camp Custer library. "That was my line before coming here, and if I come back when we get through with this war I don't want to start in all over again. I want to keep up with my line while working for Uncle Sam."

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STUDENT OFFICERS AT FORT MYER, VIRGINIA

Men being prepared for commissions in the new army

Y.M.C.A. Photo

CLASS IN ENGLISH, CAMP CUSTER

Of great value in the Americanization of the foreign born and in the education of native illiterates

"I'd like to get a book on hog raising," said another. "I'm reading up on farming. No more indoor work for me when I get through with this thing. After Camp Custer the outdoor life is the life for me."

"Let me see your latest book on the nutritive value of foods," said a third. "I'm from the Cooks' and Bakers' school, and I must keep up to date in my lectures on the rationing of men." At Chickamauga Park, where there was another school for cooks and bakers, the most popular book was the Boston Cooking-School Cook Book.

A private at Camp Greene said that he valued the library as he did his pay check. The latter kept him in tobacco, while the former kept him in touch with his trade so that after the war he would be able to go back with an up-to-date knowledge of automobile repairing and garage work. He added that he had found in the books many interesting things which he had often hunted for but had never before been able to locate.

"By Jove, maybe I'll get that job yet!" shouted a boy in one of the hospitals, when he received a shorthand book he had wanted. A young fellow at the telephone exchange said he had been given the job of laying out the hospital grounds, and asked for a book on landscape gardening, which was requisitioned from headquarters.

A stalwart young professional, convalescing in another hospital, was quite indifferent to the attrac-

tions of the perambulating book-stand, saying he knew there was n't anything on boxing, and that was the only thing he was interested in.

When the librarian came back the next morning with the latest illustrated red-covered edition of the Spalding Athletic Library volume on "Boxing" he accepted it somewhat gingerly, doubtful of its quality. After a brief critical survey he announced, "It's all right!" And before the librarian left the ward he had waxed so enthusiastic over its contents that he was moved to show her his most precious treasure. This was a wooden cigar-box containing personal letters from the leading light-weight champions of America. Each letter-head bore in large type the name and record of some hero of the ring, with a full-length portrait. "I remember with clearness," says the librarian, "the belligerent figure of 'Harlem Eddie Kelly — Twentieth Century Speed Marvel,' the special pal of my boxing friend, who, as I left the room, was already lost in the satisfying pages of the book he did n't believe existed."

"The most unexpected request," wrote another hospital librarian, "came from a very restless man who was engaged in picking out odd numbers of the theatrical magazines from my pile of miscellaneous gift periodicals. Suddenly he turned around and demanded something on paleontology, of a date at least as recent as 1916, preferably Osborn's 'Origin and Evolution of Life.' He was quite evidently up to date on the subject, knew the recognized authorities,

and was familiar with the resources of the New York Public Library and the Museum of Natural History. We have asked one of the neighboring public libraries to lend us the book for a short time."

A young man about to embark for parts unknown asked the camp librarian whether he might not have one of Shakespeare's plays to take with him. "A fellow has to have something good to read on the ship," he said. When given several plays he was delighted.

Walter Camp, the divisional athletic director at Camp Hancock, Georgia, asked through the camp librarian for a few books describing games which could be played by groups of from one hundred to one thousand men at a time.

Books of psychological tests were popular. The men were put through these tests in their examinations, and liked to try them on each other. Occasionally the libraries were called upon to settle bets. A man would come to the desk with a reference question, look up the answer, grin, and say, "Knew I was right! *My* five dollars!"

One librarian was rather puzzled by a colonel who showed a remarkable interest in every life of Andrew Jackson that could be found for him, until he learned that the man was a great-nephew of "Old Hickory."

Many of the requests showed a pathetic craving for knowledge. A sixteen-year-old Jackie approached a camp librarian with Spencer's "First Principles" in his hand. "Say," said he, "could a fellow learn to

know poetry if he should read this? My brother writes poetry, and I want to learn to know it."

"You and your friends cannot do too much for these soldiers," wrote the librarian at Camp Pike. "The drafted men are, in many cases, suffering a rude shock in the strange conditions that now surround them. Many of them were men of importance in their communities and not a few show gentle breeding, but they are herded together here, all sorts and conditions together in one barrack building, standing in line, two hundred and twenty of them with their tin cans at meal-time, sleeping on cots not three feet apart, and doing all the rough work of the camp. The work is necessary, of course, and the men do little complaining, but many of them have the blues. I must not leave the impression that I think this experience a bad thing for these fellows. I do not. In the end they will be better men than they ever were — harder physically, more alert, more forceful, and in every way more mature. The army is making efficients out of inefficients, strong men out of weaklings, and those who come back from this war will be far more effective citizens than they would otherwise have been."

MILITARY SCIENCE

That the officers and men in the training camps were diligent students of military science was shown by the constant use made of the military manuals and other books on the science of war in the camp

CAMP LIBRARY, CAMP DEVENS

Pictures were used in connection with lectures and educational work

A.L.A. CAMP LIBRARY, CAMP GORDON

libraries. On a typical day at Camp Meade, where the military collection numbered several thousand volumes, it was found that more than a quarter of the books drawn for use in the barracks were on military science. One of the librarian's requests was for copies of all the various manuals put out for the use of officers by the War Department — at least for all those which were not confidential. Many men wanted to learn a particular branch so that they might become non-commissioned officers or even take examinations to become officers.

"To illustrate how seriously the American soldier takes his business at present," wrote one librarian, "Empey's 'First Call' did not circulate until I reclassified it as 'military science.' The technical books of warfare are far more in demand than other non-fiction. Books on machine-gunnery, automobiles, and artillery are read more than the infantry manuals. Men on the rifle range read eagerly books on sniping and scouting. With the exception of military science, mathematics is in the lead among the non-fiction. What they study chiefly is elementary algebra and plane geometry."

At Camp MacArthur there was a military collection of some two thousand volumes, together with about two thousand more books relating to the war — fiction, history, and personal narratives. Although there were over a hundred copies of Moss's "Infantry Drill Regulations" the demand often outran the supply. At one time the librarian reported the

arrival of sixteen thousand new Signal Corps men, and said that in consequence he had a great call for books on aeronautics. As the Signal Corps section was located three miles from the main library he felt that many of the needed volumes should be distributed through the traveling libraries. Ten copies of each title from an approved list were sent to this camp.

The librarian at the Williamsbridge Hospital, New York, one day had a request for books on radio; knowing that she had little material and would need to order more she asked the soldier-patient to check in recent numbers of the A.L.A. "Booklist" the titles he specially wanted. He did so. Other men checked titles of books on gas-engines, mechanics, and engineering, and the "Booklist" became one of the most popular magazines in the hospital.

The announcement of the establishment of a veterinary school at Camp Lee meant to A.L.A. headquarters that an urgent call for books on veterinary science was to be expected from this particular camp.

There was almost nothing procurable in the line of books on the use of pigeons in modern warfare, and the men were quick to comment on the lack. "Your books on pigeons are not what we need," said a man at Camp Custer. "We want something practical on the care and training of homing pigeons. Most of the books are for fanciers, and they are no good in the school of the pigeon loft, where we are

training pigeons for military service and being taught to train and care for them."

A request which required considerable time for weighing of titles came from an officer at Camp Lee, who was anxious to have a few books for the guardhouse, — books which would help inspire respect for military authority on the part of the men who had been guilty of breaches of discipline.

"I'd like to have this renewed for two weeks," was the request of a man returning a book he had borrowed. "Reading about the chemistry of modern high explosives does n't go very fast after a hard day's work in the field — and besides, this is a big book."

At Camp Jackson books on field artillery led the demand. An officer would appear at the library and say, "The Commanding Officer tells me I am to do this, and I don't feel very wise about it. Have n't you some good books to help me out?" Non-commissioned officers and privates were constant visitors at the library, saying that their lieutenants had sent them there to get certain information.

It was expected that the technical literature accumulated in the camp libraries would be of prime importance in the work of intensive training in schools and colleges of men in camps or about to be called to the camps and of registrants under the selective draft act which was planned by the Committee on Education and Special Training, but with the Armistice there naturally came a decided drop

in the call for military books, with a correspondingly increased demand for books on "the job back home."

THE UNEDUCATED

Through the camp libraries many men who lacked all formal education came in contact with books for the first time. Some had to be taught to use them. Others needed directing in their choice of reading. To all, the intelligent and sympathetic assistance of trained library workers, interested in their intellectual progress and in their every-day problems, was a great help.

As a camp librarian was looking at a "First Reader in English" and trying to decide what to do with it, a Y.M.C.A. man saw the questioning look and said: "If you want to keep that book for your library, better not put it on the open shelves."

"Why?" asked the librarian.

"Well, there are a good many men here who do not know the rudiments of English and are ashamed of the fact. They would take a book like that off the shelves without leaving any card because they would not want to have it known that they were so ignorant of the common tongue."

A Y.M.C.A. man working on the troop trains which carried soldiers from their homes to the training camps offered a magazine to one of the men, who twice declined it. When he was told that if he did not care to read it on the train he might take it with him and read it in camp he looked up pathetically

CONVALESCENT PNEUMONIA PATIENTS, BASE HOSPITAL, CAMP BOWIE

BASE HOSPITAL, CAMP LOGAN, TEXAS

The colored soldiers were well provided with reading matter

and replied, "I can't read." The Y.M.C.A. man sat down beside him and asked whether he might not write a message home for him. The offer was accepted. The "rookie" was advised to look up the Y.M.C.A. as soon as he reached camp and get into one of the schools where they would teach him to read and write before he returned home.

At Camp Gordon, while the majority of the illiterates were from New York City and included French, Italians, Jews, Lithuanians, Ruthenians, and Poles, there were also a good many of American birth who came from the Connecticut mills, in which their lives had been spent since early boyhood. An order was issued that they should attend night school for an hour every evening. For these men study was as much a part of daily routine as drill.

At one camp nearly all the four thousand colored troops were enrolled in the different classes. Elementary English classes were popular and educational lectures were well attended. The officers of the colored companies insisted that their men should learn to read and write. Many men became interested in the study of mathematics and French. In several of the cantonments a large number of colored officers were enrolled.

The librarian of the Base Hospital at Fort Sam Houston reported that one of the most difficult pupils she had was a native American who was struggling with the alphabet, of which he knew only the first letter.

"As far as educational work goes, we have our hands full," said a letter from one of the cantonments in the Southwest. "Just a few weeks ago several thousand drafted men from Arkansas reached camp. The great majority of them could not read or write, and in fact were really getting out in the world for the first time."

Among the "squatters" in Florida are many families in which the children are unable to read and the parents do not wish to have them learn. Periodicals which have been sent to these people have been returned to the senders, the parents arguing that if their children read these magazines and looked at the alluring illustrations they would become dissatisfied with their surroundings. Then came the draft and took the young men out of their satisfied but wretched state and gave them their first glimpse of the outside world. To such the libraries and the educational opportunities were a priceless boon.

Some of the Georgia "crackers" when asked on being registered what their names were would say "Sonny" or "Bobby." In reply to further prodding as to family names they pleaded ignorance of a knowledge of anything but the family nickname. There were men who did not know enough to answer to their names at roll call. Many illiterate whites, blacks, Indians, and half-breeds were taught to read and write in the cantonments. Great strapping fellows as they were, they had to be treated as school children in matters of intelligence.

Think what the new military life meant to such as these! The draft took them suddenly out of their old environment and in place of civil liberty surrounded them with military restraint, but at the same time opened up to them vast new fields of opportunity for education and development.

The reverse of the picture is equally interesting. It is estimated that the new American army contained 45,000 students from the 576 colleges of the country. In Camp Devens alone, there were 695 college men, representing 27 New England higher institutions of learning. From the first these men exerted a marked influence upon their messmates, many of whom were former mill operatives from the textile centers of New England. The presence of these academically trained men meant a call for special classes of books in the camp libraries. Some colleges gave credits for studying done in the camps, and needless to say, the Library War Service administration was desirous of supplying the books needed.

CANADIAN KHAKI COLLEGE

An interesting educational experiment was carried on at Witley Camp, occupied by some of the Canadian forces in England. There the library hut of the Y.M.C.A. and the three adjacent huts were handed over by the authorities for educational purposes and became the pioneer college of the "Canadian Khaki University."

Well-filled bookcases extended across the end of the library hut, while tables and chairs occupied two thirds of its length. An alcove was reserved for officers and the college staff, and a small room served as living and sleeping quarters for the officer in charge. All the classes were originally held in the library hut, but as that came to be filled to overflowing a second and then a third hut was added. "Credits" were given for work properly done in the various courses in English, French, the classics, mathematics, and agriculture. The teaching was at first volunteer work, but was later made a part of the military duties of those engaged in it.

The "Canadian Khaki College," the prospectus stated, was organized "to enable all Canadian troops, in England or France, to utilize their spare time in improving their education and in fitting themselves to occupy upon return to Canada more important and lucrative positions in civil life."

"I think I shall go back to school," has been the answer made by many a Canadian soldier when asked the usual question as to his after-the-war plans. Many of the lads went back to school while still in the ranks, for there was another Canadian Soldiers' College at Seaford in Sussex, near Brighton, where there were classes in engineering, agriculture, and the humanities. There was a class in modern Italian, and a larger one in Spanish, for Canadians are keenly interested in the development of Mexico and South America. Provision was made for all

A CORNER IN THE LIBRARY OF THE CANADIAN SOLDIERS' COLLEGE, SEAFORD, SUSSEX ENGLAND

Collateral reading for a great variety of courses in this khaki university

© Underwood & Underwood

STUDYING FRENCH AT GETTYSBURG

The men were taught the phrases in everyday use in army life "over there"

classes of men, from those with the mere rudiments of an education to university undergraduates and those preparing for matriculation. Examinations were held and certificates given, and men were helped to complete an interrupted academic course and to prepare themselves for satisfactory positions after the war. Grown men, learned in some craft or other but deficient in the three R's, here mastered the intricacies of reading so as to make out the orders on the bulletin boards, write their own letters, and look after their accounts. At the other end of the scale were the enthusiastic soldier students who covered three months of university work in six weeks. For all this, books were needed, and the college library was drawn upon daily by the students in khaki.

STUDYING FRENCH

In the summer of 1918 there were over one hundred thousand soldiers in the United States studying French. To aid them in the intensive work which they must do in order to fit themselves for service in France, the A.L.A. bought thousands of manuals, texts, and dictionaries. Many helpful language aids were presented by interested friends. Some of the numerous books on the study of French bear the imprint of such authoritative bodies as the National Security League, the United States Marine Corps Publicity Bureau, and the United States War Department.

The man who studied French in college found his

knowledge of the language "flat, stale, and unprofitable" until he familiarized himself with the intricacies of its idioms and acquired a well-stocked vocabulary of the trench French in common use.

We are told that some of the British officers, conscious of their shortcomings as linguists, leave speaking French to "Tommy," who is less diffident about displaying his accomplishments. His distortion of the language makes up for its lack of elegance by a certain aptness. In his use of new expressions he tries to copy his versatile French comrade. The "poilu" styles the priest "*le corbeau*," his black cassock giving him the appearance of the somber bird; hospital beds he calls "*les pageots*," and with equal lack of feeling he dubs the surgical table "*le billiard*." "*Les boyaux*" he uses for trenches of communication; "*le bronze*" for artillery regiments. The German soldiers he names "*taupes*" (moles). A bayonet he christens "*un cure-dents*" (a toothpick) or "*un tire-boche*," with a play on "*tire-bouchon*" (a corkscrew), or "*un tourne-bouche*," punning with "*tournebroche*" (a kitchen utensil). The *mitrailleuse* is called the "coffee grinder." A man of short stature is said to be *loin du ciel*, "far from heaven." *Rosalie* is French for the bayonet, and *zigouiller un Boche* is to bayonet a German. *Boulot* (a log of wood) somehow came to mean "good work." Thus, *les artiflots ont fait du bon boulot* means "the artillerymen did fine work." "*Toots sweet*" is Tommy's French for "hurry up," "look smart." *Wipers* is his name for Ypres; sometimes he

calls it *Yeeps*. *Panam* is his affectionate name for Paris; but he also calls it *Pantruche*, and a Parisian a *Pantruchard*. Armentières is called *Armenteers;* Balleul becomes *Ballyall;* Hazebrouck is pronounced *Hazybrook*, and Ploegsteert is anglicized into *Plug Street*. "*Napoo*" is said when he has an elegant sufficiency and pushes his plate away. It is also *argot* for "there is no more," "it's all gone," "to put an end to," and "to stop." The word is probably a corruption of "*il n'y a plus*." Ian Hay says that it also means "not likely" or "nothing doing" and that by a further development it has come to mean "done for," "finished," and in extreme cases "dead." "Poor Bill got na-poohed by a rifle grenade yesterday," a mourning friend would say. "*Napoo fini*" expresses gone, through with, finished, disappeared. "*Sanifairyann*" is an anglicization of *Cela ne fait rien* and means (to Tommy) the same as "napoo." "Jake" expresses satisfaction. If a girl is pretty, she is "jake"; if a stew tastes good, it is "jake." It is presumably an anglicization of "chic." It is the opposite of "napoo." Tommy also found a new phrase to take the place of the cheerful but outworn expression "I should worry." It is "*C'est la guerre*," or as an American would put it, "That's war." Every discomfort or peril of the soldier's life could be set at naught by this philosophical remark. Was a dug-out bombed or a parapet blown away? *C'est la guerre*. Was the mud thigh deep? *C'est la guerre*.

Après la guerre was Tommy's definition of Heaven.

"*Compray*" was trench for "Do you understand?" and was universally used in the trenches. "*Du pan*" was Tommy's word for bread. "*Der uffs*" he said when he wanted two eggs.

"They say that French is the easiest language in the world," a loyal Lancastrian remarked. "Rot! Give me Lancashire every day; anybody can understand that!" Tommy says that his objection to French is based on the fact that you spell it one way and speak it another. Tommy is sometimes very fluent, but it takes an expert to understand his French.

The picturesqueness of Tommy's slang is only equaled by that of the "poilu" with his genius for expression. Coffee, his all-important beverage, he has christened "*jus*" (juice), and the English "bully," or canned beef, is styled "*singe*" (monkey), while the soup (often bad) is "*lavasse*" (dishwater). The bullets he fires are "*marrons*" (chestnuts) or "*pruneaux*" (plums).

And so on — to the endless discomfort of the lexicographers "*après la guerre.*" Surely in linguistic complications the "Tower of Babel" episode fades into insignificance beside the "confusion of tongues" in the trenches of France. But in the vernacular of Tommy "*C'est la guerre!*"

CHAPTER IV

THE CALL FROM OVERSEAS

SHORTLY after our entrance into the war Lord Northcliffe, in a message to Americans, had some helpful things to say as to what the American soldiers would need in the way of food and equipment when sent to France or Belgium. "But your boy wants more than these things," he added. "Has it ever occurred to you that he must be amused? He must have moving pictures, talking machines, books, magazines, home newspapers, each of them occupying valuable tonnage and ships."

"If your soldier is more of a reader than a card-player," wrote Lord Northcliffe on another occasion, "send him books, only be sure they are small books, 'infinite riches in a little room.' A tiny selection of poems by a favorite poet, or a miniature edition of some story, some essays, some work of research or imagination, an edition that will go into the pocket without taking up too much space. That is a gift which will bring to many a soldier the finest pleasure of all pleasures, absorption in the visions or the thoughts of one of the world's great minds. Remember that soldiers at the front have a great deal of time on their hands. They need occupation. Their recreation is limited to smoking, chatting, and reading. How the men in the line hunger for 'something

to read,' how they go through the magazines, daily and weekly papers, even through scraps of old paper, how they enjoy anything fresh which will 'take them out of themselves' for a little while — I could describe from personal experience and illustrate by many a pathetic anecdote."

Clive Holland writes that British soldiers returning home have said that but for the solace of reading they would indeed have been badly off for recreation and amusement in the gloomy dugouts, in the trenches, and in the huts which afforded them some sort of shelter. There, often by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle or upon a nail driven through a piece of wood, the war was happily driven from their minds by the "magic carpet" of some book of travel or romance.

The men of the American Expeditionary Force needed and appreciated books just as much as the British soldiers. Alan Seeger wrote on the flyleaves of a copy of Rousseau's "Confessions": "We put in a very pleasant week here — nine hours of guard at night in our outposts upon the hillside; in the daytime sleep, or foraging in the ruined villages, loafing in the pretty garden of the château or reading in the library. We have cleaned this up now, and it is an altogether curious sensation to recline here in an easy chair, reading some fine old book, and just taking the precaution not to stay in front of the glassless windows through which the sharpshooters can snipe at you from their posts in the thickets

on the slopes of the plateau, not six hundred meters away."

From the time when he first read "Treasure Island" and "Via Crucis" Dinsmore Ely, of Winnetka, Illinois, envied those who lived in the times of pirates, and crusaders, and Indians. He felt that these men faced real hardships and fought real foes — in short, lived life to its fullest — while we of to-day, raised on milk and honey, were deprived of the right to face our dragon and bear our metal. So when his chance came he went into the aviation service and paid the price for freedom in April, 1918. His letters to his family have just been published and bear witness to the general desire for reading matter.

On a rainy day in July, 1917, he read Galsworthy's "Dark Flower" and thought the style clean-cut and masterful. "The story weighed on me. I walked ten miles and could not sleep. What this war does to people's lives!" "What we crave most in reading is romance," said he in another letter home. "The *Saturday Evening Post* fills the bill more than anything else. If you could send me a subscription to that for six months, it would be greatly appreciated. . . . It is read from cover to cover and passed about till the pages are thin; so it would fill a big demand. Another book on aviation came. I have not yet had time to finish the first one. As they go into the technical end of things rather deeply, I can only study a small amount at a time. Most of my reading lately has been history." On behalf of the daughter of his host

at Cazaux, who read many English books and was anxious to read some American novels, he asked his father to send Owen Wister's "The Virginian," Gene Stratton Porter's "Laddie," and Booth Tarkington's "The Turmoil." "These depict American life as she would enjoy knowing it," said he. "She is giving me French books to read."

A Massachusetts boy who had been gassed wrote from an overseas hospital to a friend engaged in Library War Service: "Really it 's a great work. The men in the trenches, in the rest billets, in the field hospitals, in the evacuation hospitals, in the base hospitals even, depend on smokes and reading to help kill time. It is essential that men have something good to keep their minds on after the trench routine and in the hospitals. I know, because I've spent three weeks in a field hospital and three weeks in a French hospital. I've read from cover to cover papers four to five months old, from Waco and San Antonio; spent hours on the *Methodist Monthly*, and enthused over an *Outlook* of last October. It is a good work — keep it up."

NEWS FROM HOME WANTED

"I'm out here in the R.F.A. with krumps bursting on my cocoanut and am going to see it through," wrote an American soldier to Frederick Palmer. "If you've got any American newspapers or magazines lying around loose please send them to me, as I am far from California."

The craving for news from home was general, and

A.L.A. LIBRARY WAR SERVICE DISPATCH OFFICE, HOBOKEN, N.J.

Over 100,000 volumes per month were sent overseas from this and the five other dispatch offices

CASES OF BOOKS READY FOR OVERSEAS SHIPMENT

The books were circulated on the transports and again boxed at the end of the voyage

it was necessary to send many magazines and newspapers from the United States. Naturally, the foreign publications could not take the place of those the men had been accustomed to read. American periodicals were received as gifts from individuals and institutions in the States, or were purchased in London through the Dorland News Agency, which, through the efforts of Governor Edge of New Jersey, obtained special discounts for the American Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A.

As the result of a letter which he had received from an American woman in France, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt urged the American public to send newspapers to our soldiers. The letter described the Red Cross hospital at Neuilly. "The wards are already full," said the writer, "and the halls are lined with men on stretchers waiting to have their wounds dressed. The men are splendid and not complaining. They are pathetically eager for home news, and there is nothing they wish for more than home papers. I wish that you would suggest that more home papers be sent them. They do not want old papers that have been read and thrown away, but daily papers mailed regularly to them." "I very earnestly make an appeal not only for New York and Boston papers, but that all American papers be sent to the boys," said Colonel Roosevelt in giving out the letter. "Funds should be provided to send papers regularly to the hospitals where the boys from their district are likely to go."

The Councils of Defense of the various States were asked to supply their local newspapers, and in response to this request city and town papers were received from every State.

At the bathing-cure resorts to which convalescent soldiers were sent, and in all the hospitals which it was possible to reach, the Red Cross distributed daily papers — many of them European papers printed in English — every morning, and both American and European magazines every week. At the front, the English European papers were distributed from the Red Cross warehouses and stations on their arrival from Paris by rail. A newspaper was never destroyed until every soldier in the sector had read it.

A few brief extracts from letters received by the Care Committee of the London Chapter of the American Red Cross will show how much the men in the service appreciated the papers and magazines that were sent them. One American who had gone to Canada to enlist and had been in France for a year wrote that the opportunity to read made the long hours seem shorter.

Another, writing from a Canadian Military Hospital in Kent, sent a contribution of a dollar to the Red Cross and asked to be remembered when possible with a "Buckeye" newspaper or a personal letter. "It was surely fine to get those New York papers," wrote a member of an aero squadron, recuperating in a military hospital in Wiltshire. "The *Popular Mechanics* was a godsend. The *Saturday Evening*

Post is worth its weight in gold to me. When at Yale, I can remember how books and studies lost their values every Thursday when the mail brought the *Post*." A fourth man said that the letter received from the Care Committee found him in bed, thinking that he was one of the forgotten ones. "You have no idea what comfort I derive from those home papers!" he added. "I even read the department store advertisements."

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

In the spring of 1918 the Red Cross library service in France was reaching eighteen base hospitals, twenty camp hospitals, and nine other stations of one sort or another. The Paris representative of the Red Cross was receiving from London about two thousand volumes a month and was spending from twelve to fourteen hundred francs a month on subscriptions to periodicals; in addition he had received about two thousand volumes from one chapter in New England and similar gifts from other donors. Recreation huts, under the control and direction of the Y.M.C.A., had also been established at numerous base hospitals for the benefit of the personnel.

Special American Red Cross representatives acted as receiving agents at the distributing centers. With camp hospitals increasing at the rate of six a month it was necessary that a large stock of books should be quickly shipped and distributed.

The Library Committee of the London Chapter of the American Red Cross aimed to supply:

(1) The American Red Cross in France with books needed for their own hospitals and for those of the American Expeditionary Force.

(2) The British Base hospitals in France, where the doctors, nurses, and orderlies were American, with books and American magazines and newspapers.

(3) The American sick and wounded in England, either in American or English hospitals, with books, magazines, and newspapers.

(4) Hospitals at certain American naval bases and some out-of-the-way naval stations with all forms of literature.

"The choice of the books we distribute," wrote Mr. Lawrence L. Tweedy, Chairman of the Library Committee, "depends on the use to which they are to be put. If they are meant for immediate distribution in the wards, where many must be destroyed almost immediately because of infection, and where the men want only to be amused, we restrict ourselves almost entirely to fiction, and light fiction at that. Where we are supplying more or less permanent libraries for hospital staffs or for some of the naval stations, we try to give them a little of all kinds of books, such as the classics, essays, poetry, and biography, but still for the greater part, fiction."

The books used were either gifts — the number of which was very small — or they were purchased in the London market. They were restricted almost entirely to popular editions, either in paper or cloth bindings, costing from sixpence to a shilling. As the

life of these books was exceedingly short they soon had to be replaced. No attempt was made to import books from America; tonnage was needed for more essential things and it was anticipated that sooner or later the American Library Association would be able to make shipments on a large scale. Such an arrangement was greatly desired by the Library Committee, as the demand for books "over there" far exceeded the supply, and the purchases for the American forces were an additional drain which tended to increase prices in the book market.

EARLY ARRIVALS "OVER THERE"

An American soldier who reached France in July, 1915, sent to the *Nation* a letter dated November 25, 1917, in which he gave a list of the thirty-two books that he had been able to read since his arrival. "What I read, wherewithal I while my hours of leisure, that is one of my largest little problems," he wrote. "I set myself a certain vague standard, and only very seldom, when none of my genuine 'eligibles' are obtainable, am I compelled to resort to books of no particular reputation." His reading included Scott's "Woodstock"; Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," "Hard Times," and "Pictures from Italy"; Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth"; George Eliot's "Adam Bede"; Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility"; Jane Porter's "Thaddeus of Warsaw"; Ollivant's "Bob, Son of Battle"; Bulwer-Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii"; Charles Kingsley's "West-

ward Ho!"; Henry Kingsley's "Ravenshoe"; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"; Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea"; Borrow's "Bible in Spain"; Irving's "Sketch Book"; Stevenson's "Vailima Letters"; Henry James's "The American"; Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe"; Anthony Hope's "The King's Mirror"; Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way," "Seats of the Mighty," "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," and "Donovan Pasha." In lighter vein were Lucas Malet's "Adrian Savage"; Agnes and Egerton Castle's "Incomparable Bellairs" and "If Youth but Knew"; Hall Caine's "Son of Hagar"; and Denby's "Let the Roof Fall In." In French he read twelve of Corneille's plays, George Sand's "Jeanne" and Tolstoy's "Le Père Serge."

"And of more or better, what need has any man? Some of these books I found in hospitals; some I bought almost in the trenches where civilians still clung to the wreckage; some I borrowed from Y.M.C.A. libraries; some I raked out of the jaws of 'death by incinerator'; some I swapped with comrades; and others I simply 'acquired' (whereof the less said the better). The best and largest Y.M.C.A. library I have ever seen in France is at 31, Avenue Montaigne, in Paris, and American soldiers of literary bent should consider themselves fortunate in the way their needs have there been met. During my ten days' leave to Paris, the American Y.M.C.A. was the chief center of interest."

Miss Eveline W. Brainerd published in the *Inde-*

pendent of January 19, 1918, an account of the work in the book department at the Paris headquarters of the Y.M.C.A. On the boat going over one man had assured her that "soldiers don't want books; they won't read." A Major qualified this by a positive statement that what the men wanted was "light stuff," — "something exciting; they won't read anything else." While "light stuff" and "something exciting" led in popularity at first, later there came requests for such things as a Life of Gordon, Tennyson's Poems, a work on elementary law, and one on electrical engineering. A secretary asked for "at least twenty histories of France," and wanted to know how many more could be supplied later. The book-shops of Paris were scoured for dictionaries, atlases, travel books, Kipling, Seeger, Service, and Wells, for everything on the battle of the Marne and on international relations.

Maps were the most popular wall decorations in the American huts in France. Groups were seen gathered around them as long as there was light enough to make out the lines; the region in which the camp was located was rubbed white by constant tracing, and the spot that represented Paris was worn through the paper. On the other hand, the French readers were eager to see pictures of the United States.

An unavoidable ignorance of what books would be most wanted, how quickly and in what quantity, and difficulties of transportation from England and

America were responsible for the extreme shortage of books at the beginning. Frequently there were not enough to go round. A man from one camp popped his head in at the book department and said with a smile: "Just wanted to remind you, — twenty-four books, twenty thousand men!" Another man with a sense of humor reported that he was in charge of two huts with "very few books and those about to perish of old age." A visitor went back to his fifteen hundred soldiers with a single armful of volumes — all that headquarters could spare him.

"Scant as the libraries at the front have been and still are," said Miss Brainerd in conclusion, "little as they hold of recent publications, they are yet circulating thousands of books and do fine service all of the daytime. But the night falls early and lights are not plenty, and then comes the need for something lively, and new to all. It is half-past five of a cloudy afternoon such as come often in this damp land. Some four hundred men are packed close as they can crowd within a hut. Here and there a candle held by some willing hand picks out the darkness and before this eager audience stands the secretary, reading Empey's 'Over the Top.' Two soldiers hold pocket electric lamps to light the page, and comrades relieve each other now and then. The book is borrowed, the only copy probably in all the line of huts that, scattered miles apart, serve thousands of men. It must be sent on as soon as may be to the next secretary, and so along the line, until in every hut has been repeated

BRITISH LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS, LONDON CHAPTER, AMERICAN RED CROSS

Photo by Elliott & Fry

In England and France many A.L.A. books reached the American soldiers in hospital through the Red Cross

LIBRARY WAR SERVICE IN FRANCE

Upper: Circulating A.L.A. books in a Y.M.C.A. hut
Lower: Stockroom, A.L.A. headquarters, Paris

this scene of the intent men sitting and standing in the shadows, the only brightness in the room being that falling on the reader's hands."

THE A.L.A. IN SIBERIA

When the first detachment of troops for Siberian service sailed from San Francisco in the summer of 1918, a collection of three thousand A.L.A. volumes went with them. Transports sailing from the Philippines were supplied with reading matter by the A.L.A. representative in Manila.

In early December, Professor Harry Clemons, formerly connected with the libraries of Wesleyan and Princeton universities, went to Vladivostock, from the University of Nanking, China, where he holds the position of librarian and professor of English, to take charge of the A.L.A. work with the Expeditionary Forces. His letters to the Washington headquarters contain interesting descriptions of his experiences as librarian with this most distant division of the American army.

Upon his arrival at Vladivostock he found that most of the books which had already reached Siberia had been distributed, largely through the interest and initiative of the Morale Officer of the Expedition, among the various military units in and around the base and scattered along the line of the Siberian railway. His first work, therefore, was to locate these books, find out how they were being used, arrange exchanges, and determine the possibilities of the sit-

uation. He soon came to the conclusion that as the troops were in small detachments, scattered over a wide extent of territory, any elaborate central library would be a useless expense; the problem was rather one of traveling libraries with local administration.

That there were unusual opportunities for library service was apparent. The troops were comfortably housed in winter quarters; the thrill of the war was over and the men wanted to get home. Visits to the collections in and about Vladivostock proved conclusively that books and periodicals were eagerly welcomed. In a Y.M.C.A. hut only sixteen volumes were found on the shelves, out of a collection of three hundred; the cards recorded an average of fully ten loans per volume. From eighty books in the barracks of a squad of American engineers three hundred and thirty loans had been made in two weeks. "At one or two places," says Professor Clemons, "I was assured that 'the men have read them all.'" The chaplain of a regiment along the line reported that every book, except atlases and encyclopedias, which were not allowed to circulate, was gone in twenty-four hours after the library opened, and the men were calling for more. The influence on the morale could almost be demonstrated mathematically. "I have heard of a whole barracks full of men stretched out quietly and contentedly reading in the evening after a case of books had been opened," writes the librarian. The establishing of the camp library immediately cut

down by more than half the requests for evening leave in one company.

One regiment had made the A.L.A. books a part of the regimental library, and the Colonel had himself worked out an excellent plan for exchange among his various detachments, which were scattered over the adjoining country "as thickly as golf links in Scotland."

A room in one of the base warehouses, just across the hall from the Base Post-Office, was assigned to Professor Clemons for his headquarters. "Out of another warehouse," he wrote, "I dug twenty-four boxes and three parcels, containing a few books and a welter of periodicals. These were moved to my store-room and opened. The result is the first stage of a mobilization of most of the periodicals in the East. It is chaos. I have considered topping it with a banner, 'All is not literature that litters.' For the moving I had a squad of Austrian prisoners, and a colonel who got interested yesterday loaned me a soldier to open boxes."

A full distribution and strength chart of the Expedition, together with an excellent blueprint map, obtained from Army Headquarters, supplied information as to the location of all the scattered detachments, and the proximity to the post-office made it easy to send packages by the mail orderlies going out on their regular rounds. Letters to the commanding officers of all the larger detachments of the Expedition located some distance from Vladivostock,

inquiring about the desire for books and the advisability of a visit from the librarian, brought uniformly affirmative answers. These proposed trips Professor Clemons thought it best to postpone until the arrival of the expected cases of books should enable him to take with him something more tangible than promises, — although he was somewhat concerned lest his apparent inaction should lead the Washington headquarters to "the Chestertonian conclusion expressed by one of the officers of this Expedition that 'warfare unfits one for the sterner pursuits of life.'"

While waiting for the arrival of these cases from the A.L.A. Professor Clemons sorted the books and periodicals he had unearthed and prepared them for distribution. Eventually they were sent to forty different detachments in forty-one mail sacks and one hundred and twenty-eight parcels. "I hope to be able to send sets to all the detachments, large and small, of the Expedition during Christmas week," he wrote to headquarters on December 22. "Thus do we introduce the short story into the long Siberian night.

"In my position of 'middleman' I am sure I can send to you and to the others who are making the war work possible the grateful Christmas greetings of the Expeditionary Force in Siberia."

A week later he wrote: "During the past week I have put the finishing touches to the arrangement of my prize collection of periodicals, and have sent out twenty mail-sacks and fifty other parcels of this

machine-gun literature. It has been a very grimy job, and I have looked upon so many magazine-cover ladies that completely clothed women of intelligent mien are at a premium with me."

The "Clearing House Library," as Professor Clemons christened the room which was to serve as reference library and reading-room for the troops stationed at the Base, as well as for traveling library headquarters, soon became known and requests for special books, and also for periodicals, began to come in. Mathematics, English grammar, Spanish, economics, commerce, Russian history, and the Eastern question were among the subjects on which literature was wanted. A hurry call was sent to Shanghai for about fifty books. In the meantime, volume for volume exchanges of A.L.A. books in the possession of different troops were effected.

In anticipation of the arrival of the A.L.A. cases which were known to be on the way, shelves were put into the distribution room. An hour after they were finished the first of the "real" A.L.A. books arrived. From these the librarian chose a good stock for the central library; the rest were repacked for distribution to the detachments. In making up the collection to be kept at the Base, emphasis was placed upon reference books, as on account of the location of the place the proportion of officers among the borrowers was likely to be large. Perhaps the best proof of the quality of the users is a list of the first twenty books taken out:

Adkins, Historical Backgrounds	(*Captain*)
Austin, Unchained Russia	(*Captain*)
Bairnsfather, Fragments from France	(*Lieutenant*)
Boyer and Speranskii, Russian Reader	(*Sergeant*)
Breasted, Ancient Times	(*Lieutenant*)
Churchill, Traveller in War Time	(*Lieutenant*)
Doyle, Study in Scarlet	(*Lieutenant*)
Duruy, General History of the World, vol. 1	(*Sergeant*)
Fairbanks, Laugh and Live	(*Private*)
Fish, Development of American Nationality	(*Lieutenant*)
Futrelle, My Lady's Garter	(*Captain*)
Graham, The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary	(*Lieutenant*)
Hazen, Alsace-Lorraine	(*Lieutenant*)
Hazen, Europe since 1815	(*Lieutenant*)
Milyoukov, Russian Realities and Problems	(*Captain*)
Pagé, How to Run an Automobile	(*Private*)
Poole, The Dark People	(*Lieutenant*)
Robinson, Medieval and Modern Times	(*Lieutenant*)
Wells, Tono-Bungay	(*Captain*)
Wiener, Interpretation of the Russian People	(*Captain*)

"I had an illustration of the change in the appearance of that 'clearing house and reference library' recently," wrote the librarian. "The enlisted man who was loaned to me several weeks ago to help open and unpack the twenty-four boxes of old periodicals and books nearly broke his back and did break his hatchet over the job. When I dismissed him the mess was beyond my powers of description. I judge that the soldier thought the situation was hopeless. For he did n't come back until one afternoon this past week. Meantime the periodicals had been distributed,

the boxes and the room cleaned out, shelves put in and books arranged on them. As I glanced up from my work I saw him standing in the door, with mouth wide open. At my nod he fairly exploded: 'My God, you've got it cleaned up!'

"On that previous day he had, while rubbing his back, confided to me that he wanted to read a book by Marie Corelli. This time it was waiting for him."

"A little incident of last week," wrote Professor Clemons at another time, "is unique in my library experiences, and I cannot resist trying to write it out. A door-filling specimen of an enlisted man, who had borrowed Douglas Fairbanks's 'Laugh and Live,' brought it back, mildly disgusted.

"'This ain't what I want. I thought it was a funny book.'

"'And you did n't find it funny?' I inquired.

"'Naw. Say, have you got anything like Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks?" Elinor Glyn's so — so — well, scientific, you know.'

"The adjective gave me a sudden coughing fit. But it also gave me an answer:

"'Perhaps you are interested in eugenics?'

"However this was n't any more helpful than I had expected it to be. So the man started out to help himself. He made a laborious tour of the shelves. Finally, with a grunt that seemed to mingle satisfaction with doubt, he pulled out a volume and handed it to me for record.

"'I guess that will do. I'll try it, anyway.'

"It was Mrs. Humphry Ward's 'Marriage à la Mode'!"

The use of the library increased steadily, and when classes were started among the soldiers it became necessary to send again to Shanghai for additional reference books. Thousands of volumes, including many cases of technical books, have been shipped to Vladivostock from San Francisco, and shipments will continue as long as the need exists.

BOOKS AND MORALS

One day in London a man originally from New York State came up and spoke to me as a fellow American. He wore the garb of a Canadian officer. After I had answered his query as to what I was doing in England, he said: "My work is rather different. I am looking after the social evil and venereal diseases in the Canadian Army."

"Then you are a medical man?"

"No," said he, "I tried to get my English medical friends to take hold of the work, but they said that they had their reputations to look after. I have no reputation to lose. I am simply a Unitarian clergyman."

In the course of the conversation that followed he said that he was constantly surprised at the high class of books which the boys bought when they came up to London.

Upper: © *Committee on Public Information* Lower: © *International Film Service*

Upper: From cotton fields to khaki. Colored stevedores, for whom their chaplain solicited A.L.A. books

Lower: American sailors in the reading room of one of their clubs in England

© International Film Service

IN AIX-LES-BAINS, THE RECREATION CENTER OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN FRANCE

U.S. soldiers reading newspapers in front of the Casino

On another occasion, I was discussing with the wife of an American physician long resident in London the remarkable vogue enjoyed by Brieux's plays, — "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont" and "Damaged Goods" had been running for months. "Yes," she said, "they kept out his 'Damaged Goods' as long as they could, but now both that and Ibsen's 'Ghosts' are being given to crowded houses. The censor used to be 'nasty nice and dirty particular' about certain things, as my maid once said of her former employer."

That phrase describes fitly though inelegantly the attitude of only too many people towards a subject which refuses to be kept in the background — especially in war time. The camp libraries have done their part in educating the men in morals and sex hygiene by providing carefully selected books on these subjects. Lectures by men attached to various organizations have also touched on these topics.

An eighteen-year-old Michigan boy who was reading Dr. Exner's little pamphlet, "Friend or Enemy," of which a million and a half copies have been circulated, was jeered at by his corporal, who said with a sneer, "Oh, you'll be going along with the bunch before long." Quietly the lad replied, "That's all right, corporal, but I've a mother, four sisters, and a sweetheart back home, and I'm proud of it. Believe me, I'm going back to them just as clean as I came out."

In the letters of "Dinsmore Ely: One Who Served," is found the following, written to his father from France:

"In reading 'The Gallery of Antiquities' by Balzac, I came across this passage, which made me think of your parting admonition: 'Remember, my son, that your blood is pure from contaminating alliances. We owe to the honor of our ancestors sacredly preserved the right to look all women in the face and bow the knee to none but a woman, the king, and God. Yours is the right to hold your head on high and to aspire to queens.' I can say for the first time in my life with assurance that I know the honor of the family is safe in my sword. So much for my experiences — and I aspire to a queen."

A librarian invited some sailors to her home for Sunday dinner. One took the liberty of bringing with him a hardened old salt, who was much moved by the unusual hospitality and refinement of the cultured home. A few days later he sent the mother of the librarian a postcard, addressing her as "Dear Mam" and thanking her for her great kindness in opening her heart and home to the men of the navy, and adding: "If there were more women like you there would be fewer men like me."

An officer wrote to the American Library Association Headquarters on behalf of a stevedore regiment of the National Army, made up of 1359 negro soldiers, stationed at an overseas port. In making a request for from 750 to 1000 books, he said that he was

speaking also for the other officers of the regiment, all of whom were white:

"Astounding as the statement may sound to you, a whole lot of reading matter is needed in this outfit to cut down venereal diseases. I do not refer to treatises on these diseases, because we do not want books of this sort. We want books that will keep the minds of men employed in other ways. Two months of very careful study along this line has convinced me that this matter of books is one of the best ways to combat a very distressing social condition that exists all over France.

"A word of explanation. We have at this base — and they are here for the duration of the War — nearly three thousand colored men, about one third of whom cannot read or write. We want the books, first of all, for these men who can read them. These men are only a few months, at most, from cotton fields to khaki. They are among a strange people, who speak a language unintelligible to them and the only reading matter they can find in large amounts is that found in publications typical of the life of the half-world. . . .

"As regimental censor, reading their letters home, and thrown into close contact with them, I have come to the conclusion that books will keep them in camp. Not at any time in my life have I been so made to realize the meaning of the expression 'thirsting for knowledge.' These colored men from the rural South do. By begging, borrowing and buying, I have

corralled all the English books in this vicinity that are worth while and I have 113 books that I think should be placed in the hands of these 1900 men. These books are all in use, seven days in the week. But we need hundreds more.

"Two thirds of the organization are literates. But they, too, are subject to the seductions of wine, women, and certain kinds of song, all of which are affording them new and very injurious experiences. But when they get hold of a book they remain in camp at night, and during their other leisure hours, of which they have many, owing to the exigencies of the military service, they read these books, and what is of more importance, talk about them and discuss the things they have learned. *A man who can get hold of a book stays at home and reads it, soon improves in the matters of dress and military conduct and shows improvement in morals and self-respect.* These are elemental things, almost trite expressions with us at home, but they are very real to us at this permanent base in the line of communications. I trust you see the need I am trying, in a feeble and halting way, to make plain.

"Now I do not expect that your institution shall mulct itself of the number of volumes I ask for. But I hope that you can furnish some volumes and gather others from other libraries and from individuals, acting as the collecting and selecting center and forwarding them to us when the collection is made. We want books for the average mind. They must be neither

too mature nor too elementary; stories of liaisons, blood and thunder adventures, and theological controversies should be avoided. Attractively written histories and patriotic romances are needed; stories showing love of country, God, and virtue would be most welcome."

CHAPTER V

THE A.L.A. IN FRANCE

THE systematic work of the A.L.A. for the American Expeditionary Forces began in January, 1918, when a Dispatch Office was established at Hoboken for the purpose of assembling books and shipping them on transports. The books sent in this way were placed in Y.M.C.A. huts or distributed directly to the men themselves. At about the same time the Association sent a representative, Dr. M. Llewellyn Raney, to France to lay the foundations for a broader service.

Consulting first the commander of the United States naval forces operating in European waters and securing a pass, Dr. Raney visited many naval stations and everywhere found that the men wanted books, both to while away the time and for purposes of study. A chance to go to sea in the flagship of a convoying fleet in its work down the French coast afforded a first-hand demonstration. For two days he mingled with the men and studied their tastes and inclinations. During an evening spent in the crowded quarters under deck he saw a dozen of them lying in their bunks, reading. Many had fastened soap boxes on the side of the hull, opposite their narrow beds, to serve as book racks. "The opportunity was there and the desire was not lacking," he says. "The body was constrained, but

the mind was eager to wander." They knew what they wanted: travel, adventures of the sea, stirring Western fiction, and good war stories. They called for Empey, Jack London, Zane Grey, Ralph Connor, Stanley Weyman, Joseph Conrad, Kipling, and Stevenson. French textbooks were also asked for.

At some of the naval aviation stations in France were men who were to take Annapolis examinations the next month; they did not have the necessary textbooks, and a preliminary test showed that without them they were sure to fail. Could the A.L.A. help? So service began on the spot. The desired books were promptly secured from London and distributed to the grateful candidates. A cablegram to Washington resulted in the shipment on naval supply vessels of 8000 volumes, which were equally divided between the ships and hydroplane stations in France. Other consignments followed, including a hundred different periodicals by subscription, and routes were mapped out with the Navy Department for supplying books to all American naval vessels.

From the first, the A.L.A. received hearty coöperation from the authorities. Vice-Admiral Sims assured the Secretary of the Navy that the great value of the Association's services in increasing the contentment of the forces was fully recognized, and that its efforts would be appreciated by thousands of men.

The Director of the American Soldiers' and Sailors' Club characterized the Library War Service as "one of the finest things which this war has called forth

from our own country." "The books which you have sent to the Club, both in Paris and Tours, have been eagerly and profitably read by hundreds of our men," he added. "They have been a real contribution to our libraries."

In the Army, conditions were similar to those in the Navy. In every phase of the men's lives there were periods of leisure and of loneliness, and the desire for study and for recreational reading was widespread. But the situation was not the same as in the training camps in this country. The army in France was in the fighting area and the library service must prove that it would be a help and not an encumbrance. In the fall of 1917 both the Y.M.C.A. and the Red Cross had established library sections, the former under its educational department and the latter through its recreation department. Both these organizations appreciated the possibilities of assistance from the A.L.A. and officially indorsed its plans.

The promise of American books was everywhere greeted with enthusiasm. "The men," Dr. Raney says, "did not like the English substitutes which the Y.M.C.A. had felt compelled to use. Besides, the London market was going dry and prices were advancing. Editions were not being reprinted, owing to shortage of paper and labor. Furthermore, the great British organizations, which were feeding the British armed forces on a huge scale, looked with anxiety on American competition, so that a moral issue was raised. The Red Cross was so desirous of

CHEERFUL READING

A convalescent soldier "over there" enjoying the *Stars and Stripes*

RED CROSS HUT, ORLY AVIATION CAMP, NEAR PARIS

escaping from this dilemma that it offered to share its present tonnage with us to bring over American reading material for our hospitals in Europe.

"The Y.M.C.A. had no tonnage to spare, but it could help in another way. Men needed books *en voyage*. The military authorities consented to have us put boxes on transports for deck usage. The Y.M.C.A. secretaries and the chaplains agreed to look out for the books *en route*, and to re-box and deliver them in port. Here, going into their warehouses, they would be subject to our further orders for distribution."

An arrangement was worked out by which the A.L.A. agreed to serve the "fit" through the Y.M.C.A. and the "unfit" through the Red Cross. General Pershing pronounced this scheme commendable and the service welcome, and requested from the government space for fifty tons of books per month — which meant more than a million volumes a year — on the transports. With a view to avoiding any duplication of effort, he expressed the desire "that there should not be any competition in supplying this matter to the troops, but that the work should be centralized in the American Library Association."

The granting of this request and the provision by the Quartermaster Department of a warehouse for the reception of books from the transports, whence they might be distributed at will, made it possible to begin work on an extensive scale. The Fourth of

A visitor to the Y.M.C.A. hut at Neufchâteau described the "Quiet Room" reserved for the A.L.A. as the pleasantest spot in the vicinity. Every seat was taken and several men were standing in front of the bookcases which lined the four walls. "There was no noise, no bustle, and in every respect it reminded one of a modern well-managed library in the States."

Permanent Headquarters were opened in Paris in April, 1918. In August larger quarters were secured at No. 10 rue de l'Elysée, in a building leased from the proprietors by the Y.M.C.A., which uses the upper floors for its educational and allied departments, leaving the entire ground floor and basement at the disposal of the A.L.A. The basement is used for packing and stock-rooms, while the arrangement of the ground floor resembles that of the average small library, — entrance and charging desk in the center, reading-room on one side, reference-room on the other, and stack-room in the rear. Here the administrative offices of the overseas service were established, in charge of Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, the novelist and librarian of Chillicothe, Ohio, and a central reference and circulating library of about ten thousand volumes was started. This library proved very popular with the men in the Paris district. On Sunday afternoons, especially, they crowded around the big open fires to read, or moved quietly about among the bookshelves, hunting for favorite volumes. Mrs. Stevenson tells of a visit paid her by

a young soldier, one of a group of twenty-one signal men in charge of telegraph and telephone lines leading directly to the front-line trenches. The men were living in a half-ruined château, and were working in twelve-hour shifts, a day and night trick. It was an awfully lonely job, the boy said, especially in the slack hours.

"So much depends on us," he said, "we don't dare to sleep. Can't you give us some books to help keep us awake?"

Mrs. Stevenson filled a case with books of the most thrilling character, Kipling, O. Henry, Zane Grey, Sherlock Holmes, and Oppenheim, and the signal corpsman went away happy.

An American Red Cross worker about to return to the States said that during the five months that she had been in Paris there was no other spot where she had such a feeling of home as she did at the A.L.A. Headquarters. "I cannot express my appreciation of the privilege of being able to find the companionship of books in my own language, nor the unfailing cordiality and friendliness with which I was always welcomed to the use of the library," she said, and added that one of the patients for whom she had requested some books reported that the number of his friends increased very rapidly when the other men discovered that he had something to read.

To further the overseas work additional dispatch offices were established in the United States, at Newport News, Boston, Philadelphia, and New York.

Every available means of getting books to France was used. The Army tonnage provided for about one hundred thousand volumes monthly, twenty-five thousand volumes were sent over on American Red Cross tonnage, and the deck shipments on transports in charge of Y.M.C.A. secretaries added appreciably to the total. The records show that up to February 1, 1919, a total of one million eight hundred thousand volumes had been shipped to France, and that libraries had been established in six hundred and thirty-eight Y.M.C.A. centers, in forty Knights of Columbus centers, in forty-one Salvation Army centers, in twelve Y.W.C.A. centers, and in five Jewish Welfare Board centers, as well as with a number of miscellaneous welfare organizations, such as the Moose, the American Soldiers' and Sailors' Club, and the like. Each section of the American Ambulance Service had been given a book collection; similar service had been extended to the Americans in the Polish army and the Mallet Reserve, and two hundred and sixty-four military organizations in the A.E.F. had been provided with libraries. By March, the number of books sent overseas had passed the two million mark.

Books were sent not only to France but also to the American troops in England, Italy, Archangel, and Vladivostock, and to American prisoners in Germany. At Aix-les-Bains, the recreation center for the Army, where there was boating, baseball, athletics, Lieutenant Europe's famous band, and a theater, the

A.L.A. had a well-rounded collection of books in the Y.M.C.A.'s casino, with a trained librarian in charge.

In order to provide for members of the A.E.F. on their voyage home, and also to forestall any necessity for draining out of France the books now there, all transports are equipped in American ports with adequate permanent libraries, to remain on board as long as the transport is in service.

In short, it has been the aim of the Library War Service to provide books and library facilities for American soldiers and sailors wherever they might be — at home, abroad, in camp, in the hospital, on shipboard, in out-of-the-way corners of the world, everywhere. Close relations have been maintained not only with the Y.M.C.A. and the American Red Cross but also with the Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army, Jewish Welfare Board, and Y.W.C.A., in order that the books turned over to them by the A.L.A. might receive such administrative supervision as was possible and might really reach the men for whom they were intended. Through an arrangement with the Y.M.C.A. and the American Red Cross some of the librarians who were included in their personnel were later detailed to the A.L.A. for library work. In the spring of 1919 the overseas staff numbered about fifty persons.

The A.L.A. has also done a great deal of library work of a special nature. It organized the Intelligence Library at Chaumont, and furnished many

special books for it and for the Army School Library at Langres. It has established close relations with the Association des Bibliothecaires Français, and the sub-committee on Social Ideas of "La Renaissance des Cités," with the idea of making American public library methods better known in France, and of encouraging, where possible, the development of present library facilities or the establishment of new ones.

REGIONAL LIBRARIES

In addition to the central library at Paris, fourteen regional libraries are maintained at points where the concentration of troops is greatest, such as Bordeaux, Brest, Le Mans, St. Nazaire, St. Aignan, Tours, Toul, and Coblenz. These correspond roughly to well-organized American public libraries, and serve also as supervisory authorities and points of supply for the library work of the adjacent region. Each is in charge of a trained librarian, often with "detailed" army helpers. At St. Aignan, Brest, and Le Mans special library buildings have been erected; in the other centers suitable and attractive quarters were already available for the use of the A.L.A. At Coblenz, for example, the central library for the use of the Army of Occupation occupies a portion of the Festhalle; branches have been established at various points, the arrangement being very similar to that to which the soldiers were accustomed in the training camps in the United States. In addition, individual

READING ROOM AT NAVAL BASE, TROMPELOUP, NEAR PAUILLAC

READING ROOM AND AUDITORIUM AT NAVAL BASE, TROMPELOUP, NEAR PAUILLAC

requests are supplied from Paris headquarters, where many appreciative letters are received.

One from a Post Liaison Officer, dated January 21, 1919, is worth noting:

"The fine books and magazines which have been provided have not only helped us while away the long winter evenings pleasantly, but they have given us an excellent opportunity to study history, literature, travel, biography, language, science, and all the other things in which we are interested. Our library at the Y.M.C.A. building is always packed. In addition to the main library, each squadron has its library in the orderly room or the squadron club room; the hospital has its boxes of books; the officer's clubs have their libraries, and I was gratified to find while I was Officer of the Day that the Guard House was stocked with its shelf of books which the men are glad to read.

"I hope you may have an opportunity to visit this camp sometime, to see how admirably the ideas of the American Library Association for soldiers and sailors have worked out in practice."

A chaplain with the A.E.F. in Luxemburg wrote for additional books, which were needed because their four companies were in four separate towns. "We want you to know," said he, "that we are grateful and appreciative of this coöperation, and that the books will be read and re-read by our soldiers, who are hungry for just this sort of thing."

"My life has been given to the work of preaching,"

wrote another chaplain, "but I recognize that good literature reaches a great many more men than any chaplain can reach in his sermons."

A letter from Düsseldorf, acknowledging the receipt of one hundred and twenty-five volumes, said that the books were being put out on the card system, and over half of them had been drawn during one day and evening. The writer added that he should see to it that each book was circulated throughout the entire regiment.

A major wrote from Châtillon-sur-Seine: "The men read ravenously these days, and would keep a big library going."

"The boys hardly gave me time to note down the names of the books before they were off with them," wrote an American Red Cross worker. "Even the Commanding Officer made a bee-line for 'There Is No Devil' as a relief in his morning tour of inspection. I guess up till to-day he thought we were all devils, more or less."

An appeal for books from Mayence said that while at the larger cities, such as Coblenz and Treves, there was entertainment of various kinds for officers and men, at Mayence there was little of interest. The men were tired of entertainments provided mostly by local talent and wanted something to read. One captain wrote that he had read all or nearly all of the books sent there, in order to be able to give the right book to the right man. He had had some experience in library work and promised to

take as good care of the books as could be expected under the conditions.

A corporal wrote from Luxemburg, returning four books that had been loaned him: "Your selection was indeed excellent. I had heard a great deal of 'Seventeen' and had wanted to read it. I enjoyed it very much, as did several other fellows who read it. I also enjoyed 'The Research Magnificent,' and the theories of psychology and philosophy which Wells advances. 'The Elementary Agriculture' was a great benefit to me, and if you can send me some other books on any of the details of agriculture, dealing with fertilizers, preparation of the soil, and the like, as they are related to the raising of corn and other crops in the Middle West, I will be very greatly obliged. If you can send me More's 'Utopia,' Plutarch's 'Lives,' or any works by Bergson or any other of our modern philosophers I will greatly appreciate it."

A Yankee in Germany wrote that where he was it was impossible for him to get any reading, and if the A.L.A. could n't send him something he should lose his mind. A couple of magazines that he could read and pass along to the rest of the boys, some good, live stories, and an English and German dictionary were among the wants he expressed.

A sergeant in the Army of Occupation wrote to say that the consignment of A.L.A. books received had been installed at the Regimental Club and the books were being loaned to the men for a week at a

time. He added that they had brought a complete library with them from Douglas, Arizona, their home station, but had had to leave it behind when they went into action at Château-Thierry, as all excess weight had to be discarded during eight months of fighting and hiking. "And the books surely come in mighty fine, being in a small town where it is impossible to buy any literature of any kind."

A colonel of an Engineer Corps wrote to express his appreciation of a library service that provided such technical books as the ones he had asked for on sewer construction and sewage disposal. Many men spoke emphatically in their letters of how much it had meant to them, situated in isolated villages in a foreign land, during a long period of waiting, to have at their disposal new books on a great variety of subjects.

"It is a matter of the greatest importance at this critical period to keep the boys amply supplied with good reading. You have helped greatly to that end," wrote an Army chaplain in February, 1919. "I wish you could see the men peruse and devour the books," said another letter. "I am sure it would more than repay you for your splendid gift."

The following description of conditions at Le Mans, written by Miss Esther Johnston, gives a good idea of the part played by the libraries in the life of the overseas camps:

"The daily round of a librarian in camp in France includes all activities from trying to supply the latest

Imagist poetry to mending kit-bags. She sees from morning till ten at night a constant stream of wet, tired, homesick, bored, disconsolate men — men suffering from a sudden let-down in tension and from a lack of occupation for their minds. Here in Le Mans all divisions, except those of the Army of Occupation, come on their way home, and are delayed for several months. The men receive word from well-intentioned relatives at home, 'Why are you staying over in France now that the war is over? We've been expecting you back ever since the Armistice was signed.' Imagine the effects of such letters upon men who are consumed with impatience to get home and bored to tears by army routine in peace time, who feel that their families and their business need them now more than the army does.

"I look from the window in the evening into a muddy courtyard where a file of men waits to come into the canteen and the reading- and writing-rooms. Many are from remote parts of the area, and by way of celebrating their leave from camp will spend the night sleeping on the stone floor here. They come into our small, crowded, smoky reading-room — as many as can get in — to security and warmth and forgetfulness of their monotonous life.

"'Books! We have n't seen them since we hit the trenches! Had n't time or thought for them there, but it's awful to be without them now that the fighting's over.' Many of them, most of them, in fact, have been without reading matter of any kind, and

have scarcely missed it till now. With what eagerness and complete absorption they lose themselves again, in novels, in magazines, in technical books, in all subjects but those of war. '*La guerre est finie*,' and we don't want to read about it, although we do talk about it most of the time.

"To-night is a good night for reading, the light cold rain outside increasing the feeling of comfort and security roused by the burning logs. The room has a blue haze of smoke from pipe and cigarette, and there is the glow from the fire, and the sheen of holly in the bowl on the mantle. The place is quiet, for the Braggart, who had tried to interest every one in his exploits, has been silenced by a hint, not subtly given by a reader, that for the present at least the majority prefer to read — later perhaps to talk.

"The boy to the left of my desk is indignant. His rage smoulders for awhile, he wriggles impatiently in his chair, and then bursts out in an undertone to me, 'Look at this *Saturday Evening Post* — right through the advertisements and stories! Who carries off the girl in the last chapter every time? The fella with the shiny puttees. Why don't the illustrators remember there's a few buck privates in the army? I look in all the magazines and papers and the doughboy does n't get a chance.' The boy is a youngster from the West, too young, by all the rules, to enter the army even now, but he's been through Château-Thierry and the Argonne and the Hospital, and he hates, as he says, never to win out in the last chapter.

"There's a contractor next to him — he has n't looked up from his book during all this tirade. He's a burly man, rather old for the draft army, and he had been, of late, low in his mind until he was asked to give the course on building to the men in the camp school. He's arranging his lectures now, working out calculations from a treatise on masonry construction which, thank Heaven, came just in time with the last shipment of books. His heavy face was almost animated when he explained: 'Even the fellows that don't think of going into the contracting business are fixing to get married when they go home and want to know something about houses. So they come to school.'

"There's a boy who comes in every night to read Western stories, although part of the time he merely sits in his easy chair and gazes at the fire with complete satisfaction. He is one who has no home in the States to return to — has never known a home — and this is the best substitute. He has supported himself for twelve years (he is only twenty now) and there is only one thing he gives himself credit for. That is 'skinning a mule as well as any man in Texas.' He reads Western stories to keep in touch with the life, and looks with undisguised contempt upon men who growl about hardships over here.

"Two college men are catching up with their work in law and journalism and are trying to forget about those newly won commissions that were taken from them two days after the armistice was signed. There

are two others who come eighteen kilometers on Saturday to read Burdick's 'Real Property,' which will give them the material they will need for their teaching during the next week. For their first visit we had n't even one law book for them, but when several were secured, they were pathetically grateful and spent their town leave reading them.

"There is present to-night the company cook who grins sheepishly at all the jests made about his mess. He showed his gratitude for an antique copy of the *All-Story Weekly* by sending to the library an enormous dish of his *pièce de résistance* for the evening. He had not been a reader before he came to France, but I believe he'll have a way of dropping into a library when he returns to the States.

"A man has just come in for light fiction to take his thoughts from gloomy things. He is a musician and the chief duty of his band now is to play for five or six funerals every morning. 'It gets on a fella's nerves,' he says, 'knowing the way those chaps got through the Argonne and St. Mihiel and were taken by the flu when they're waiting to go home.' I give him the most diverting novel I can find, for his is a mournful job. Another dismal visitor arrives. He is the official photographer of the funerals and wants me to choose the ones of his photographs which should go to the mothers.

"A boyish second lieutenant comes in. He has forgotten all about his dignity for he is going home tomorrow and wants to show the 'real' Bretagne lace

SCENE IN AMERICAN CAMP, BORDEAUX VICINITY (SPRING OF 1919)

BACK FROM FRANCE

In the hospital ward and library, Camp Custer

luncheon set he has for his mother. He holds it for every one to see, and anxiously inquires of the librarian 'Is 190 francs too much of a setback for it?'

"Several of these men, and many who were here during the day, are rejoining their divisions after leave. They have come from St. Malo, from Tours, Nice, Cannes, or Chamonix, some of them roused for the first time to the beauty of a land where they had seen only mud and misery. Now they want to know more of the tradition of the country, to read 'Tartarin,' the 'Hunchback of Notre Dame,' 'Les Misérables,' 'Old Touraine,' the 'Hill Towns of France,' 'Life of Napoleon.' We have n't nearly enough histories of France, nor grammars, nor French books. As one man says, 'The best way to advertise a thing is to knock it,' and that's the effect of some of the criticism of things French. The men may knock, most of them do, but they want to know more about the country and we have lamentably little material for them."

What the work of the A.L.A. meant to the men at St. Aignan during the winter of 1918–19 is graphically described in an account written by a sergeant who was one of some 1200 candidates for officers' commissions scattered through that huge camp.

On account of the scarcity of wood no fires were allowed in the daytime and it was therefore uncomfortable to sit down in the barracks. As no candles were permitted in the barracks and the only light came from two smoky lanterns suspended from the

rafters it was impossible to read during the long hours of darkness of the dreary winter days. Conversation consisted chiefly of grumbling at present discomforts and the repetition of groundless but invariably depressing rumors as to the future. One candidate was heard to remark that he "did n't mind living like cattle, but cattle were better off because they could n't talk."

The Y.M.C.A. huts were crowded to suffocation with men standing about awaiting an opportunity to buy something and talking noisily meantime, while the K. of C. huts were overtaxed by diligent and loquacious letter-writers.

As the candidates for commissions were not expected to do detail or fatigue duty, time lay especially heavy on their hands. The writer's only escape, he says, was to take some books under his arm, walk until he became warm, sit down on the ground and read until he became cold, then walk again to get warm. The only source of books was the salvage pile. Every morning he would attempt to sort out of a heap of discarded clothes, rubbish, and papers some book or magazine which had been thrown away. When the weather was stormy — and it either rained or snowed nearly every day — he would tramp about two miles to a shed where picks and shovels were kept. Here he could read in peace and quiet, though not continuously because it was necessary to stop at frequent intervals and stamp his feet vigorously to restore circulation.

When somebody discovered that the A.L.A. had opened a hut the good news spread rapidly, and it soon became the gathering place for all the candidates. Here was fulfilled a long-felt want for a clean, orderly, quiet place where one could read and think. The room was warm, comfortable, and well lighted. There were curtains at the windows and attractive posters on the walls. The latest English illustrated magazines and American periodicals lay in profusion on the tables. A large assortment of "worth while" books, including many recent works on history, science, and literature, was in constant circulation, and there was also a good reference library. The room was presided over by two American women, whose influence was felt the moment one opened the door. The men stepped quietly and spoke in lowered tones; innate politeness came to the surface, and consideration for the feelings of others was manifest; the sympathetic attention of these two women was responsible for an entire change of atmosphere.

At almost any hour of the day, and especially in the evening, the room was crowded to its capacity of about one hundred and fifty. The writer of the account says that to him and to many others like him, to whom an active business career had afforded all too little leisure for reading, it was indeed a treat, and will always be remembered with sincere gratitude.

CHAPTER VI

LIBRARY SERVICE BY MAIL

In September, 1918, General Pershing granted franking privileges in the Army Post Office on all A.L.A. mail parcels. This rendered possible the establishment of a direct mail service to the members of the A.E.F. The A.L.A. was also authorized to work directly with military organizations and to place a library with any such organization if the commanding officer requested the service and would detail a man to look after the books.

As the knowledge spread that library facilities were available, individual requests for books came in from all quarters and from every grade of military service. At first the work of the mailing department was carried on by two persons, Mr. Stevenson and a clerk, but its rapid and continuous increase necessitated an ever larger and larger staff, until a whole roomful of typists, clerks, and trained librarians were kept more than busy. Letters asking for everything under the sun were received by the hundreds every day, and packages of books were made up promptly and loaned to the applicants for a month.

The signing of the Armistice was followed by a deluge of requests, especially for books of an educational nature. During the month of January, 1919,

more than twenty-five hundred individuals were served by this department and the total number of volumes mailed was 33,603. On February 27 Mr. Stevenson wrote to the Washington Headquarters as follows:

"The demand for miscellaneous reading matter is tremendous, and it will probably interest you to know that as a result of the advertisement we had last Friday in the *Stars and Stripes*, our yesterday's mail consisted of at least twelve hundred letters asking for special books. I am looking for this deluge to continue, and we are struggling to get our mail department large enough to deal with it promptly."

Although popular novels circulate widely, a large part of the requests are from serious readers who wish to keep in touch with their particular callings in civilian life, to brush up on things familiar to them before the war, or to learn what they can from printed matter on some subject in which they are interested. The following list is typical of the variety of books and subjects asked for: biography of Darwin; water-colors; elementary drawing; "Jean Christophe in Paris"; sketching; Hardy's "Dynasts"; Bertrand Russell's "Mysticism and Logic"; agriculture (perhaps the most popular subject); accounting; poems of Lamartine; "Letters of Héloïse and Abelard"; electrical engineering; book in Russian for an educated Russian; complete cook-book; landscape painting; *System* magazine; textile industries of Europe;

railroad freight rates; French grammar; trigonometry; furniture making; religious education; legends of the Rhine; explosives; Molière's plays, and Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire." Textbooks and technical books are much wanted. Hundreds of thousands of volumes have been purchased to meet the demands for elementary and advanced arithmetics, higher mathematics, grammars, and books on chemistry and physics, architecture, mechanical drawing, bee-keeping, and poultry raising.

One man wrote: "I am enclosing slip, covering offer I wish to take advantage of. I want a book on hog raising and one on cotton raising. If you have only one of these, send as alternative either general book on preparation of land for irrigation or any agricultural book which would be of interest to one contemplating settling in the Southwest of the United States. As a matter of fact, I don't know a blame thing about farming and judge that I can get sufficient discouragement from reading about it to prevent any heart-breaking 'back to the land' move in actuality. Should you have nothing answering the above description, send anything you may deem of interest, except the 'Infantry Drill Manual.' As a vagrant mining engineer now in the army, I get these home-hungry feelings every once in a while, and reading about such things sort of satisfies the craving and does no serious harm."

Another man asked for books on typography and elementary works on free-hand drawing, which he

said would be of great help to him in brushing up on his civilian work, which was advertising.

An advertisement in the *Stars and Stripes* called forth a request for books which would be useful to traffic managers. Material dealing with tank corps, decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission or state railway commissions, the history of New England railroads, or anything that would help an industrial traffic man in problems connected with official classification, was wanted.

"Our signal battalion has four books to read in its spare time," said another letter. "This is a cry from Macedonia, so please listen and send us a couple of new books of college grade on the geology of the Rhine country, sociology (Ross if possible), or Moulton's Astronomy. If none of these are obtainable, send anything you have except 'Robinson Crusoe' or 'Frank Merriwell.'"

The gratitude expressed in many of the letters is a constant stimulus and delight. A major of the Military Police, acknowledging the receipt of some novels he had requested, wrote that only that morning a lieutenant-colonel had asked him where he obtained such good reading material.

A chaplain said that the fifty books which had been sent him had helped the men to fight off homesickness and melancholy while they were at the front in the rain, cold, and mud.

"It is worth more to me to get these books than I have words to express," is the way one man put it.

"I know of no more splendid work than yours," was the feeling of a private, — "to put good books into the hands of the men, to whom they mean companionship, renewed ambition, and galleries of faces *d'autrefois*."

A private, writing to thank the A.L.A. for supplying him with a speed textbook of Gregg's shorthand, said he had had no idea that they would have in stock a book on the subject in which he was interested, and the more he thought about it the surer he felt that Headquarters had sent back to the States for it; he was accordingly all the more appreciative.

"Please accept my thanks for your prompt response to my request for books," said another letter. "They are received, read, and returned. I am especially grateful for Twain's 'Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc.' I was billeted for many weeks in the Domremy, Mawey, Burey, Neufchâteau, and Vaucouleur region, and all of these towns are familiar to me. I am now in Toul where Joan of Arc received her first quiz by the clergy."

A major of the Machine-Gun Infantry, on returning a copy of Maxwell's "Salesmanship," reported that he had found it very interesting, and asked for another book on the same subject.

An overdue book was returned by a private with the following apology: "Sorry to have kept you waiting but I loaned it to a friend of mine and he in turn loaned it to one of his buddies. I certainly thank you many times for your trouble. I could n't have picked

EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS, A.L.A. LIBRARY WAR SERVICE

MAILING DEPARTMENT, A.L.A. HEADQUARTERS, PARIS

Filling requests from individual members of the A.E.F. for special books

out a better book from the racks myself than you have sent."

The losses incurred in this mail service are almost incredibly few, and the librarians say that the percentage of them due to any fault of the boys is negligible. They tell of cases where soldiers marching from one post to another, during the war, actually carried books, in addition to their equipment, for days, until they could find a place from which to mail them back. And they show a telegram, sent by an eager doughboy, anxious to obey the rules, yet who did want that book two weeks more, and might he keep it that long? An immediately wired reply assured him that he might.

A sergeant, writing to explain his failure to return a copy of "Favorite Poems," stated that it had been received on October 26, 1918, when his regiment was on the front north of Verdun. "Probably you gentlemen remember that it was rather active up there at the date the book came and we were driving the Germans. I lost all of my personal belongings, as it was too tiresome conveying them on such an advance as we were making, and your book was left in one of the dugouts up there. I hope some other soldiers enjoyed the book as much as we did, but I was sorry I was unable to fulfill my promise of returning it, and I hope you received it through some other source."

One conscientious private wrote to say that the book which had been loaned him was not worth re-

turning to the library, because while he was reading it, lying on a cot somewhere near the front, a bullet came along and pierced it. "If you feel that it was due to any carelessness of mine, I would willingly pay for the loss," he concluded.

A soldier returned four books with the statement that "When a Man Marries" was being read by one of the officers and would be sent back by a later mail. "Each book," he added, "has been read by at least eight different persons."

"Magazines are always very popular with the men and if you can send us some occasionally they will be greatly appreciated," wrote a lieutenant of Infantry, from Griselles.

The executive officer of an isolated post in France wrote to express his appreciation of a collection of books that had been sent him for his men. "Realizing the advantages which a collection of good wholesome books will give to a command cut off as we are from other forms of amusement," said he, "I would cordially support the development of a library here, and if there is anything I can do to stimulate action I hope you will call upon me."

"In the lonesome and dreary woods of Nonsard where we are still camped, those books are a real boon to the boys," wrote a chaplain. "Some officers would like to read again Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' May I ask for a copy at your convenience?"

A private belonging to the Medical Detachment wrote that he had charge of a library at Flavigny-

Côte d'Or. He had been assistant camp librarian at Camp Zachary Taylor, and on his transfer to the Medical Detachment had written to Paris Headquarters for books. He had made a neat shelf in the medical billets in an old casino building. It was almost constantly empty, and the men were waiting their turn for the books. News of the arrival of the books had spread through the battalion in the village and the librarian was receiving requests for volumes covering all sorts of subjects. He said that each of the men carried a book from the Camp Dix library to France, and many had told him that they wanted to keep the books, but had to discard them along with their general equipment when they went over the top at St. Mihiel and Grandpré. "The men here are really literature hungry and devour anything readable in sight."

A private wrote from a base hospital in the Gironde that he was under orders to return to the United States, but he wished to assure Paris Headquarters that he would be one of its many backers when he got home. "Should there be another campaign for funds like the United War Work Campaign you may be sure that I will be a booster for the Association."

"It is impossible for us to keep these books in the library, as the men and officers are continually calling for them," wrote a captain, acknowledging the receipt of some packages of books and magazines.

A chaplain who had seen service in Camp Jackson

and in Camp Sevier and had handled the Association books on the transport going over, wrote from somewhere in France to say how glad he was to find that again the A.L.A. was "on the job." "We are in the mud here," he said, "but these books will help wonderfully. Many, many thanks!"

Later he wrote: "Since my first letter I have been given the responsibility for about seven hundred troops in two other towns covered by this regiment. I can use another one hundred and twenty-five books and all the magazines I can lay hands on to great profit. My librarian is a hustler and has never failed to respond to the fullest extent of his ability in all matters, so that our men are getting all that can possibly be expected at this camp, but for something in their billets to while away the time there is a great need. How can men idling the time away be expected not to gamble and get into other forms of evil? Send me everything you can as fast as you can. I now have five towns and some two thousand men. My C.O. and all other officers will give any sort of help I need to handle anything you send me for the men. I will return anything you wish returned when we have finished with it. Just raise the sluice and let the flood come."

Another chaplain expressed pleasure at finding some books on history and civics in the consignment sent him, as there was a demand for information on those topics. He added that he knew nothing in the social service line with the exception of facilities for

letter writing that was more appreciated by both officers and men than the opportunity to read. Just then he was in need of some short plays or operettas for amateur performers, and said that even the old reliable "Box and Cox" would be welcome.

Still another reported that he had had no difficulty in conducting the library on the honor system. "The books have been the chief aid," he said, "in keeping the soldiers' minds from stagnating and in making for good will and contentment in the monotony of their present life."

The hospital librarian at Newport News, Virginia, wrote to the Washington Headquarters as follows:

"A young man who returned from France last week came to me and said, 'I want to tell you — and I wish every A.L.A. worker could know it — how very much we have appreciated the service they have given us. I myself am a student of architecture and when I was about to move to a rest camp I wrote to the Paris Headquarters asking for three books on architecture, which I very much wanted. In less than a week I received them, and then, going into the rest camp, I found two of the very same books, as well as a well-chosen collection of fiction and technical books. Wherever I was in France, on the transport coming back, and in this camp, I have been especially struck with the excellence and variety of the collections.' While he was here, only two or three days, he read a history of Europe (Hazen), and two of the best of the new war books."

THE CALL FOR BOOKS

Every day brought to the Paris Headquarters new opportunities to make available the books furnished by the generosity of the American people for the soldiers and sailors in France awaiting release. But in the nature of the case the very excellence of the service worked against a sufficiency of material, as each instance of a need satisfactorily met led to further demands upon the resources. Unfortunately, the stock of general literature, particularly fiction, which was originally donated by the public, was soon reduced to such a point that, although the A.L.A. was purchasing in New York, Paris, and London enormous quantities of popular American and English fiction, travel, and biography, requests could be supplied only in part. Many of the two and a quarter million books that were sent over have, of course, been worn out, or lost through the exigencies of war and transportation.

Every message received at Washington from the overseas representatives during the winter of 1918–19 emphasized the need. "Demand for books unbelievably great and supply inadequate," cabled Mr. Stevenson on January 16. On the 13th of February he wrote as follows:

"You will be distressed to know that for the past ten days we have had practically no books available for distribution. We have purchased fifteen thousand copies of Nelson fiction here in Paris, which we are

having prepared as rapidly as possible, but this will be, of course, only a stop-gap. The demand for miscellaneous books was never as great as it is now, and we should strive to meet it in every possible way. It is a disappointment to know that the result of your December drive was so unsatisfactory. I surely trust that you will continue to make the appeal in the larger cities of the United States and try to get it through in some way to the people over there that the men over here need books now more than they have ever done. It will be at least six months, perhaps a year, before we shall dare to slacken our efforts in this respect."

In a cable to the War Department General Pershing asked that everything possible be done to expedite the shipment of books, as they were badly needed.

The following cablegram was received on February 16 from Dr. Herbert Putnam, General Director of Library War Service, who went to France in January to determine questions of policy connected with the overseas work:

"Urge everything possible to stimulate book and magazine donations. Need never greater than at present. At least a million more fiction and miscellaneous books demanded within next six months to maintain army morale."

The librarian at Brest reported in the early part of March that there were considerably less than seven thousand volumes to satisfy the insistent

demands of some seventy thousand men in that district.

At Le Mans, which, as the American Embarkation Center, is the biggest camp in France, from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand men are camped within an area of one hundred square miles. "The book supply is woeful," wrote the librarian. "There is n't nearly enough material, and requests are coming from every side. Men who have not seen books for eighteen months, who have been in trenches and at the front until they came to the deadly monotony of their muddy camp at Le Mans, are still without books. Their officers plead for boxes of books, while the best that can be furnished is a sop of two or three. . . . I hope there will be a constant flow hereafter.

"This explanation, written in the midst of many interruptions from muddy, tired, and bored doughboys, is because we've heard rumors of a let-down in the sending of books from America. I think it's probably untrue, for we hear all sorts of rumors; but you will know the facts, and if there's a project for stopping the sending of books, I know you'll put in a strong 'word.'"

A later letter from an American Red Cross worker at Le Mans stated that in the writer's opinion the need for books in the A.E.F. was greater than ever before. With the excitement of the war over and with no incentive for further military training, it is only to be expected that the men should be restless

SOLDIERS' LIBRARY MAINTAINED BY THE A.L.A. IN THE FEST HALLE, COBLENZ, GERMANY

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HOSPITAL TRAIN IN FRANCE

It was important that our soldiers be provided with reading matter while on long journeys

and impatient of restraint, and that in a country where they did not speak the language nor understand the people, recklessness and lack of consideration for the rights of others should develop. "We could use a million books here in France right now," she said, "and I'm sure that if the people at home realized the seriousness of the situation as we realize it, we should have no trouble at all in getting them. We don't want our boys to destroy the good reputation they have made for themselves."

"We have lamentably little material of any kind in view of the enormous demand," said another letter from the librarian of the central library at Le Mans. "Most of the books, except the fiction, must be reserved for reference use only, on account of their constant use in the room and the lack of duplicates. Necessarily most of the men are deprived of the steady use of the books they require, as they live so far away and have too short a leave from their camps to spend much time here, centrally located as the place is. It is for these men, especially, in adjacent places, small isolated camps, that we need more books, — books of all sorts, but principally technical and good fiction. For these critical months we want all the diverting, informing, and absorbing books we can get to meet an opportunity and a responsibility."

"There is much and growing need for recreational reading," said still another letter from France. "Rumor says that the December drive availed little

in material, but the boys who are depending on the A.L.A. must not feel that the interest in them has died out; so every one is hoping that the collection of gift books for the boys who are waiting to go home will go on with renewed vigor."

By May, 1919, the overseas demand had been so well filled that attention was turned to enlarging the libraries on the troopships. In order to provide books in the quantities desired and to keep pace with the large number of replacements needed to make up for the wear and tear on shipboard, a good many thousand volumes stored in the dispatch offices or released by the closing of camps were diverted to transport service.

CHAPTER VII

NAVAL LIBRARIES AND TRANSPORT SERVICE

THE commander of a destroyer has made the statement that in his judgment the most useful work done by the seven organizations acting under the Commission on Training Camp Activities was the placing of books and magazines on the vessels. It is difficult to realize, he says, how every scrap of paper is read over and over again on the long trips; even newspapers several years old are welcomed by the men as a means of diverting their thoughts, which in spite of all that can be done, tend to become more and more self-centered. This opinion has been confirmed by various Y.M.C.A. men who have been engaged in naval work.

Most representatives of the Library War Service who have served in both military and naval camps and have thus had an opportunity for comparison are agreed that the men in the Navy are even more desirous of reading matter and more appreciative of what is supplied them than the men in the Army. The reasons for this are easily understood. Possibilities of recreation on shipboard are necessarily limited, and there is little distraction. On the other hand, the long cruises, in the course of which there is considerable free time, afford an excellent chance not only for recreational reading, but also for self-

education. The men are eager for advancement when there is any possibility of promotion, and are quick to take advantage of whatever opportunities may be at hand.

A letter written by an American sailor "somewhere in the Mediterranean" in August, 1918, illustrates this point. News of his desire for books had reached the A.L.A. through his mother, and an effort had been made to supply his wants. In acknowledging the receipt of the package he wrote: "You cannot imagine how grateful I am. We have no books here. This is a new American Base and nothing is finished so far. . . . The books are fine. I could not have picked out ones that suited me better. I am a machinist, and if you should send any more books please enclose one on steam amd turbine engines."

During the United War Work Campaign a navy man — a young fellow from Portland, Oregon — came to an A.L.A. booth and looked at the books with so much interest that the librarian in charge asked him if he had found A.L.A. books in the Navy. He replied enthusiastically that he certainly had, on several troopships, on a battleship, and even on destroyers, and that they had been the greatest boon. He had been seven months up in the North Sea and off the Irish coast, and had found it pretty dull work. "The boys sure do appreciate the books," he assured her.

About six o'clock one evening two sailors appeared at the Newport News Dispatch Office, carrying a canvas sack.

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AMERICAN NAVY OFFICERS READING IN THE WARD ROOM OF A DESTROYER AT SEA

Everything movable is lashed up so that it will stay in position

Photo by U.S. Navy Dept.

CREW IN CREW'S READING ROOM

The recent magazines and newspapers were eagerly devoured by our guardians of the sea

"Is this that War Service Library?" asked one. He was told that it was.

"Well," said he, "we've been looking for this place ever since we were in Glasgow. Can we get some books for our crew here?" And then he pulled a disreputable-looking piece of paper out of his pocket and displayed a list of books, with a heading something like this: "An effort will be made to get some books from the War Service Library. Write the name of any book you want on this paper."

There was every kind of title on the sheet, and the list had run onto the next page: Arithmetic; "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"; Jesse James; "Graustark"; Knight's "Seamanship"; a book on rhetoric, and so on.

As it was getting late he was asked if he would come the next day for his books.

"No," he said. "We go out into the stream the first thing in the morning, and we had to get special leave to come over here to-night, — we've been asking everybody we met about this place and only found it to-day. You see, we found one of those pictures in a book in Glasgow, telling about the books that soldiers and sailors could have, but nobody on the ship knew where we could get them, so finally I wrote to a teacher of mine out in Oklahoma — she's on one of those War Committees for ladies — and she told me to go over to the Y.M.C.A. and maybe they would know. So I went to the Y.M.C.A. over in the town where we landed, and they did n't know,

and to-day we came over to the Y headquarters, and we just came from there, — just now." And then, producing the canvas sack, he added, "We brought this bag along to carry them back in."

"But you can never carry that bag full of books over to your boat, — it's perfect miles from here!" they told him. "You'll have to go on three street-cars and two ferries, and then walk nearly half a mile."

"Yes, we know. We came that way, — that's nothing. You don't know how strong we are, and maybe we'll meet some of the other fellows. My! but they'll holler when they see us coming with all those books!"

By this time the entire staff was hunting Zane Grey and Jesse James, and in the end the Dispatch Office truck made the trip, with the two sailors sitting on their canvas bag and showing the way. In about two months they appeared again, armed with a mail-sack and another list, and exchanged their first collection with great pride and assurance. They had learned the way from Glasgow.

The majority of the men in naval prisons go back into the service. While in prison they are unable to purchase books for themselves, but many of them make good use of the prison libraries. In one instance, a man who left the Naval Prison at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with a dishonorable discharge became within a year the highest non-commissioned officer in the U.S. Army. In the opinion of

the chaplain, his success was unquestionably due to his studies and researches while a prisoner.

Although little has been written about the libraries maintained by the Navy Department, libraries on shipboard are no new departure. They existed decades before the A.L.A. was even thought of. Robert W. Neeser, in his "Landsman's Log," a book of great interest to every civilian who has to do with naval vessels, has this to say on the subject:

"The American Navy was the first to institute the custom, and the first ship's library was placed on the old ship-of-the-line *Franklin* in the early twenties. Few agencies in recent years have done more to raise the tone of the enlisted men in the service, to improve their standards of character and efficiency, and to add to their contentment, than these well-selected libraries which are now placed on board our ships."

The problem for the A.L.A. was, therefore, how to supplement and not duplicate the existing resources of the Department. Several ways were found in which this might be done. In the first place, books could be provided for submarine chasers, submarine patrol boats, mine sweepers, etc. While the Navy has been liberal in its allowance for libraries for the larger units of its fleet it has made no provision for these smaller vessels, owing to the fact that on these vessels there is little space in which books can be locked and safeguarded, — a method in vogue because of the personal responsibility of the Pay-

master for the books placed in his charge. Yet life on these boats is often tedious, and books and magazines are much appreciated. "Take, as an example," says Charles H. Brown, in an article on this subject, "the case of a man on board a patrol boat, lying idly in the trough of the sea for five days at a stretch. At times he listens intently, with all his senses keyed to the breaking point, for the sound of the propeller of an invisible submarine. Later he watches a companion listen. There is nothing to see but an occasional boat, there is no variety to his occupation, and no recreative facilities to ease the nervous strain. If you were that man, would you not welcome any means whatsoever which would take you away for a few hours from the deadening grind and give you a change of thought which is necessary for every normal life? Or imagine yourself on a vessel not over one hundred and ten feet long, running for two days from Ambrose Channel on the first lap to France, returning and starting at once over again, with no recreation and the only hope of excitement depending upon the sight of a German periscope. Would you not agree with the Petty Officer who exclaimed that 'books almost saved his reason'? If you do not, just try for one hour to locate at a distance of ten feet, the point of a needle on a blank wall, with the possibility that an unseen needle might send hundreds to their death and you to an everlasting memory of responsibility."

The many new bases and naval air stations which in the rapid expansion of the Navy sprang up almost

over night offered another field of action. As compared with military camps these bases were small. In most cases they had no Y.M.C.A. or K. of C. huts. They were often located at inaccessible points at a distance from railroad stations and centers of population. The men were well educated and ambitious. The officers in charge were interested in their men and eager to help them, in some cases even expressing a willingness to pay for certain books which the men wanted. As was to be expected, the most successful and most used libraries were those at points where the officers in charge assumed personal supervision.

Library service was also maintained at the larger camps which the war had called into existence, such as the Naval Training Station at Pelham Bay Park, the Receiving Ship at New York, the City Park Barracks, and many others throughout the country. In some cases, as at Pelham Bay, the library was housed in a special building; in others the men were reached through the Y.M.C.A., K. of C., Red Cross, or the chaplain.

Collections of books were furnished for the Supply ships, which were not, as a general thing, equipped with libraries by the Fleet Supply Base. Many of these vessels were small, the crews varying from fifty to three hundred. They did not have the speed of the big liners, and some of them required four weeks for a trip. Reading matter was consequently all the more desirable. That it was welcomed was shown by the fact that nearly always on the return

trip one of the officers would make a point of getting into communication with the A.L.A. headquarters and requesting an exchange of books. Often he would ask for special books, almost invariably non-fiction, which the men desired. The acting librarians on board these vessels were volunteers, the position usually drifting into the hands of the man who was most interested in books. In the majority of cases it was the radio operator, sometimes the medical officer, and in still other cases the supply officer or the storekeeper.

The original intention was that the books placed on board should be left on the other side for the use of the troops in France, but this was soon found to be impracticable. The crews were too eager to retain the books for their return trip. Furthermore, the docks in France were so congested that the deck shipments could not be regularly handled. So arrangements were made for the installation of permanent libraries which could be exchanged at the home port when desired. A few of the deck shipments, however, did reach the other side and formed the foundation for libraries over there. With what enthusiasm they were received may be seen from the following letter written to the Association by a Camp Quartermaster:

"I take great pleasure in thanking you for your kind gift of a box of books to the boys of the 302d Steve. Regt. Through the kindness of the boys on the U.S.S. *El Occidente* we received the books this morning. I assure you the boys regard them as a real

treat and they will while away many hours that otherwise might be very dull. Gifts like these tend to bring home the fact more forcibly that our people back in God's Own Country are at all times thinking and doing all in their power for their own boys over here. I might also add that the books are the cornerstone of a library which we hope will provide good clean amusement for the boys of the regiment."

Books were also sent to a fleet of sixty-five supply ships plying in European waters, many of them engaged in carrying coal from Cardiff, Wales, to Brest, and other French ports of debarkation and embarkation.

Naturally the attention of the Library War Service had been directed first to the supplying of books and magazines to vessels and camps not otherwise provided for, and it was not until after the return to home ports of the fleet which had been operating in European waters that a systematic attempt was made to discover what reading matter, if any, in addition to the libraries furnished by the Fleet Supply Base, could be used on these vessels.

There were two reasons why the A.L.A. could be of service in furnishing books to these battleships and cruisers in spite of the fact that they were already equipped with a supply adequate as to numbers. The first was that in the case of the Library War Service there was no restriction as to personal financial responsibility. The chaplains often wanted books for the use of the Sick Bay, or for the various di-

visions of the ship where the men were accustomed to congregate, but could not use for such purposes those provided by the Fleet Supply Library, as the Paymaster was unwilling to take chances of any volumes being lost.

The second reason was that special technical books could be supplied much more quickly through the Library War Service than through the regular channels; in response to requests certain books had been thus supplied during the year 1918. While the Fleet was in New York Harbor the various vessels were visited and the chaplains consulted as to the need of reading matter. In every case certain books or magazines were requested. It is interesting to note that the most insistent call of all was for the "World Almanac," sixty copies of which were purchased for the various units of the Fleet during the three days before it sailed.

The most gratifying feature of the work has been the number of requests received for further service. A typical letter, from the chaplain of the U.S.S. *Wyoming*, stated that the one copy of Captain Lecky's "Wrinkles in Practical Navigation" on board was in great demand and two more copies could be used to advantage; he also said that several officers and men had asked him if he could not get them copies of Admiral Jellicoe's new book.

The chaplain of the U.S.S. *Kentucky* wrote to say that some time before he had secured through the Newport News Dispatch Office about a hundred

Photo by Paul Thompson

READING ROOM ON A HOSPITAL SHIP

ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT "MERCURY"

A box of A.L.A. books is seen in the lower left-hand corner

Photo by Lieut. W. A. Nightingale

"extra fine books." They had been doing double duty ever since coming aboard the ship and quite a number of them had been literally read to pieces. He desired to express his appreciation and in the same breath to ask for another donation.

The few technical books among the novels and stories, he went on to explain, had been put to such good use that he wanted more, in order to be able to place in the hands of the men who were studying for advancement in their respective branches of the service up-to-date textbooks which would be a real help to them. He enclosed a list of books on medicine and nursing which would be useful to men studying along these lines, though not connected with the Medical Department. Among other wants were technical books for a class of naval electricians and books on wireless telegraphy for a radio class. The greatest need of all, in his estimation, was for textbooks of higher mathematics, plane and spherical geometry, trigonometry, algebra, and arithmetic. "We have quite a number of men who are studying for commissions, and the need of these books is imperative," he concluded.

The results of the work with the Fleet while it was in New York Harbor seemed to warrant its extension, and with the hearty approval of the Commission on Training Camp Activities an A.L.A. representative was sent in March to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where the Fleet was assembled for spring manœuvers, in order to follow up the work already done, to supply

certain books needed, and to aid the Welfare Officer in the distribution of books to the different divisions of the various units. There were also many vessels in the fleet assembled in Cuban waters which were not in New York Harbor and had not been supplied.

This proved a successful venture. Books were on hand for distribution at a time when there was a lively demand for them. The number of vessels in a small area, together with the accessibility of the A.L.A. Headquarters, made it easy for every officer interested to visit the office personally and select the desired books from the stock on hand. In receiving requests for special books, in displaying late naval technical works, and in exchanging and circulating books the A.L.A. representative practically acted as librarian of the Fleet. In spite of the fact that fleet athletics were in full swing, supplies were being taken aboard, target practice was in progress, and several vessels were coaling ship, the response to the message sent by the Chief of Staff to all vessels of the Fleet, calling attention to the service, was practically universal. In five days nearly fifteen thousand volumes, including seventeen hundred volumes of non-fiction, were furnished to seventy vessels.

Needs varied according to the character of the vessels. As the battleships already had well-equipped technical libraries, their greatest need was for fiction. And the A.L.A. fiction suited. As one man said, "Whoever selected these books evidently intended

that they should be read when they got aboard." Interest in technical works, which were the latest and best available, was keen, however, and there were many requests for American histories, books on American diplomacy and citizenship, textbooks of algebra, trigonometry, calculus, and physics. The "World Almanac" and a new World War history had a vigorous run. About one thousand technical books and six thousand volumes of fiction were distributed among seven battleships, to serve nineteen thousand eight hundred men.

The destroyers presented a different problem. Their naval library appropriation is much smaller than that of the battleships, and the space available for library use is very limited. It is impossible to have a real library system on board. What they need is a small number of books readily accessible to the men, which can be exchanged for a new collection whenever they reach port. The percentage of loss resulting from free access to the books is slight compared to the enjoyment and the service rendered.

From a list of magazines approved by the Association each destroyer was invited to select ten subscriptions, and most of them eagerly availed themselves of the privilege.

Of course not much of a library can be established on a submarine, yet they all wanted books. They especially wanted technical publications, — books on Diesel engines, naval architecture and engineering, machinery, and all new books touching on late

developments in submarines and the work of the submarine in the war. Each of them also received about forty volumes of fiction, selected by the men themselves from the stock on display at the office. In addition a good collection of fiction and a number of magazine subscriptions were sent to the mother ship, with the understanding that these books and magazines would be available not only to its own crew but to the crews of the submarines as well.

Supply and repair ships and the hospital ship *Solace* were given books. The sub-chasers, which had been previously outfitted, exchanged their old collections for a new selection.

At the Naval Station about five hundred men, including the crews of chasers, tugs, water and oil barges, and visiting supply and auxiliary vessels, the men at the station hospital and the coaling station, a company of marines doing guard duty, and the personnel of several radio stations so isolated that they are sometimes out of touch with the world for three months at a time, look to the central library in the recreation building for reading matter. About three hundred and fifty books were found here. Action was taken to establish a library of at least one thousand volumes and to encourage the development of a branch system for the outlying points.

Five hundred volumes of fiction were sent to the recreation building at Deer Point, and it is proposed to have a much larger library there, with the idea of serving not only the marines stationed there, but also

the thousands of sailors who come ashore to use the Fleet athletic fields and recreation grounds.

The work has demonstrated the fact that wherever the Fleet is assembled in large units there is an opportunity for library service, particularly in the matter of exchanging books for the smaller vessels which are unable to carry large collections. It seems evident from these experiments that the establishment of dispatch offices at various points, in charge of librarians who would initiate, encourage, and superintend the work, a good system of securing special books with a minimum of delay and red tape, and above all, the adoption of the policy of free accessibility to the books on the part of the men, as much more satisfactory in results than the plan of strict financial responsibility and locked closets, would help greatly in making the existing library service of the Navy Department more effective.

TRANSPORT SERVICE

From the A.L.A. dispatch offices at Hoboken, New York, Brooklyn, Newport News, Boston, and Charleston more than one hundred and fifty transports have been equipped with permanent libraries for the use of the troops returning from France. When the ship reaches its American port the book collection is overhauled and renewed, and a fresh stock of magazines put on board for the next trip. At first books were furnished in the ratio of one to every four men, but so great was the demand that it was soon found

necessary to double and even treble the supply. Officers asked for a book for each man. The provision of reading matter has proved of inestimable value as a means of relieving the tedium and discomforts of the voyage and keeping the men quiet and contented. It is related that once when a transport with no library on board was held up for five days the craving for something to read became so great that an old Boston newspaper and an ancient magazine were cut up and divided among the men. At the end of the internment some of them could recite *verbatim* shaving-soap, tooth-paste, and dry-goods store advertisements.

In most instances the books have been looked after by Y.M.C.A. secretaries, chaplains, or some of the ship's officers. The experiment of putting them in charge of trained librarians proved so successful, however, that the Library War Service decided to place a librarian on every transport carrying four thousand or more troops.

The experiences of the first transport librarian, Mr. H. H. B. Meyer, of the Library of Congress, are naturally of especial interest. He reports that when the *Mongolia*, carrying 4400 men, was six days out from France, every one of the 1700 A.L.A. books on board was in circulation. "The men were hungry for books," he says. "As soon as they came aboard at St. Nazaire, and discovered the presence of a library, I had a fighting line ranged before my window which lasted several days."

The greatest demand was for western stories and

love stories by American authors. Then came the call for books on agriculture. Books on machinery went out rapidly, and there were specific requests for books on boiler-making, bee-keeping, and navigation. The desire for poetry — Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, Service, Kipling, and Poe — was surprisingly widespread. One man asked for Masefield, one for Dante, and one for Omar Khayyám. There were several readers for Ruskin and for Emerson's "Essays." Shakespeare was popular, especially "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and "Romeo and Juliet." One man, an Italian, read all the Shakespeare that the A.L.A. collection contained, five plays. Magazines distributed to the men on deck the first afternoon were passed from hand to hand during the rest of the voyage.

Every book found a reader. "I studied my men carefully," says Mr. Meyer. "I knew that the books in the library were well selected and that there was a potential reader for every one. In the case of some books, I was not wholly successful the first time. Hawthorne's 'Blithedale Romance,' for instance, came back to me twice. The first man brought it back after half an hour. He said it was 'too slow.' The second man kept it a little longer, but brought it back finally with the observation that it was 'too highbrow,' but in the third man it found its reader. He kept it for two days, and returned it with the declaration that it was the finest book he had ever read. He asked for more Hawthorne."

During the last day or two of the voyage there was a rush to return books to the office, but reading continued up to the very time the vessel docked. When the books were gathered together again it was found that they had received remarkably good care from the men, and that practically every book could be accounted for.

Another transport librarian, Mr. Henry S. Green, who sailed from New York on the *Matsonia*, says that before the ship had passed the Goddess of Liberty the first book, a copy of Robert Service's "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," had been loaned to a member of the crew. The circulation on the outward bound voyage ran from twenty to forty books a day, mostly to men of the ship's crew of four hundred. In addition to this recorded circulation the Navy officers and passengers made free use of about four hundred of the A.L.A. books which had been placed in bookcases in the Ward Room. The ship's library supplied by the Bureau of Navigation and in charge of the Navy chaplain was put into commission and circulated a considerable number of books among the members of the crew.

On the homeward voyage two men were often needed to issue books and take cards fast enough to keep the line of borrowers at the book window from becoming congested. On two days the circulation ran over three hundred, and some of the readers called for "a book a day." The turn-over of the more popular titles was remarkably rapid, some of the book-

Photo by U.S. Navy Dept.

A CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

"Jackies" being given a drill in the rudiments of essential studies

BOOKS BEING STUDIED BY THE CREW OF A DREADNOUGHT

School in session on board the "Arkansas"

cards bearing as many as eight date stamps in the ten days during which books were issued.

By the end of the fourth day out from St. Nazaire not more than two hundred books were left undisturbed on the shelves, most of them "the classics." One day the librarian laid out on the shelf under the charging window about twenty volumes of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Eliot, Ward, James, Howells, and Hawthorne. A man from Montana came along and asked for something by Jack London, Zane Grey, B. M. Bower, Rex Beach, or G. B. McCutcheon. On being told that all the books by those authors were out just then he looked over the shelf of "classics," pronounced it "a bum collection," and demanded a magazine.

Some vocational books were called for, but the purpose of the most of the reading was manifestly recreational. The men were mostly from states beyond the Mississippi and wanted books by American authors, dealing with present-day conditions in the United States, especially stories of outdoor life and adventure.

A Y.M.C.A. secretary who had made five round trips on the *Matsonia*, and who had opportunities to observe the activities of the men, told the librarian that in his opinion at least three times as much use was made of the books by the men on board as on any of his previous trips. He added that whether the books had anything to do with it or not, there was apparently far less gambling going on than usual.

The problem of adequate quarters on the transports presented many difficulties and its solution required the exercise of considerable ingenuity. On the *Matsonia* the stateroom assigned to the A.L.A. had to be shared with the young men detailed to look after the films for the "movies" which were exhibited nightly in different parts of the ship, and it was necessary to close the library two or three hours a day, during the "rewinding" of the films. But as the film-winders were always ready to do a turn at the charging window when there was a run on the bookcases, the combination of books and movies worked fairly well.

On another vessel, which brought back 6000 troops, the space provided for library purposes was partly occupied by the Army dispensary. In this case a simple arrangement prevented confusion and made it possible for both kinds of work to be carried on: those who applied for medicine filed by on the port side, while those who wanted books passed a railed enclosure on the starboard side.

In one instance no central point of distribution was available, but a plan was worked out to meet this emergency. Two boxes of books, averaging seventy volumes, were placed in each of the larger troop compartments and one box in each of the smaller compartments. In each of these divisions a detail was chosen to supervise the books and to receive requests from those who wanted vocational works and other non-fiction. These classes were kept in a locker room

on the third deck below, and at eleven o'clock each forenoon the A.L.A. representative was on duty there to supply the wants of those who desired serious reading. The place was soon discovered, and many soldiers appeared at the appointed hour. One man came every day and before the trip was over succeeded in getting a copy of each of eight books on agriculture. Although a way of meeting the situation was thus found, the experience convinced the librarian that a distribution point accessible to the readers was really necessary, and before leaving the vessel in New York he obtained from the Executive Officer a promise to have a compartment walled in for the library on one of the promenade decks.

In addition to placing books on board troopships the A.L.A. distributed newspapers when the men embarked in France, and whenever possible supplied home papers the day the ship docked. Local newspapers were glad to coöperate with the Association and frequently printed special editions to be given to the men when they landed on this side. With what eagerness papers containing "real home news" were received may easily be imagined.

CHAPTER VIII

AMERICAN MILITARY HOSPITAL LIBRARIES

In the shell-shock ward of a huge military hospital I came across a young fellow doing a bit of wood-carving. There was a look in his face which invited a chat.

Pausing beside him I asked, "How long have you been here?"

"Oh-h, a-about a-a y-year," he stuttered. "W-when I c-came, I c-could n't t-talk at all. N-now I c-can t-talk p-pretty w-well."

"Indeed you can," said I with cheerful mendacity. "Tell me, are you married?"

"N-no," said he. "I w-was g-going b-back to Da-akota t-to m-marry a g-girl t-there, b-but a N-norwegian c-cut m-me out."

"That was too bad," I sympathized; "but you must remember that every cloud has its silver lining."

"O-h-h," he replied with the utmost serenity, "I d-don't mind. I t-think h-he d-did m-me a *jolly good t-turn!*"

My attention was arrested a few minutes later by a young man, the very personification of gloom, who held his head in both hands and stared at the floor. After a little hesitation I went up to him and offered him a smoke. There was a slight flicker of animation as he accepted it.

LIBRARIAN BRINGING BOOKS TO THE PATIENTS IN THE U.S. DEBARKATION HOSPITAL
GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, NEW YORK CITY

© Underwood & Underwood

ONE TYPE OF BOOK WAGON FOUND SERVICEABLE IN HOSPITAL LIBRARY WORK

"How long have you been here?" I inquired.

"I don't know," he replied listlessly.

With the hope of penetrating his apathy I ventured further, "What is the last thing you remember before you came here?"

His face lighted up instantly and he gave me an interesting and graphic account of the advance in which he was knocked out.

As I listened I wondered if his were not the kind of case which would respond to the cheering influence of good illustrated magazines. Books that take the mind off the war are frequently prescribed by the physicians, and selected reading of a crisp, bright variety proves very helpful.

To these poor broken lads some author may be able to say:

> You will hardly know who I am, or what I mean;
> But I will be health to you nevertheless
> And filter and fiber your blood.

After a man is carried off the field, his mind keeps reverting to the horrors he has experienced. What he needs most is something which can make him forget what is behind him — and what is probably before him. One of the worst phases of hospital life, after the agony of pain has been relieved, is the boredom of confinement. A shattered arm or an infected leg can keep a man in bed for months without any actual pain. His main problem is how to get through the day. Life's enthusiasms are at a low ebb and despondency waits upon him. That is the time when a game,

a scrap-book, or something to read is of the greatest use in helping him to live up to the sentiment of his favorite song, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile." A good story may divert his thoughts and save him from "hospitalitis." One poor chap, who lay for weeks in Camp Zachary Taylor Base Hospital with heavy weights attached to his legs, only stopped reading long enough to eat. "You picked me a good one," he said again and again to the librarian. "As long as I am reading I forget the pain."

Stories are sometimes better than doctors. During the Civil War, a visitor at a military hospital in Washington heard an occupant of one of the beds laughing and talking about President Lincoln, who had been there a short time before and had gladdened the wounded with some of his stories. The soldier seemed in such good spirits that the visitor said: "You must be very slightly wounded." "Yes," replied the brave fellow, "very slightly. I have only lost one leg and I should be glad enough to lose the other, if I could hear some more of Old Abe's stories."

Hospital library service in the United States grew out of the action of a few camp librarians in sending collections of books to the hospitals attached to the camps where they were stationed. In some of these hospitals the books were in charge of a chaplain, a Y.M.C.A. secretary, or a Red Cross or medical officer; but as the book collections were made up from gifts of varying merit and the officials had many other

time-absorbing duties, the results were far from satisfactory. In February, 1918, it was decided that some systematic hospital library service should be established. Information as to the number and size of the hospitals was secured from the Surgeon General's Office and from the Navy Department. It was also necessary to learn the attitude of the medical officer in command and of the Red Cross toward library work. Requests were therefore sent to the camp librarians to consult with the medical officer concerning the question of a library at the base hospital, and the appointment of a librarian. After personal interviews with the medical officer in command at some of the general hospitals, consent was given to have library service introduced. All the army hospitals wanted books, but not all wanted librarians. Some said that they did not need a librarian, as the chaplain had charge of the library. Others telegraphed: "Please send some one immediately." After having seen what a competent library organizer could do, the medical officer at Williamsbridge was so perturbed at the thought of being left without a librarian that he wired to Headquarters: "Competent librarian needed and demanded."

A great variety of books was required in order to satisfy the wants of the men in the hospital wards and the convalescents in the Red Cross houses. Naturally what the sick man reads depends upon the individual. If he is an educated man, accustomed to reading, he wants first a good novel, a detective story,

a tale of adventure, or something amusing. Rex Beach, Zane Grey, and O. Henry are very popular. After a few days he asks for something more substantial. Poetry, attractively written history, biography, and travel, and books on the war circulate widely. Patients who are able and inclined towards study ask for algebras, geometries, spellers, shorthand manuals, books on business methods, law, medicine, and an endless variety of other subjects. If there are many uneducated men in the camp a good sprinkling of primers and simple readers is essential.

Books in foreign languages are often needed. A discharged Russian soldier brought to a librarian a torn and battered Russian magazine. "They gave it to me at the Grey Nunnery," he said, "and I was so glad to get something written in Russian that I want to leave it here for some other Russian fellow." A ward-master in the Base Hospital at Camp Upton asked a rabbi to have a look at a Jewish patient whom he thought rather peculiar — possibly out of his head — because he clung so tenaciously to an old newspaper. Upon investigation, the rabbi found that the boy was quite bewildered, for he could neither speak nor read English and for ten days had had nothing to read but an old Yiddish paper. It turned out that he was a student and was nearly beside himself for want of some means of self-expression. The rabbi called upon the camp librarian, who, although there was but little Hebrew and Yiddish on the shelves, was able to provide some suitable material and to do

for the patient what the doctors had failed to accomplish.

Various methods of distributing the books have been tried. In some hospitals the librarian is furnished with a vehicle resembling a tea-wagon, on noiseless rubber wheels; this she rolls into the wards, stopping at every bed and allowing each patient time to make a selection before moving on. Where these book trucks were not available, shopping-bags and children's express-wagons have been pressed into service.

One hospital librarian had small cards printed, giving the library hours and an invitation to use it, and distributed them as she went from place to place in the camp and hospital.

Many of the librarians decided that they could determine the book needs of the patients more satisfactorily by abandoning the practice of carrying a selection of books through the wards in favor of the plan of sitting beside each bed with a notebook and talking with the man about the kind of book he wanted. At first, reported one librarian, the men were uncommunicative and progress was slow; gradually, however, by patience and tact, she accustomed them to the idea of talking freely and unreservedly to her about books.

"Now, when they see me coming with notebook in hand," she continued, "they lean back on their pillows with the most lordly air of having the whole world to choose from. And they do choose from the whole world of books, over a range that fairly puts

me through my paces. And I believe they are coming to enjoy the 'book-chat' as much as they enjoy the books themselves.

"The other day I managed to get admitted to a ward which had been closed to me for almost a week because of the influenza epidemic. When I appeared in the doorway the men in the nearer end of the ward gave a joint sigh of relief that came like music to my ears. Almost in perfect chorus they exclaimed, 'Well, *here* she comes! *Here* comes the book lady!' Farther down the ward one lad — he was very young — greeted me with real tears in his eyes. 'I've been lying here for days wishing you'd come,' he said."

"What the librarian of a base hospital library aspires to do is to get everybody to reading," says Miss Miriam Carey, supervisor of hospitals in the Southeastern District. "In order to know how to do this a leisurely survey from bed to bed is taken. After the soldiers get acquainted with the librarian and adopt her as one of their own folks, they do not hesitate to tell her what they want to read — far from it. And after one of these bedside visits she can tell them what they want to read if they are backward about it. To satisfy the wants of the sick soldiers it is necessary not only to take the book to the man, but to get acquainted with him. After this has been done the librarian and her orderly have the supremest satisfaction that can come to such workers, namely, that of seeing every man in the ward with a book or scrapbook or magazine in his hand."

A hospital librarian at Fort Oglethorpe reported that every patient who was able to read, but could not get to the Red Cross House, was asked what sort of reading matter he would like. His name, ward, and bed number were put down in a notebook, with a record of the kind of reading he wanted. The same afternoon the ward-masters sent some one for the books, and distributed them upon their arrival. One disadvantage of this system was that the men did not have the satisfaction of having before them a variety of books from which to make a selection. It also wasted a good deal of time; sometimes the ward-masters forgot to send for the books, and unless they happened to take a personal interest in the matter, the right book did not always reach the right man. Owing to the great distance between the Red Cross House and many of the wards, it was impossible for the boy detailed for library duty to carry enough books to go round. Later it was found expedient to load the library wagon in the morning and have the driver, who was a detailed man, go through the wards with the librarian, carrying armloads of books from the wagon. In this way twice the number of volumes could be circulated and the men got what they asked for. As one man said, "It's great to see the books and magazines you want, and not to have to think what you want, and then ask for it."

"My first Sunday in camp was spent at the Base Hospital," wrote the librarian at Camp Upton. "We received from Major Whitham permission to dis-

tribute books in the wards and in the barracks of the men in the hospital service. This involved the carrying of the books for a distance of about three blocks, over lumber piles and rough ground. We made a stretcher-box by nailing two long handle pieces to the sides of a packing box. On entering a ward we were generally mistaken for ambulance men with a new 'case.' But when the ward-master would call out that we had books free for the use of all who wished them, there followed a general stampede of bathrobed men in our direction. Our wares proved popular, as the men were anxious for something to read. We expect to establish an exchange station at the post hospital when completed."

Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, who was instrumental in establishing hospital library service at Camp Zachary Taylor, has given an interesting account of her experiences there. The hospital was a mile and a half from the camp library; there was no provision in any of the wards for books, and no means of moving them from one ward to another. To remedy this condition of affairs a three-foot bookshelf was built in each of the fifty-eight wards of the hospital, the camp library having agreed to give ten volumes for each shelf. A food cart, borrowed from the officers' mess, was used for the distribution of the books. But as only such patients as were up and about had access to the books on the shelves, it became necessary to establish a circulating library of a unique kind. Baskets were filled with books arranged with titles up, and were

LIBRARIAN AND ORDERLY VISITING A WARD IN THE BASE HOSPITAL, CAMP DEVENS

Technical books were frequently asked for by men who wish to keep up in their special line of work

BOOK CHEER FOR PATIENTS IN THE BASE HOSPITAL, CAMP MEADE

taken from ward to ward and from bed to bed. "I wish you could have seen the eagerness with which they were received," wrote Mrs. Rice, in describing one of these trips through the hospital. "When we left, only two books remained on the table, and the two wards presented a picture that would have amused you. Every soldier who was able to sit up was absorbed in his particular volume."

Some of the boys thought that the books were being displayed for sale and offered to pay for them, for here, as in the camp libraries, the idea of free library service was a novelty to many.

At first many of the patients viewed the proffered books with suspicion and said, "No, I ain't any hand for reading." Others would be sitting up in bed waiting for the arrival of some books. A man who said condescendingly to the librarian on her first visit, "Oh, I jest as soon read it fer ye as not," boasted later that he had read more books in the hospital than he had ever read in his whole life before: while waiting to get well he had mastered six volumes. One husky Virginian asked the librarian whether she had ever heard of a book called "Uncle Tom's Cabin." An Italian in the same ward asked for Dante's "Inferno" and for "Romola."

One Italian patient at Camp Zachary Taylor Hospital knew Mrs. Rice simply as a Red Cross worker. When he first learned that she was an author, he came up to her and said, "I hear you write a book."

"Yes, Tony, I have written some books. What about them?"

"Will you please tell me, are they fit to send to a young lady?"

"Well, I hope so," she replied. The poor boy was trying to find something American which would interest his sweetheart.

A librarian at a Red Cross House paid a call at the bedside of a man who was perfectly certain that he did not want to read. He was peevish and almost contemptuous, but having discovered in him a latent sense of humor she afterwards sent him a "Penrod," with the message that if he had ever been a boy she was sure he would enjoy the book. The next time she visited this ward the man was all smiles. Never had he enjoyed a book as he had that one — greatest thing he had ever read, he said as he asked her to send him another.

A soldier strolled up to an absorbed group around the book-truck in a ward of a military hospital. "Wish I could get interested in a book, but I can't, never could." Still he lingered. Finally he snatched a book on checkers. "Say, Miss Librarian, can I take this? If I could beat my dad one game of checkers when I get home, I 'd feel repaid for these weeks in the hospital."

Trips through the wards afford both comedy and tragedy. Probably most hospital library workers in this country would echo the sentiments of an American woman, working for the Red Cross at a hospital

center in France, who wrote home that it was "easy" to be a good hospital hut worker, as one needed only to possess the meekness of Moses, the wisdom of Solomon, the charity of the Queen of Sheba, the strength of Samson, the longevity of Methuselah, the democracy of the Good Samaritan, and the diplomacy of Machiavelli.

"You won't have any trouble disposing of your books," said a man to Miss Ola M. Wyeth at the beginning of her work at the Camp Wadsworth Hospital. "When I was there we were tickled to death to get a magazine six months old."

On one trip through the wards, she had only two books left. A man picked them up and handed them back. "I don't like books written by women," said he.

"But F. Marion Crawford is not a woman."

"Well, if she is n't a woman, what is she?"

On being assured of the author's sex, he took the book and settled back to enjoy it.

One day a patient said to her, "Give me a real love story." All the men laughed, but when the librarian went to their bedsides most of them said, "I want one like that other fellow asked for."

Upon another occasion a man declined a book. The librarian went on to the next bed. "What is this one about?" the occupant asked. It happened to be Marjorie Benton Cooke's "Bambi."

"Oh," said the librarian offhand, "it's about a girl who married a man without his having anything to say about it."

"That will do. That's my case exactly. I will take it."

Then the man who had declined to have a book called out, "Let me read it first," and the librarian left them wrangling good-naturedly over the volume. It is a very common occurrence for a man to refuse a book until he sees his neighbor take one; that excites his interest and he demands one for himself.

The men who prefer serious reading are often of an unusual type. Miss Wyeth reports an enjoyable talk on literary matters with a remarkably well-informed young man who impressed her so favorably that she made inquiries as to his identity. To her surprise she found that he was a former prize-fighter.

"You've no idea how good it is to see some one not in uniform," said one patient to the hospital librarian at Camp Cody. "I like to see you in that pink dress," said a Syrian patient to this same librarian, who reported these comments when writing to Headquarters to inquire whether she need wear her uniform during the evenings.

Many men insist upon taking a book with them to the operating-room. Just why is not always clear. Perhaps the man has become interested in a story and is afraid that he won't find it when he comes out of the anæsthetic. Perhaps he just wants to hold something familiar in his hand.

A man who was being returned to his ward from the operating-room came out of the ether momentarily as the librarian's book-wagon passed his stretcher.

A WARD IN THE BASE HOSPITAL, CAMP McCLELLAN

Everywhere an interest was manifested in books and current magazines

A.L.A. TRUCK STOPPING AT A WARD OF THE BASE HOSPITAL, CAMP KEARNY

The very latest magazines and cleanest copies were reserved for this service. A protest went up if the truck was behind time

"Hello!" he called feebly, "did you bring me that book?" In a moment he was asleep again and did not wake for hours. What he had said was merely an utterance of the sub-conscious mind, and he had no memory of it when he regained consciousness.

The librarian at one of the naval hospitals made a point of being on hand by special request when boys came out of the ether after an operation. She said that she did not know whether this was library work or not, but the look of joy on their faces when they found that she had kept her promise and was "right there" was worth the few minutes it took to run over upon a telephone call from the head nurse.

Another librarian, when forbidden to take books into any of the wards on account of the influenza epidemic, found that she could cheer up some of the boys by playing dominoes, double solitaire, and cribbage.

The librarian at General Hospital number 3, Lakewood, New Jersey, says that there were frequent opportunities for interesting the men in books through reading aloud to them.

One man with bandaged eyes lay and chuckled over readings from Richard Harding Davis—forgetful for a while of the pain and loneliness which he confessed "nagged him all the time when he was alone." Three men, feeling very low in their minds and sore in their throats after tonsil operations, handed out Mrs. Helen R. Martin's "Barnabetta," while the one with the most power of speech explained

that he had started it one night and thought it was "awful funny," and wondered whether the librarian had time to read a chapter or two. He was sure the other fellows would like it, and besides they "were so sick of looking at one another."

A negro boy from South Carolina, who "suttenly was lonesome," asked the librarian, "Does you know that book called 'Pilgrim's Progress'?"

"Yes," she said; "I have n't read it for a long time. I'd like to go back to it."

"Well, I suttenly would appreciate hearin' you read it," he said; adding as they all do, "if you has time."

So they saw Christian safely through the Slough of Despond that afternoon. Then the book was left on the man's table, as he said his wife was coming the next day and she would like to read some to him. After that the patient and the librarian had many bouts with Appolyon and others, much to the amusement of the ward surgeon, who vowed: "You spoil him. That boy plays sick every time he sees you coming with that book."

The wounded men like to feel independent. "There are two boys in wheel-chairs," wrote a librarian; "one with both legs gone, the other with but one, who spend most of the day beside the books, which are so arranged that they can reach them without keeping others away. One of them said to me the other day, 'I never knew until now what books could mean in a man's life. I should have lost my mind if I could not have had the use of these books.'"

One lad called his wheel-chair his "Ford," and declined the librarian's assistance, assuring her that his machine was equipped with a self-starter.

A letter from Miss Grace Shellenberger, the hospital librarian at Fort Des Moines, to the Library War Service, telling of conditions there when the influenza epidemic created new complications, is typical in its description of the attitude of the men towards the library. When the orderly came to sweep and dust at 6.45 A.M., she says, he usually found thirty or more men on hand waiting to get in. As there was not room for all, the boy on crutches or the one in a wheel-chair was given the preference. Sometimes the men on crutches took the precaution of telephoning in order to be sure of having a place to rest after making the effort to get to the library. When they arrived they were frequently so tired that they would fall asleep with their heads on the reading-table. After a few minutes they would wake up and begin to read.

Occasionally the men even resorted to strategy to get in. If one man was thought to be getting more than his share of library comfort, a message would come that he was wanted at the 'phone, or to sign the pay-roll — the bearer of the message promptly preëmpting the vacant chair. But one evening when the librarian heard three men planning to put in the fire call to clear out the library, she thought it was time to remonstrate. "Well, Missus," was the defense, "we have n't been in there at all, and it looks like the nicest place on the Post." "Regulations were

stretched," says Miss Shellenberger, "and those boys from overseas found a seat on the floor."

On the "return" card of a book given to the Chelsea Naval Hospital by the Massachusetts Library Commission was found this message:

DEAR FRIENDS:

We appreciate ever so much what has been done for us. Just send *more* books and *still more* books.

ONE OF THE BOYS

A sailor who was leaving the hospital contributed to the library a volume of the American Statesman Series which he had bought for himself while he was there. He said he had enjoyed it so much that he wanted to leave it " for another poor Jackie." He had joined the Navy some years ago, and had been in seventeen hospitals in different parts of the world. He was very fond of good books, he said, and would rather read than do anything else by way of recreation. He wished "they" would put a library in every U.S. naval hospital. He also spoke with much appreciation of the books on the troopships.

The librarian at the Camp Dix Base Hospital relates an incident of a private who had been through some very thrilling experiences when the *Ticonderoga* was torpedoed by a German submarine. He had supposed, along with the rest of the world, that he and the twenty-one other lads who were with him in the one lifeboat which escaped were the sole survivors,

until one day a copy of the *New York Times* was handed him, containing the news that two lieutenants from the ill-fated ship had just landed in New York; it seemed they had been rescued by the German U-boat and kept in her hold until the surrender of the Grand Fleet, two months later.

Not content with shooting away the deck guns and gunners of the *Ticonderoga*, which had lost her convoy, the Germans had shell-fired her for more than two hours in order to wound as many as possible, before firing the fatal torpedo. They had then shot away all the lifeboats but one. This they tied to their submarine, and proceeded to submerge the latter. Just as the lifeboat was on the point of being dragged under, the rope snapped. The twenty-two lads escaped, to drift for four days on the open sea, with a spoonful of water a day as ration, till picked up by a British transport and returned to New York.

"You would have thought Private H—— would never wish to hear of the sea again," says the librarian, "but American youth is resilient. He clipped carefully the *Times* narrative of his lieutenant's rescue from a watery grave, and then with complete sang-froid asked for a good sea story. From several which I showed him on the book-wagon he chose 'Captains Courageous' and found it entirely satisfying."

CHAPTER IX

BOOKS FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED

A MILITARY hospital is ordinarily divided into surgical, medical, and psychiatric wards. In the last named are the shell-shock patients, some of whom are deaf, some have lost the power of speech, and others cannot walk. The percentage of recoveries is large, especially among the deaf and the speechless; those whose nerves of locomotion are affected have to relearn the art of walking. In dealing with these difficult cases, medical officers are the first to recognize the therapeutic value of interesting books and pictures. Usually these mentally affected soldiers like books with which they were familiar before the war. Sometimes a book of travel will recall pleasant days. Thus a young man who said he liked England was made happy by having "The Spell of England" put into his hands. A wild-looking boy chose "Vagabonding down the Andes"; his shocked brain recalled a voyage to South America. Some of the seriously affected can be reached only through bright picture-books. A colored boy who said there was nothing the matter with him, but that he was "jest tyahed of livin'," kept the same picture-book for days, turning the leaves over and over, forgetting his lost leg and his bewildered state of mind.

One hospital librarian writes of meeting two pa-

Photo by Columbia Commercial Studio

AN EVERYDAY SCENE QN THE PORCHES OF THE HOSPITAL WARDS AT VANCOUVER BARRACKS

Each ward was supplied with a case of about forty books. Paper-covered books went to the isolation and contagious wards

Photo by Paul Thompson

READING ROOM IN BASE HOSPITAL NUMBER 1, GUN HILL ROAD, BRONX, N.Y.

The A.L.A. furnished the military hospitals with librarians who were specially fitted to cater to the needs of patients

tients pacing up and down the veranda of a psychiatric ward. In answer to an offer of cowboy yarns, detective stories, and recent fiction, one of the men said, "If I could sit down and read a book I'd be glad," and resumed his pacing. Later she met these same men again and persuaded one of them to take a copy of "Much Ado About Nothing," assuring him that he would not have to concentrate on it as he was already familiar with it. He took the book and signed for it with a trembling hand. The man who had said that he knew he could never read again, that the last thing he had read was a magazine article on trench warfare, was, however, willing to try Empey's "Over the Top." The librarian took a copy of the book to the ward-master, who promised to look it over and give it to the man if he thought it would not excite him too much by recalling his own trench experiences.

A hospital librarian going through a psychiatric ward one day noticed a new patient in a pitiable state from a self-inflicted wound, with a guard seated at the bedside. The guard, when asked whether he did not want a book or a magazine, said that he could not read. The librarian offered to teach him. She brought him a primer, and was beginning the first lesson when the patient opened his eyes and said to her, "Leave him to me. I'll help him." The opportunity to be of assistance to another was thus the means of reawakening the wounded man's interest in life. It was very significant that these two men who needed

each other should meet in this way in a military hospital. The illiterate guard became very much attached to his charge whom he called "Teacher." When the librarian saw him some time later and inquired as to the progress he was making, the answer was not very cheerful. "I'm not getting on very well, ma'am. Teacher has been moved to another ward."

A sadly depressed patient lay on his bed with his eyes turned to the wall. For weeks no one had been able to shake him from his lethargy. At last the hospital librarian got a chance to say a word to him.

"Can't I get you something to read?"

"No, — could n't remember anything overnight even if I did read."

"Well, let's try something that need n't keep. Did you ever read poetry?"

"Yes, I used to like Kipling."

"You know his 'Road to Mandalay'?"

"Oh, yes, and his 'Gunga Din.' I might try them."

From then on he was a changed man. He began to take an interest not only in reading, but in his surroundings, and in life itself.

From the standpoint of the neurologist, books, like drugs, are classified into stimulants and depressants. As a rule, cheerful endings are desirable in fiction for the wounded. A British nurse tells of a serial story which depressed one of her patients for a whole day because the heroine died. "I wish, Sister, I had never read it!" he exclaimed. "I got to like that girl, and if I could have found one something the same when I

got out and about again, I should have married her — if she would have had me." On the other hand, a novel with a happy ending is not necessarily a stimulant to the depressed patient, who may be tempted to contrast his own wretched state with that of the happy hero. Nor is every tragedy a depressant. A serious book may prove to be better reading for a nervous patient than something in a lighter vein — he may get new courage and a firm resolve to be master of his fate by reading of another's struggle against adverse circumstances.

The scrap-books made all over the country for the sick and wounded soldiers and sent out from A.L.A. Headquarters have proved invaluable. Five thousand hempboard books furnished by the Chicago *Daily News* were filled by Chicago people with short stories, pictures, anecdotes, and bits of humor clipped from periodicals. The librarian at Camp MacArthur wrote in to say that he took fifty of these over to the base hospital and distributed them personally. He also carried to the isolation ward some fifty popular novels which were too worn out to circulate any longer. The men literally flocked around the table where the books were placed, making such remarks as "This is my book," or, "There 's a bully good book," or, "I want you to know that we appreciate these books." Such volumes are, of course, destroyed when that particular ward is through with them, but as the librarian says, "Their last service is a good one. These are the things that give one the energy to work ten or

twelve hours a day seven days in the week and make him wish there were two of him instead of one."

In the hospitals, as in the camps, the sudden cessation of the war greatly increased the demand for books on technical and vocational subjects. One hospital librarian who distributed small leaflets calling attention to some of the trades and occupations on which books were available, describes the results of his experiment as follows:

"I decided to give out the lists, up and down each side of a ward, in advance of my library truck of books and magazines, thinking that thus each lad would have a chance to read and digest the leaflet before the books followed. Almost before I could get back to my truck an avalanche of questions from limping young veterans was upon me . . . 'Where do we get these books it tells about here? . . . I want something about motor trucks . . . I was a bookkeeper before; I want to learn something different now.' The eager finger of a Portland shipyard worker pointed to the word 'Shipbuilding.' In fact, eager fingers pointed to every concrete item on that list from 'Automobiles' to 'Toolmaking.' Before I left that first ward, I had been consulted on every possible trade from moving-picture photography to mechanical dentistry. I gave out every technical book on the book-wagon, took down requests for a dozen more, and made up my mind that the A.L.A. had started something that it would have to see through if it took every dollar in the U.S. Treasury — also that

BASE HOSPITAL LIBRARY, CAMP McARTHUR

LIBRARY IN THE RED CROSS HOUSE AT WALTER REED HOSPITAL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

every public library from Podunk to Wahoola will have to wake up to the demands of New America when these boys come home."

HOSPITAL LIBRARY SERVICE IN FRANCE

Prior to the organization of hospital library service in France, the need of books and magazines in the hospitals was acute. Here is an extract from a letter written home by a stenographer in an American Red Cross hospital:

"Publications of all sorts are almost impossible to secure, as I have found to my sorrow in trying to get reading matter for the boys, even sending to Paris last week by a Red Cross worker who was going up on business. Out of a list of fifty-odd titles of books (not new, but standard or popular) and current magazines I drew five of the less desirable volumes and two September American magazines — the latter a great find, however, as one was the *Atlantic*, which I would love to read myself, but how could I have the heart to when there is a poor man, older than some of the boys and at present very helpless except as to head and hands, scornful of such stuff as found its way to our ward, wanting something 'really worth while to work his mental jaws on,' whose hungry eyes had followed me from his chair by the roadside whenever I passed that way ever since the day I first talked with him and promised to try to get him something he would like. Found him yesterday, in bed, but happy, and I think he had read every word from

cover to cover. Said he had not known it before and thought it was the best magazine he had ever read. To be sure, *Godey's Ladies' Book* might have struck him the same way under similar circumstances, but naturally I was glad I found something which would interest him and help the days pass a little less monotonously."

"We inquired about reading material 'over there,'" wrote the hospital librarian at Fort Des Moines. "The men who came back in August reported a great need. A captain told us that they had one small shelf in the hospital, and the patients read the books over and over. They heard of a circulating library of English books in the village, and four officers sent an orderly for books. They paid five francs for the privilege of borrowing a book a week. The captain said they did n't last long, either: 'I read one in the afternoon, one in the evening, one the next morning, and the supply was exhausted.'"

A Red Cross nurse who sent for some books for her ward told of a fine young fellow, so injured that he had to lie on his stomach, who showed her his recreation, all that he had had for six weeks: it was a leaf from the advertising section of a popular magazine. He could tell her the number of words on each page and on both, then the number of letters, the number of *i*'s, *m*'s, and so on. He was more than delighted when she gave him a book to read in its place.

The work of the official visitor of American sick and wounded in French hospitals is thus described

by Burton E. Stevenson, European representative of the A.L.A. Library War Service: "There are many of our boys who are down with contagious diseases; well enough to read, but making slow recoveries, and in the midst of people who know little or no English. One poor fellow (and I suppose others) is in a sort of glass cage, *incomunicado!* Well, it is these men that these books are for. The librarian delivers them, exchanges them, where the disease does not prohibit this, and looks after them generally. I have told her to let me know, and I will see that she does not lack for books."

In the fall of 1918, a thorough investigation of the needs of the various hospitals in France was undertaken by an A.L.A. representative, Miss Mary Frances Isom, and libraries were established at many of the large hospital centers.

At Mesves, which Miss Isom visited in late November, there were twelve base hospitals in active operation, and a huge convalescent camp. In all, including the personnel, there was a population of over 26,000. The whole encampment was a sea of yellow, clinging mud. The wards were of concrete, and were often damp and cold. Until about the first of November there had been no amusements of any kind for the convalescents except the little wine-rooms in the neighboring villages. The reaction following the Armistice had caused a relaxation in discipline and a drop in the morale. "The idleness was tragic," says Miss Isom. "Many a boy said to me, 'This is the hard-

est part of the war — this waiting.' I never dreamed that there could be so many homesick unhappy boys in the world. From the terribly maimed and mutilated bed patient to the 'Class A' man in the convalescent camp, every one wanted to go home — and to have something to do. I asked a group of men sitting about the stove one day if they would like books. 'Books!' they shouted — 'Does a fish like water?'

"The first week at Mesves was a difficult one, indeed, and I have acquired fresh sympathy with the traveling salesman, the book-agent, and the social reformer. The libraries, to give the best service, must be placed in the Red Cross huts, and to persuade the directrices that an apparent addition to their manifold cares would really give relief, required some diplomacy."

Only a small part of the books which had been sent down in the early fall could be accounted for, and these were found under canteen counters and in ward storerooms — not in the hands of the patients.

As soon as books arrived from Paris, they were assigned to the different hospitals, according to the number of patients in each. Wherever possible, they were placed in a little room behind the stage of the hut and a rivalry promptly developed as to which hut should have the most attractive library. In one hospital a library was already in operation in the receiving ward, under the supervision of the chaplain. In several instances the only arrangement possible was to place the books in the canteen and serve the men

over the counter. One library was temporarily placed in the linen-room of one of the wards, and Miss Isom says that she remembers sitting for an hour on a pile of pajamas, giving out books to a long line of patient "buddies" that extended down the ward and never got any shorter. At the convalescent camp the library was established in the Army Recreation Hut, in charge of an enlisted man, under the supervision of the Red Cross directress. The one object was to get the books into the hands of the men as soon as possible.

Approximately 8000 volumes were distributed during the month that Miss Isom spent at Mesves, a month which she describes as having afforded her the most interesting and satisfying work of her life. "I don't know which thrilled me the most," she says, "to glance into one of the little library rooms and through the clouds of smoke discover the men packed together, every chair filled, still as mice, each man with a book, or to stand at one end of a long ward of bed patients, and to see books propped up in front of the men with useless hands, all happy, all transported into another world, where for the time anguish and homesickness were forgotten. One of the nurses said to me, 'When I went back on the ward after dinner, instead of fretful, fault-finding boys, bored and miserable, nearly every lad was curled up on his bunk, as happy as a king. It was better than a good dinner.'"

Miss Isom also visited Nevers, Mars-sur-Allier, Dimon, Beaune, and Allerey, everywhere organizing

libraries and distributing fresh supplies of books. Similar visits to Le Mans, Angers, Nantes, Savenay, St. Nazaire, La Rochelle, Bordeaux, and Périgueux during January and February, 1919, served to emphasize the importance of developing and extending the library service.

As the hospitals were evacuated the books were returned to Paris. A large percentage, however, were worn out or had disappeared.

Men of all grades, from commanding officers to privates, expressed their pleasure at having a chance to read. They were eager to catch up on their professions or trades, and the latest books and periodicals on engineering, agriculture, machinery, automobiles, and electricity were constantly asked for. French and Spanish textbooks were in demand. Poetry, essays, histories of France, works on French architecture, handbooks of design, maps, plays, books on mineralogy, geology, mathematics, books in Italian, and books in German for wounded prisoners were greatly needed.

"I can't praise too highly the sending of books and magazines," wrote a private formerly on the staff of the New York Public Library, from Base Hospital number 8, at the Front. "For example, one of the magazines you sent was left in a ward where there were 109 patients; it was passed from man to man, and when it no longer seemed to circulate was taken to another ward of an equal number of beds. A very little arithmetic makes apparent at how little cost a

A.L.A. LIBRARY WAR SERVICE, OPERATING FROM A TENT IN THE ST. DENIS HOSPITAL, FRANCE

© Underwood & Underwood

CONVALESCENT SOLDIER AT DEBARKATION HOSPITAL
GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, NEW YORK CITY

man received great pleasure. And truly the greatest happiness was not the enjoyment of the magazine, but this great, helpful, inspiring, strengthening thought — that people back home, collectively as well as individually, sufficiently realized our situation and felt for us to give us these influencing little things."

A young American ambulance driver lay in a Paris hospital with a smashed shoulder. He was still very weak, but able to be amused. His nurse, an American girl, paused at his bedside, and as she noted his improvement asked with a smile:

"What can I do for you?"

"Would — would you read aloud to me?"

"Of course," she said heartily. "What would you like — what would you like most?"

He smiled.

"If," he said — "if you only had a short story by Booth Tarkington."

A badly wounded man in a large base hospital in France, on hearing of the visit of a woman whose novel he had read in a popular English magazine, asked the favor of a chat with her. "I don't think I'm likely to pull through this bout, ma'am," said he. "I've had two turns before in hospital — but I'd like to thank you for writing that jolly yarn. It's cheered me up a bit and shown me that there's some good in suffering."

One of the stories that came to Headquarters was of a lad with both arms shattered, who, looking longingly at the big basket of books going down the

ward, said, "I'd like a book, but I can't turn the pages." "I'll prop it up and your buddy will turn the pages," said the librarian. The boy's eyes danced: "I'm going to invent!" he exclaimed. "I just bet I can turn those leaves with a stick or a pencil between my teeth!" And the librarian left him practicing, as though it were the best fun in the world.

The supervisor found so much to do for these hospital lads that she longed for more books and more help, but when she felt disheartened she thought of the words of a patient at Mars and was encouraged. "Mother," said he, "until the books came I just counted the bricks in the wall day after day." "How long have you been here, Sonny?" "Three months!"

CHAPTER X

THE BRITISH WAR LIBRARY

THE night after war was declared, Mrs. H. M. Gaskell, C.B.E., lay awake wondering how she could best help in the coming struggle. Recalling how much a certain book she had read during a recent illness had meant to her, she realized the value of providing literature for the sick and wounded. A few days later she dined with some friends and talked over this opportunity for service. The result was that Lady Battersea decided to lend Surrey House, Marble Arch, for the work. Lord Haldane, who was War Minister at the time, approved the plan officially, and Sir Alfred Sloggett, then head of the Royal Army Medical Corps, gave his official sanction. The work was no sooner under way than the Admiralty asked whether the new organization would be willing to supply the Navy, the sound men as well as the sick. Mrs. Gaskell's brother, Mr. Beresford Melville, entered into the work with enthusiasm and gave it financial support.

The call for books was the first appeal of the war, and newspapers were glad to give their space and support free to the letters asking for reading matter for the sick and wounded. To the surprise of the organizers not only parcels and boxes, but vanloads of books were delivered at Surrey House. Hastily im-

provised bookcases rose quickly to the ceilings of the rooms on the ground floor, then up the wide stairway, filling three immense rooms and crowding the corridors. It was impossible for the overworked volunteers to keep up with this unexpected volume of gifts. Dr. C. T. Hagberg Wright, of the London Library, was appealed to, and when he came to Surrey House and saw the multitude of books, he decided to call upon his assistants. With five of his staff he set to work. It was necessary to hire empty wagons to stand at the door for the refuse, of which there was a huge quantity, for many people had seized this as an opportunity to clean out their rubbish piles and credit themselves with doing a charitable turn at the same time. Old parish magazines were sent in by tens of thousands, only to be passed on to the waiting wagons. There were, however, over a million well-selected books, including rare editions of standard authors. The latter were put to one side for sale and the money thus received was invested in the kind of books most needed. While one set of helpers was unpacking, another was sending off carefully selected boxes of books to small permanent libraries in the military and naval hospitals from lists furnished by the Admiralty and War Office.

The permanent hospitals were supplied with a library before the wounded arrived, and as the war area expanded the War Library followed with literature. Advertisements were inserted in American and Canadian newspapers in response to which many

Topical Press Agency, London

BRITISH WAR LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS

Surrey House, Marble Arch, London

Topical Press Agency, London

THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY AND ORDER OF ST. JOHN SUPPLIED BOOKS AND MAGAZINES THROUGH THE WAR LIBRARY

publishers sent most acceptable gifts from across the water. Later, large consignments of literature came from South Africa, Australia, Madeira, the Canary Islands, and New Zealand. English publishers were more than generous. One publisher sent six hundred beautifully printed copies of six of the best novels in the English language, bound in dark blue and red washable buckram. The British and Foreign Bible Society gave eighty thousand copies of little khaki-covered Gospels, printed on thin paper with the Red Cross or the Union Jack decorating the cover.

In November, 1914, the Admiralty asked the War Library organization to supply the sailors in the North Sea Fleet at the rate of a book a man. Not only was this done, but boxes of books were sent to all the guards around the coasts of the British Isles, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, and the West Coast of Ireland. When the Camps Library was organized by Sir Edward Ward and the Honorable Mrs. Anstruther, for the strong and healthy soldiers in camps and trenches, the originators of the War Library met with the promoters of the new scheme and discussed a division of labor. The field of work was increasing to such an extent that it was agreed that the War Library should look after the "unfit" in the Army and Navy, while the new organization would take care of the "fit." This plan worked very well, but alas! as Mrs. Gaskell reports, "as the wide-flung battle-field extended, the supply of books dwindled. We were in despair. The papers, filled with other appeals,

could only insert ours by payment, and money, too, had become very scarce. Meanwhile, hospitals in France doubled. Sick in Lemnos, Malta, Gallipoli, Egypt, grew in numbers to an alarming extent; books were asked for, cabled for, demanded, implored. Our hearts were indeed heavy-laden." Relief came through the action of Mr. Herbert Samuel, then Postmaster-General, who, after paying a visit to the camps and seeing life in the trenches, decided that the Post-Office should help in the work by forwarding reading material for the men to the depots without charge.

Then the Red Cross and Order of St. John was asked to affiliate the War Library scheme with its organization. In October, 1915, it not only agreed to do this but became financially responsible for the undertaking, the promoters of the latter promising in return to supply the literature that they and their hospitals required — which meant considerably over two hundred thousand books and magazines a year.

When the beds at Gallipoli were being rapidly filled with the sick and wounded, a cable would come to Surrey House: "Send twenty-five thousand books at once, light and good print." Perhaps the day before Malta had cabled for ten thousand similar books. The demand grew by leaps and bounds. No hospital at home or abroad asked without receiving the full quota requested. Thousands of books and magazines were sent every month to East Africa, Bombay, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Saloniki, and Malta. Fortnightly parcels went to the hospitals in France and to the

Cross Channel Hospital Service. Toward the close of the war, the War Library was supplying approximately 1810 hospitals in Great Britain, 262 in France, 58 naval hospitals, and 70 hospital ships. The libraries on the transport hospital ships were replenished every voyage.

Books were sent not only to hospitals but to various other places, such as rest camps, casualty clearing stations, ambulance drivers units, and nurses' rest homes. In 1918 a branch was started in Genoa to supply reading matter to the medical units and hospitals serving with the British Army in Italy. In all, from the beginning of the war to the spring of 1919, the War Library distributed over six million books and magazines, — a statement easy to remember, but difficult to grasp. Of this number the records show that over two million seven hundred thousand — as well as thirty-six tons of weekly papers — were acquired by purchase. The remainder came from private donors, from collecting centers established in all parts of the country, and as a result of special book campaigns organized and carried through by members of the Library committee. In many large towns meetings were held, addressed by such speakers as Sir Arthur Stanley, the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, the Poet Laureate, Sir Herbert Warren, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Lord Chilston, Mr. Putnam, Lady Beauchamp, the Dean of Worcester, Sir Charles Walston, the Headmaster of Dulwich College, Dr. Hagberg Wright, and Mrs. Gaskell.

Men whom typhoid and dysentery had weakened were not able to hold books at all, and needed pictures instead. Mr. Rudyard Kipling had foreseen this need and asked those in charge to supply strong brown paper scrapbooks filled but not crowded with pictures. His suggestion was immediately adopted. These scrapbooks were made from sheets, forty-three by twenty-seven inches, folded three times, forming a book of sixteen pages, about fourteen by eleven inches, tied together at the back with a bow of bright ribbon. On the outside an attractive colored picture was pasted. The inside pages were filled with entertaining pictures, both in black and white and in color, interspersed with little jokes, anecdotes, and very short stories from such weeklies as *Punch*, *London Opinion*, and *Answers*. Short poems were found to be acceptable space-fillers. Comic postcards were used, but no Christmas cards. Pictures were always placed straight before the eye so that the invalid would not have to turn the scrapbook around in order to see them, for many a patient was too weak even to lift his hand, and had to await the coming of a nurse in order to know what the next page had in store for him. Volunteer makers of these aids to cheer were urged to remember that they were for grown men, not for children. They were furnished in large numbers by a generous public, and proved invaluable. Fresh scrapbooks were supplied to the hospital ships each voyage. A young soldier, just recovering from typhoid, came to the War Library on his return from

Egypt and was asked to look about and tell what he would have liked best during his convalescence. "I was too tired to read," said he, "but I would have given a lot for one of those picture-books." This type of convalescent could use games to advantage and so the War Library started a Games Department. There was a never-ceasing demand for playing cards, dominoes, draughts, and good jigsaw puzzles — even with a few pieces missing. Anything that could be packed flat was acceptable.

The books asked for by the soldiers ranged all the way from penny novelettes to Shakespeare and "The Hundred Best Poems." Exciting and absorbing stories — "The Bull-dog Breed," "The Red Seal," and "The Adventure" series, for instance — were in great demand, and all good detective stories were hailed with delight. Sevenpenny, sixpenny, and shilling editions were desirable because of their handy size and good print. For the same reason single plays of Shakespeare were more useful than "Complete Works," since a book too bulky or too somber is as formidable to a reader as a long hill is to a cyclist — the very sight of it tires him. The favorite authors were Nat Gould, Jack London, Rudyard Kipling, William LeQueux, Ridgwell Cullum, Charles Garvice, Guy Boothby, A. Conan Doyle, W. W. Jacobs, Florence Barclay, Ian Hay, Cutcliffe Hyne, "Q," John Oxenham, H. A. Vachell, Edgar Wallace, Rider Haggard, Dumas, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Books on handicrafts and trades were often asked for. "I received the book you have so kindly sent me on practical gas-fitting and thank you very much for same," wrote a man who had put in a special request. "It deals with everything you could wish to know on the subject. I am sure it will be a great help to me when the time comes for my discharge from the Army."

Mrs. Gaskell comments on the curiously different appetite for books shown by the overseas contingent, remarking that the Canadians have an insatiable desire for books of reference, as evidenced by three requests from Colonial Hospitals asking for the Encyclopedia Britannica in forty volumes — all of which were duly granted.

Maps, such as the Strand War Map, were most acceptable; the wounded soldiers liked to follow the war from their beds, and apparently enjoyed maps as a traveler enjoys turning over the leaves of Bradshaw, with its constant reminders of journeyings and adventures.

The officers asked for new six-shilling novels and all kinds of lighter biographies, what Robert Louis Stevenson calls "heroic gossip." "Garibaldi and the Thousand" (Trevelyan), "Beatrice d'Este" (Miss Cartwright), and "Portraits and Sketches" (Edmund Gosse) were popular. Travel books of all sorts were acclaimed; so, too, were the light-to-hold editions of Thackeray, Dickens, E. A. Poe, Kipling, and Meredith. The reviews, especially *Blackwood's*, *The Eng-*

lish Review, and the *Cornhill*, were much appreciated, both by the sick and the well.[1]

In January, 1917, a New Books Department was opened in connection with the War Library. To provide the necessary accommodations the servants' quarters and stables of Surrey House were utilized. Each room was filled with a particular class of reading matter — as novels, books of travel, religious books, magazines. A recent report shows that in one month seventy-seven thousand new books and fourteen thousand magazines were purchased. This important and difficult phase of the work was in charge of an American woman — Miss Knoblock, sister of Edward Knoblock, the playwright.

The workers were encouraged to renewed effort by the countless letters they received from all over the war area. "I don't know how we should live without your books," wrote one wounded soldier. "I am just waiting until my pal has finished to get hold of his book," wrote another. "We have no books," was the appeal of an isolated group of wounded in Egypt. "All we have had to read here was a scrap of the advertisement page of a newspaper picked up on the desert, and on it we saw that you send books to sick and wounded. Please hurry up and send some. The flies are awful."

[1] Ian Hay pictures the mess after dinner, the day that a heavy and long over-due mail had been found waiting at St. Gregoire. "Letters had been devoured long ago. Now, each member of the mess leaned back in his chair, straightened his weary legs under the table, and settled down, cigar in mouth, to the perusal of the *Spectator* or the *Tatler*, according to rank and literary taste."

An officer in charge of a Casualty Clearing Hospital wrote of the great joy in camp when he distributed the contents of a parcel among the patients. Every man in the hospital had something to read and for many hours the monotony of hospital life was greatly relieved. A popular paper-bound novel by Nat Gould seldom lasted a week. The men would hide it for fear of its being taken away. It was passed surreptitiously from bed to bed, or carried in pockets like a treasure trove. When it had been literally read to pieces, there was sure to be a request for another story by the same author, — a writer probably unknown to American librarians, but of whose books, we are told by the publisher, over twelve million copies have been sold. According to the *Athenæum*, he is the most popular of living writers, and among the great of the past, Dumas alone surpasses him in popularity. His publisher, Mr. John Long, says that no sooner did the first of the American troops take up their post in France than some Tommy whispered furtively, "Hey! 'ave you got a Nat Gould?" "We don't smoke them in America," the Yankee whispered back, apologetically. "I can let you have a Fatima!" "Aw, go on! Nat Gould ain't a cigarette, he's the *greatest living British author!*"

"Even in my small experience," wrote a hospital visitor, "I have seen how much actual good can result from the interest given the wounded men by having something really good to read — and apart from the pleasure it gives them.

"Private K—— was very down on his luck, for he has been badly wounded and will never, I am afraid, be physically strong again. But since I wrote to him and sent him books he has cheered up wonderfully and says life is now quite different. Out of the generous supply you sent me for him I have chosen Macaulay's 'Warren Hastings,' Fraser's 'Siberia,' and that very nice little book on the French Pioneers in the New World. When he has read those I will send him some more."

A Red Cross worker who had just returned from a four months' tour in the Mediterranean zone including Malta, Egypt, Macedonia, and Italy, reported that he had visited nearly every hospital and convalescent home, and had either voyaged in or inspected a large number of hospital ships, and that everywhere he had been told and had seen for himself what magnificent work was being done by the War Library. "I am sure it would delight you and your fellow workers," he said, "to see ward after ward where the patients are kept interested and happy by the books and magazines which you send out with such splendid regularity.

"I know the difficulties you have in keeping up the large supply that is required, but I am sure that if the donors could see for themselves the happiness which their gifts bring they would readily continue their generous contributions."

"When I took an armful of books over to the men I was greeted with 'Books! oh joy!'" said another letter.

"How can I attempt to thank you in words for this last parcel of books and magazines?" wrote a patient confined to his bed and making little improvement. "Previous ones have given me pleasure, but the contents of this one to hand are delightful. Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies' with his essay on Political Economy of Art and the 8th note in the addenda, 'Silk and Purple,' — what reading it makes in these days!

"Then Froude's 'Short Studies,' Homer's 'Iliad,' Cæsar's 'Commentaries,' Emerson's 'Essays,' and Thoreau's 'Walden,' — what a gift for one to receive! And how appropriate the last two volumes are, coming as they did on practically the hundredth anniversary of Thoreau's birth! I had a *Manchester Guardian* sent in to me to-day, and enclose a cutting which makes the two books all the more interesting to me, especially as I have not read either of them.

"If by these words I can convey to you my delight at the receipt of the books, and the pleasure they will give me, I am satisfied. As I have said before, my regret is that I am unable to repay you except by a letter of thanks, which at the best leaves much unsaid. I like to think that other recipients more deserving than me get the same enjoyment as I do, and if so you do not labor in vain."

From the Edith Cavell Home of Rest for Nurses came an appreciative letter: "It was a great delight unpacking the books, for each one seemed just exactly the right thing, and yet there was such variety that one wondered how it could all have been con-

trived. The novels, stories, poems, pictures, the thoroughly modern and present-day touch, combined with old-fashioned charm, — it was all delightful."

"Until your parcels arrived we had only four books between thirty patients in one ward, another ward of forty patients had eight books, and so on," wrote the matron of a hospital in France. "You can thus imagine the joy when I went into the wards with my arms full, telling them they had been sent from London. The cheers were so loud and so long that I thought the roof of the wooden hut would collapse."

A private wrote from East Africa: "It comes to my mind that when in France I had on certain occasions to spend several weeks living in a dug-out in a very awkward part of the line, being right under the nose, so to speak, of the German guns. Inside we found that some former thoughtful occupants had put up a bookshelf, which was filled with a splendid assortment of books, authors like Gene Stratton Porter, Jack London, E. P. Oppenheim, Temple Thurston, and many others of front-rank fame being represented.

"At that time I had no idea who had supplied these books, but was content to just greedily devour them without seeking to know where they came from. They wonderfully helped to preserve sanity. Now a very small incident has brought it to my notice that you were the donors, and I wish to thank you heartily. At the same time I make bold to ask if you could let me have any of George Macdonald's books? I have a

great longing to read him, also one of Kipling's. I shall be pleased to hand these over to the hospital library as I read them."

"I want to thank the War Library for the parcels of books that we have been getting from you," wrote a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Ambulance Service. "We have now received four. The first arrived on the 20th of March, and is now in the hands of the Germans. I hope they appreciated it.

"We then became embroiled with the owners of our first parcel for several weeks, mails were bad and nothing much arrived from the Base. Then we retired to the spot where we now are, a tiny village, with beautiful great barns for the men, but no 'estaminet' of any sort or description, no kind of amusement after working hours — altogether a dreary outlook. Then, in quick succession, having been delayed at the Base, came three more parcels of books. And now we have small circulating libraries in the Officers' Mess, in the Sergeants' Mess, and in a small hospital which we run for the sick of our Brigade, and every man, as far as I can see, has one or more gems of literature — 'Ivanhoe' or *Comic Cuts*, according to taste — concealed in his kit. You have saved us from boredom, suicide, or worse. Thank you very much indeed."

Owing to the shortage of paper in England, the publishers could not supply all the orders sent in by the War Library and Mrs. Gaskell organized a house-to-house visitation in the various English towns.

BOOK LEFT FOR A MOMENT BY A YOUNG OFFICER
WHILE HE STEPPED INTO A DUG-OUT TO MAKE A REPORT

British Official P

"WHAT BOOK ARE YOU READING?"

Great care was taken to make the parcels as varied and comprehensive as possible. Those sent to the British Red Cross hospitals in France, for instance, usually included twenty-five papers and magazines of the lighter sort, like the *Strand*, the *Illustrated London News*, and the penny pictorials, one or two of the heavier periodicals, ten serious or technical books, and from forty to fifty novels of several grades. The packages sent to the English hospitals contained more magazines and penny papers. Specific requests were always promptly filled. The work of selection was done by volunteers, who were kept informed as to the special needs of the places to which the books were to go.

The organization had to be well thought out to prevent the occurrence of mistakes, for a parcel intended for an officers' hospital on the Riviera must not be sent to a Tommy Atkins hospital in Mesopotamia. "The selectors must have intellectual sympathies," says Mrs. Gaskell, "and human sympathies. They must send a parcel to a general hospital that contains Masefield's 'Prose Selections' and a large sprinkling of the 'Bull-dog Breed' series. Sometimes as I touch the books and send them speeding on their way, I think of the strange company traveling to a still stranger fate. Boswell and Pepys, Nick Carter detective stories, the Bible, Nat Gould, Wordsworth's Prelude, Famous Boxers, the Koran, Miss Austen, Mark Twain, Marie Corelli, Macaulay, *London Opinion*, the *Round Table*, go side by side to be

read — by whom? All we know is that those brave souls find their comfort and consolation in reading, for they tell us so and ask for more. Suffering, weariness, loneliness, depression, weakness, fear of death — most of us have known one or the other. But these brave hearts know one and all; still worse, the fear sometimes of inaction for life. Only books can make them forget for a few minutes, an hour perhaps. I cannot ask for books with thoughts in my heart like these; they ask, and surely *they* will not ask in vain."

The Armistice greatly increased the call for books. "Patients and staff miss the excitement of the war," writes Mrs. Gaskell, "and it is difficult to keep pace with the craving for literature of all kinds." Technical books on professions and trades are particularly in demand. To meet the needs of the situation the War Office has started an educational scheme in all army centers, appointing an educational officer in every hospital of over a thousand beds, and supplying a small library for his use with the patients.

"I beg to inform you that I have received five splendid parcels of books, for which I am very grateful," wrote the Commanding Officer of a Cavalry Field Ambulance, from Cologne. "These books are highly appreciated by the patients and personnel, and help to pass away many a weary hour of the Rhine Watch. As in all probability my unit will remain here until the Army of Occupation is withdrawn, any further supplies would be very welcome.

"Now that we are stationary I am able to run a lending library, thus preserving the books for quite a long time; whereas hitherto we have been forced to send the bulk of each parcel to the nearest Casualty Clearing Station on account of being continuously on the move. The first parcel arrived at Heppeldorf in the middle of an influenza epidemic and the books were invaluable to the convalescent patients."

"I don't know when I was so glad to see anything," said the Sister-in-Charge of a Casualty Clearing Station, in acknowledging the receipt of a package of books. "Each day the men were asking for 'something to read,' and not a book in the place. Now that the war is over it is so difficult to get them, and really I think a sick man wants them even more badly than a wounded. I'm thankful indeed that you are still to the fore!"

The Senior Medical Officer at the Royal Naval War College, Devonport, wrote to say that he hoped the War Library, which had done such valuable work during hostilities, was still carrying on. "You will remember," he continued, "that you were good enough to supply me with several boxes of books when in the hospital ship *Queen Alexandra*. I am now appointed to this institution, which is a Naval Auxiliary Hospital. We have 104 beds, which are constantly filled, but the men are badly off both for recreation and literature. We are endeavoring to meet the needs as regards recreation. and my colleagues and I would much value it if you are able to

send a box of books and magazines similar to the boxes that were so helpful to us in our work in the *Queen Alexandra.* This ship has been paid off, and I think it may interest you to know that the books remaining at the end of the commission were distributed to vessels engaged in mine-sweeping duties and to men stationed at lonely look-outs and signal stations on the West Coast of Ireland."

Although it is no longer necessary to send books weekly to Saloniki, Egypt, and Bombay, regular supplies are needed at Constantinople. In February, 1919, over 30,000 volumes had already been sent to the North Russian expedition, whose appetite for literature seems insatiable. At the request of the War Library the American Library Association selected and bought on the War Library's account, two thousand American books, which were shipped to Siberia from San Francisco. The Red Cross, realizing how great a need still exists, has continued its generous support in carrying on the work.

The following extract from a letter written by a medical officer serving with the North Russian Expeditionary Force emphasizes the importance of the service to the men in these distant regions:

"Six fine bales of books have just arrived from the War Library. They have been eagerly welcomed, and I cannot tell you how highly they are appreciated. I have never seen books so eagerly sought for as these have been, and the way some late arrivals picked up a few stray covers of magazines was most pathetic.

I am going to save two of the bales for a little advanced hospital I am getting under way, and the rest have been distributed to the sick men who are not near enough death to be sent away to the hospital. I have become such a shameless beggar that I am going to ask for more; I feel mean always saying 'give, give' in this way, but the books are really of immense value up here in the long hours of darkness, and mails only arrive about once a month."

It is the desire of all who have seen the success of the War Library that the work carried on for soldiers and sailors during the war should be continued, and extended to include civilian hospitals. That convalescence is accelerated if the mind of the patient can be kept interested and occupied no longer needs demonstration. "We all know from our own experiences in illness," says Dr. Wright, "that books are a kind of minor anæsthetic, and pain is not so keen if one can get something to read." Yet the fact remains that the ordinary hospital is inadequately supplied with reading matter, and the patients are condemned to long, empty hours. It has therefore been proposed that the Red Cross should maintain in London a permanent central library, to supply literature to all the hospitals in Great Britain. What remains of the libraries of the demobilized hospitals would serve as the nucleus of the book collection, and the work heretofore carried on by the War Library would be transferred to the new institution.

"The war has revealed how much of our ordinary

behavior is founded on sound instinct," said the Poet Laureate in an address at Oxford on behalf of the War Library. "All of us, when we are harassed or distressed, seek alleviation in mental distraction. And our common panacea is a story-book. The grave Bishop Butler tells us that our thoughts are never so idle as when we are reading. He did not mean the reading of his sermons. He meant, I suppose, that when we are truly thinking, our thoughts are self-generated within us, and this, with our intense conscious scrutiny of them, is a laborious process — as is easily seen when we put it on strain, for then it appears as the most exhausting of all our energies. But when we are merely reading (not studying) the thoughts are supplied to us from without; and the mind is undisturbed, lying, as it were, as much at rest as the body may be on its bed or sofa.

"Now this form of mental distraction has been proved efficacious under the most severe trial, even in the very shadow of death. These light books, then, are an essential comfort to the soldier, and necessary also to the wounded, whose condition of constant pain and nervous weakness often calls as much for distraction as the anxiety, perpetual peril, and strain of the trenches; and the books have to be provided in unlimited quantities. Nor need we distinguish much among them. Some are no doubt better, some worse; but their various artistic merits sort themselves out suitably to the various capacities of the readers, while their moral significance counts for nothing — it is as

wholly disregarded as the moral of an exciting fairy-tale is by a young child.

"The other class is the more serious literature, for which there is an increasing demand. This demand is partly due to the later enrollments being from a different class from the earlier; there are more students in the hospitals, or men to whom the war came as an interruption of intellectual life; and such men, when their physical condition does not forbid, are eager to return to their old interests, and make use of their enforced leisure to pursue their studies. Also the men from overseas are more inquiring and practical than our homefolk, and are demanding textbooks, books of reference, handbooks of science, and so on.

"Any enforced cessation of life's routine, such as a long convalescence after severe illness, is apt to produce an unusual activity of mind. The condition seems to create a fertile soil for new and enduring impressions. It is the best seed-time that an adult mind can have: and the serious books that we may send will be seed-corn for prepared fields. We should be able to supply them well.

"But since there is no one here, who, if he were in personal contact with one wounded man — a man lying in hospital with a shattered limb and needing a book to comfort him — since there is no man who, if he were in personal contact with such a man, would not give him willingly any book that he might possess, — what need to say more?

"And how many of my own books are idle posses-

sions! Books that I have bought because I knew that I ought to read them, and should not read unless I possessed them, and which yet I have never read! If these books are wanted they must go. Not only is the occasion, whether of charity or duty, inexpressibly beyond all our imagination — for there has never been an occasion to compare with it — but it may be reckoned of national significance and importance.

"Charles Darwin used to read the scientific periodical called *Nature* through from end to end every week, including the proceedings of the learned societies, and the mathematics which he could not understand, because, as he said, he thought it a useful discipline to keep himself conscious of his limitations. And these men need initiation into this knowledge of their ignorance — to perceive how vast the field of knowledge is; how old and difficult the problems that seem to them so new and simple. If they are earnest and willing learners, as many of them are, they will advance on that path. For when once the appetite for wisdom is excited it is not lightly quenched."

CHAPTER XI

THE BRITISH CAMPS LIBRARY

THE Camps Library owed its origin to the desire of the English to prepare in every way for the arrival of their oversea brethren who were coming to join the Imperial Army. The various contingents were to be encamped on Salisbury Plain — a place admirably adapted for military concentration and training, but without any opportunities for recreation. Colonel Sir Edward Ward, late Permanent Under-Secretary for War, was asked by Lord Kitchener to undertake the general care of the contingents from the colonies. Sir Edward suggested that, among other things needed for the troops, libraries be established for their use. The War Office approved, and the Honorable Mrs. Anstruther undertook the organization of the work. An empty house in Great Smith Street, Westminster, was hired as a depot, and a number of volunteer workers came forward with offers of help. An appeal to the public through the press for books and magazines to lighten the monotony of the long autumn and winter evenings of the soldiers encamped on Salisbury Plain met with an immediate response. Within twenty-four hours horse and motor traffic filled Great Smith Street, often blocking the road, while people with packages of books poured in through the door. As time went on the lower rooms

of the house were heaped high with bales and boxes, which presently overflowed — first into the hall, then into the passage, afterwards down the back stairs, then into the kitchen and cellar, and finally out into the little back yard.

The Association of Publishers sent a large contribution of suitable literature. In a short time forty thousand books and magazines had been collected. As they were received, they were sorted and labeled as the property of the Overseas Library.

When it was found that the Australian and New Zealand contingents would not land in England, but would disembark in Egypt, it became necessary to divide the books for the Canadians from those for the Australians and New Zealanders. Special tents, fitted with rough shelving and tables, were provided in the camps of the Canadian soldiers. On the arrival of the contingent, the chaplains undertook the care and distribution of the books. The desire of those who had given the books was that every facility should be afforded the men in obtaining them, and that no stringent restrictions should be imposed upon the loans. The charging system was a simple one: a manuscript book in which each man wrote the name of the book borrowed, the date on which borrowed, and his signature, the entry being erased when the book was returned. "We found that our labors had the reward for which we worked and hoped," wrote Sir Edward. "The oversea soldier is an omnivorous reader, and we had the gratification of learning that

our efforts to lighten the dreary evening hours were very deeply appreciated."

Large quantities of books and magazines were forwarded to the Australians and New Zealanders in Egypt. Then a much larger enterprise was launched: the provision of libraries for the camps of the Territorial and New Armies all over the United Kingdom. Troops were quartered in camps and at detached stations far from towns and healthful amusements, and these men were as much in need of good reading matter as the soldiers on Salisbury Plain. A large empty warehouse, lent through the kindness of the representative of the Belgian Army in London, was equipped with shelves and tables and a further appeal was made to the public through the press, by letters to lord-lieutenants and other leaders in the various counties, to lord mayors and mayors, and again to the publishers. Circulars were sent to all general officers commanding and the commanding officers' units, informing them of the new undertaking, and stating that preparations had been made to give them books and magazines in the proportion of one to every ten men of their strength, at a small charge sufficient to pay for the cost of packing and the labor of the working staff which it was found necessary to employ, as warehousemen and the like.

At first the supply of books was ample, but with success came increased demands from troops in every part of the United Kingdom, and it became necessary to search out fresh fields from which new supplies

might be gathered. Then came the realization that men in the trenches and in the convalescent and rest camps at the front needed books and magazines even more urgently than did the troops at home. "When it is recognized," said Sir Edward, "that in the trenches only one fourth of the men are actively on duty watching the enemy, while the remaining three fourths are concealed at the bottom of the trenches with their field of vision limited to a few yards of earth, it may well at once be realized how important to them are any methods of enlivening the long, weary hours of waiting."

By this time, in spite of redoubled efforts, a marked decline in the volume of gifts was noticeable. People became weary of well-doing and found it irksome to go on regularly packing their spare books and paying for their carriage to London. An anxious time ensued for the workers at the Camps Library. More and more reading matter was being asked for by the troops in the battle zones. With the inflow diminishing, how would it be possible to cope with the growing demand? As in the case of the War Library, this difficulty was solved by the Postmaster-General's decision to utilize the Post-Office, with its ramifications in every town and village in the United Kingdom, for the collection of books from the public. From that time on, those wishing to send books or magazines to the soldiers and sailors needed only to hand them, unaddressed, unwrapped, and unstamped, over the counter of any post-office and they were forwarded

free of charge to Headquarters. Some magazines even printed on the outside cover a reminder of this fact, admonishing the reader, on finishing the number, to send it to the troops by leaving it without any formality or expense at the nearest post-office. The post-office staff was keenly interested in this scheme and, though short of help, made the proper disposal of the material thus entrusted to their care a matter of personal pride and honor.

After the Armistice, when the work of the Library was drawing to a close, a letter was sent to the postmasters, thanking them on behalf of the Army for the work they had done, and asking at the same time if they could state what means they had found most effective in bringing before the public the need of books. With one accord they replied that they were indebted for the greatest assistance to the local press, which not only inserted their appeals for books, but constantly printed leading articles and paragraphs relating to the work, and also, at the request of the postmaster of the district, gave the Camps Library the benefit of a continuous and gratuitous advertisement.

Another point on which the postmasters were unanimous was the value of the personal appeal — the "personal attack," as some one called it. It is difficult to realize the individual effort which the hard-worked postmasters expended throughout the war, by writing personal letters, by speaking on public platforms, and by private conversation on the subject.

The Camps Library had reason to feel that no

institution, working as it did under two departments, — the War Office and the Post-Office, — was ever left a freer hand, was ever less conscious of what is known as official red tape, or ever received more prompt attention and courteous treatment in all its dealings with departmental officials.

In order to insure a steady and systematic supply of books from the public, advertisement necessarily formed an essential part of the work of the Library. Thanks to the valuable assistance of many people experienced in this art, the fact that the troops wanted books and that book hoarding was as reprehensible as food hoarding was kept vividly before the minds of the people. The theater and picture palaces throughout the country did yeoman service in stimulating the generosity of the public, the cinema giving screen notices night after night to large and enthusiastic audiences.

An admirable reminder was devised by Mr. Dennis Eadie when producing the successful play, "The Man Who Stayed at Home." Tucked away in every programme was a notice asking the audience to give their books to "The Man Who Went Out." And to the brilliant genius of Captain Bairnsfather was due the delightful cartoon "Oh 'ell! 'Ello!" which, through the kindness of Mr. Charles Cochran, was distributed at every representation of the classic war play, "The Better 'Ole," and was undoubtedly responsible for the increase in the flow of books which was noticeable about that time.

The public libraries of Great Britain also acted as centers for the collection of books, and in many instances supplemented the contributions of the public by considerable gifts from their own surplus and duplicate stocks. Large shops and important business houses in London and in many towns assisted greatly by enclosing the Library appeals in their bills and advertisements. House agents and furniture movers pointed out to their clients the desirability of giving away their surplus books when moving from one house to another. Hotels placed collecting baskets in their halls and lounges. Many organizations and clubs helped by displaying the Camps Library's notices.

Perhaps the most effective method adopted was that of letting the Army advertise for itself. In each box and bale sent out was a letter, addressed to "The Reader," enclosing a card which he was requested to return to his friends or relatives at home, asking them to take all their spare literature to the Post-Office. How many Tommies filled in that post-card, or how many responses there were to the call, will never be known.

Under the order made by the Paper Controller prohibiting returns, the proprietors of many weekly newspapers sent their unsold copies. More than once anonymous boxes of school prizes and boys' books came in, doubtless from the parents of a lad who had fallen on the battle-field.

One of the first to send a gift of books to the

Library for the use of the men was Her Majesty the Queen, and her gift was repeated regularly every year while the war lasted. Marie Corelli gave several hundred copies of her books and Renée Kelly presented a special edition of "Daddy Longlegs." Many other authors contributed a number of their works.

Books came from the children in the schools, from labor organizations, from the staffs of government departments and of great business houses. They came from members of every religious body, from the members of the theatrical profession, from members of the stock exchange, from those who had many books and could send them by the hundreds, and from those who had few and could ill spare them — there was not a class in the community which did not give. Never was a more democratic collection of possessions assembled than that which throughout the war represented Literature to the soldiers, for at the Camps Library the personal books of the Queen and those of the little slavey in the lodging-house met together and went out cover to cover to the lads across the sea.

As a result of the Post-Office scheme, backed by the advertising methods just described, books were received in such large quantities that it became necessary to secure more commodious quarters and the Library migrated again, this time to a building at 45 Horseferry Road, Westminster, previously occupied by a firm of pianoforte manufacturers; this insured floors strong enough to support the many hundreds

CAMPS LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS, HORSEFERRY ROAD, LONDON

14,000,000 pieces were sent out to the British soldiers by this organization

British Official Photograph

THE BOOK LINE AT A BRITISH ARMY POST

Books fill a definite need which bread cannot satisfy

of well-filled canvas bags from the Post-Office which came in day after day, filling the rooms from floor to ceiling.

A part of the literature collected in this way was distributed, according to an agreed proportion of bags, to the London Chamber of Commerce, the British and Foreign Sailors' Association, and the British Red Cross and Order of St. John War Library. The bulk went to the Camps Library, which alone required seventy-five thousand pieces weekly to meet the ordinary minimum needs from the various seats of war, and was ready and eager to deal with as much more as the public would give. Especially in winter was the demand for "something to read" in training and rest camps, and at the front, far in excess of the supply.

The following spontaneous tribute was published in the *Sporting Times:*

"Of all the boons that have been booned by the British Public on the British fighting men, one of the best is the distribution of books and magazines carried out by the Camps Library. I dunno who or what the Camps Library is, or where it sprung from, but the people that run it — well, I take my hat off to them every time. The fighting forces are not fighting all the time, and in the intervals there is quite a lot of waste time running to seed. There are times when the men have nothing to do and all day to do it in. The men in the support trenches, for instance, are not, in normal times, in action, but they may be at

any moment, so may not quit their trench. There is n't room in the most modern built trench for a game of football, and pingpong is n't fashionable. There are always cards to fall back on, but even the keenest card-player gets fed up if he plays cards for days on end, and especially so if he has n't any pay left to gamble with. The only hope of escape from monotony of counting fingers and cursing the luck is in reading. The Camps Library fills the aching void with an occasional cart-load of sixpenny mags and sevenpenny novels, and I doubt if the promoters can ever realize a tenth of the blessings heaped upon their heads by the troops. If those Recording Angels who have been detailed for the duties of filing the blessing and blistering remarks of the Army in Flanders keep an accurate tally of the good things said of the Camps Library, they must be working overtime most days and nights. I dunno where the Library h.q. hang out, or who is its C.O., but if any reader of this letter knows these things, I hope they 'll heave along a chunk of appreciation and any '*Pink 'Uns*' and other spare reading matter for distribution."

"I understand most fully," wrote Sir Douglas Haig, "the value of readable books to men who are out of the line, with time on their hands, and little opportunity of getting anything of the sort for themselves. I need say nothing to support the claim of those who are wounded or convalescent. The Camps Library exists for the purpose of receiving books and magazines for distribution to our sailors and soldiers.

The demand that has now to be met is very great and increases constantly with the growth of our forces overseas. I am, therefore, writing this letter to urge all those at home who have been accustomed to buy books and magazines in the past, to continue to do so freely, if possible in increasing numbers, and, having read and enjoyed them, to pass them on as freely to the Camps Library for circulation among the troops."

The system of distribution was simple. Any commanding officer of a camp at home or abroad who wished to establish a lending library for the use of his men could call upon the Camps Library for books. These were sent out in lots of fifty or one hundred, in the proportion of one book to every ten men. But it soon became apparent that the formation of lending libraries of bound books in stationary camps was only a small part of the work. What the men abroad needed most was a steady supply of magazines and light literature. Automatically, therefore, once a month, no application being necessary, boxes or bales of books and magazines were sent to all units serving with the British, Mediterranean, and Indian expeditionary forces. Monthly supplies of magazines were sent to the bases for the use of the men entraining for the Front. A supply was sent to regimental recreation-rooms on request. Chaplains of every denomination in every theater of war received on application a box once a fortnight, or a bale once a month, for distribution.

Fortunately the bulk of the literature sent in by

the public consisted of magazines, weekly papers, and paper-covered novels — resembling very closely the contents of a bookseller's stall. So magazines, old and new, went by the score, by the hundred, by the thousand to the trenches, and quantities of paper-covered novels and of the little "sevenpennies," day in, day out, were collected and sent across the water to the men in the battle area.

When it is realized that every week seventy thousand of these publications, packed in assorted boxes, of eighty each, left the Library, and that each one had to be examined to see that no seditious leaflets had been slipped into it, it will be understood that the work of the Library was no sinecure. From the beginning of the war to the closing of the career of the Camps Library as a war charity on March 29, 1919, the number of publications dealt with was close to sixteen millions, over three quarters of which were voluntary gifts from the public.

Generally speaking, the books that were received were the kind that were needed, fiction, travel and adventure, history, and poetry predominating. There were illustrated books, books on former wars, books on geography, science, agriculture, and gardening, classics, ancient and modern, frivolous books, learned books, heavy books, and volumes of sermons galore. What the men chiefly wanted was stories — love stories, detective stories, sentimental stories; as they said over and over again in the letters of thanks that came by every post, "something to make us

forget the horrors of war and all that we are going through."

Occasionally a gift showed more generosity than discrimination on the part of the donor, and helpers with some courage and discretion as well as literary knowledge were needed to superintend the sorting and to condemn as waste such publications as old parish magazines, seedsmen's circulars, telephone books, post-office directories, out-of-date Bradshaws, antiquated lists of club members, and novels of which half the leaves were missing. "Hints to Mothers," "How to Cut a Smart Blouse," and "How to Organize Mothers' Meetings" did not seem quite appropriate to send to war-worn soldiers; on the other hand, "Woman and How to Manage Her" was a book that it was felt might find some appreciative readers! The authorities found it rather difficult to deal with a herring-barrel full of sermons, and were at a loss to know what to do with a packet of passionate love-letters included by mistake. People desirous of helping were asked not to send "Talks about Dressmaking," "Meditations among the Tombs," or "Guides to English Watering-Places."

But in war-time nothing is useless, and the value of waste paper was considerable; with the proceeds from its sale many thousands of books and magazines were purchased.

Books in every language were received; French, German, Chinese, Japanese, Greek, Hindustani, Maori, and Gaelic found their way to the Library.

Once, in the grave and anxious days at the beginning of the war, some one sent in a "Guide to Germany." It was first suggested that this should be discarded, but a far-seeing optimist rescued it from destruction and set it in a prominent place to be kept for the time when it should be useful to guide the army into the land of the enemy. On the day the Armistice was signed, that book went over to France.

Any doubts as to whether the books and magazines were appreciated by the men for whom they were intended, were quickly dispelled by a glance through the hundreds of letters kept at Headquarters. "Cramped in a crumbling dugout, time passes slowly, and the monotony is greatly relieved by a few 'mags' from the old folks at home," wrote one officer from the Front. "The men all ask for pre-war magazines. It is nice to get away from 'it' for a time." A letter from France brought this message: "The last parcel of your books came just as we had been relieved after the gas attack, and there is nothing like a book for taking one's mind off what one has seen and gone through."

"A hut will probably be allotted to us as a recreation-room, and it will contain bookcases made by our own pioneers from bacon-boxes to hold your gifts," reported another officer. Supply wagons known to contain parcels of books were eagerly watched for by the troops in the Land of Somewhere. "The lads were never so pleased in their lives as when I told them I had some books for them," is the way one lance cor-

poral put it. An extract from another officer's letter tells the same story: "Most of the men were lying or sitting about with nothing to do. When I said I had a box of books to lend, they were around me in a moment like a lot of hounds at a worry, and in less than no time each had a book — at least as far as they would go. Those who had n't been quick enough were trying to get the lucky ones to read aloud. It would have done you good to see how the men enjoyed getting the books. . . . May we have more, as many more as you can spare?"

In fact, appreciative letters poured in from all parts of the world. A regimental officer wrote from Gallipoli that he considered it most important "to give the men some occupation in this monotonous and dull trench warfare." "The long hours of waiting that frequently fall to the lot of a unit in the trenches are not nearly so trying if the men have a good supply of books," is the testimony of another officer. "All the books sent seem very welcome, for soldiers' tastes vary," said one writer from "Somewhere in France." The men in Saloniki requested a Greek history, their interest in the subject having been awakened by the treasures of antiquity which they had excavated while digging trenches. "It would give us great joy to get a few books on Syria and Palestine" was the statement of an Army chaplain. "I myself can get but few books — none about the Crusaders, only Dr. Stewart's about the Holy Land. And my men are hungry for information. I have sent for

books and they have not come. I would gladly pay for any book on either subject mentioned. The difficulties of transport have got in my way. When I was in Cairo I could not get a guide to Syria or book on the Crusaders, either in English or French. Yet the life out in the desert, or rather, wilderness, is conducive to mental receptivity and thought of higher things."

"Owing to the great heat no one is allowed to leave his tent between nine and five; without your papers and books life would indeed be dreary," declared one note of thanks. "You cannot perhaps realize what it means to get literature when one is quite away from civilization, right out as we have been in the desert, with a dull monotony of sand and yet more sand!" were the words of another. From a different part of the globe came similar testimony: "It would be difficult for any one who had not seen the conditions up here to quite understand what a boon it is to the men on these long dark winter nights to have something to read," said one writer. "The collection is most excellent," said another, "and just what everybody wants, especially now that deep snow and bitter Vardar winds make it most unpleasant to be outside your dugout more than is necessary. Thank you very much indeed, and please continue to send more. The dreariness and monotony of Army life in the Balkans make your parcels more acceptable than perhaps they may be even in France. The men so rarely see any vestige of civilization."

From Punch (by permission)

OWING TO A SCARCITY OF LITERARY MATTER AT THE FRONT, THE BRITISH SOLDIERS WERE SOMETIMES REDUCED TO TELLING STORIES

Private Jones: "And she says, 'Oh! wot blinkin' great eyes you 'ave, Grandmother!' And the wolf, 'e says, 'All the better ter see yer wiv, my dear'"

OH 'ELL!
NOTHING TO READ

'ELLO!
SOMETHING TO READ

SKETCH BY BAIRNSFATHER IN THE *BYSTANDER*

"I had the books and magazines distributed at once," wrote an officer, "and if you could have seen how eagerly they were taken up by our exiles who are so far from libraries and reading-rooms and the civilization of home, you would have been amply repaid. And yet I must not paint for you a picture of desolation; for really we are remarkably fortunate in many ways out here. We have had a simply glorious summer — with fruit everywhere, as if this were the Garden of Eden itself. But alas, Eve is not! and we can only read the love stories of others."

"Your parcel came to-day, just as a crowd of our men were leaving for the Front," said a letter from Havre. "I wish you could have seen their faces as I was able to relieve the tedium of a thirty-six hour journey — and then the books would be passed on to the men in the firing-line. I do thank you on their behalf, and, like Oliver, ask for more."

Another letter contained this paragraph: "I was greatly touched once when — on giving some cigarettes round the trenches — I found the men hanging round when the last packet had been given away. I discovered they were waiting for the sheet of newspaper (weeks old) in which they were wrapped. I should not like to say how many men read that torn sheet. And magazines, papers, and books are read and re-read, and passed on and passed round till they literally drop to pieces."

An important branch of the work undertaken by the Camps Library was the provision of fiction for

the British prisoners of war in Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey, and also for the men interned in Holland. The rules and regulations that had to be observed were stringent; no books dealing with the war or containing comments on Germany, and no magazines mentioning current events, could be sent. It was therefore on works by the great writers of English fiction, Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, and other standard authors, that the Camps Library relied for the thousands of volumes which went to the prison camps. Where a large camp had a number of working camps attached to it, arrangements were made by which the librarian at the central camp received special consignments for distribution among the latter. Parcels were also forwarded to individual prisoners who applied for specific books. As a rule the German authorities gave every facility for the receipt of the books and their distribution among the men. At first considerable difficulty was experienced in getting in touch with the prisoners in Turkey and Bulgaria, but as communication improved, acknowledgments of packets received reached the Library Headquarters regularly.

Written on the covers of some of the books which were sent in were inscriptions, like "Keep this next your heart, it may turn a bullet," or, in a child's hand, "Dear Soldier, — I do wish you will fight well and come safe home to your loving little kiddies like me."

The most pathetic note connected with the whole work was penciled on a sheet of paper fastened with

red sealing wax to an inside page of a copy of *The Story Teller:*

WITH BEST WISHES

I am only a little boy of 10 years. And I Hope whoever gets this Book will like it. My father is missing. Since the 25 and 26 Sept. 1915. The Battle of Loos. I wonder if it will fall in the hands of any one who was in that Battle and could give us any Information concerning Him.

Underneath was written the name of the lad's father, the number of the battalion, the name of his regiment, and the home address. Inquiries were set on foot, but, alas, they were of no avail. The little boy's father was one of the great army of heroes who had given their lives for their country.

CHAPTER XII

BRITISH Y.M.C.A. LIBRARIES

"UNTIL the beginning of the war," wrote F. A. McKenzie in the London *Daily Mail*, "the average citizen regarded the Y.M.C.A. as a somewhat milk-and-waterish organization, run by elderly men, to preach to youth. This view was exceedingly unfair, but it is true that the Y.M.C.A. never had its full chance here until the war came. Then it seized its opportunity. It does not do much preaching nowadays. It is too busy serving." By reason of this service the organization suddenly emerged from a position of comparative obscurity into one of national prominence. "Invaluable in peace-time, but indispensable in war-time," was the way in which Lord Derby characterized it.

From the very beginning of the war the Association sent a constant stream of books and magazines to its huts in Great Britain and overseas. For nearly two years it made its appeal through the Camps Library, but when the demand for reading matter increased to such an extent that no single organization could cope with it, the Y.M.C.A. agreed to enter upon a book campaign of its own. The ground floor of "Triangle House," the new Y.M.C.A. trading and transport headquarters, was set aside for this purpose and a strong staff of voluntary women workers un-

dertook the task of sorting, packing, and dispatching books. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rhys energetically organized local "book-days" in London. Appeals were sent out from the National Headquarters, emphasizing the need of thousands of books and magazines every week for the soldiers in camp and "up-the-line," and urging that a never-ceasing supply from all quarters be sent prepaid to Triangle House, Tottenham Court Road, or to any of the Y.M.C.A. Bureaus in London.

The public helped well at first, but the supply gradually dropped off. In consequence notices were sent out in February, 1917, asking for good novels by standard authors; books of history, biography, and travel; manuals of science; religious books; illustrated magazines; really good literature of all kinds, but not large, heavy, or out-of-date books. Special attention was called to the need for small pocket editions of novels — the sevenpenny and shilling size. People were urged to give something they themselves really cared for, and were notified by circular that the Y.M.C.A. book collector would call shortly. "We trust that you will spare half a dozen or more of your favorite authors," said the president of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee. "You will never regret this small sacrifice for our men serving their country."

Placards were distributed, reading: "Mobilize your books. Leave your favorite books, novels, war-books, or current magazines at the nearest Y.M.C.A. dépôt, or send them to the Book Bureau, 144 Totten-

ham Court Road. They are urgently needed for our soldiers abroad, at the base, and in the trenches."

Book-teas or book-receptions, to which each visitor brought one or more volumes, proved fruitful. Special appeals made to great commercial bodies, banks, and large insurance companies were very successful, nearly twenty thousand books coming in from the canvassing of the various banking institutions. In certain parts of the country, Y.M.C.A. book-days were held, often securing, with the aid of Boy Scouts or a collection taken on the tramways, thousands of volumes. Various Red Triangle Magazine and Book Clubs also collected and forwarded a weekly or fortnightly supply to the Library Department in London. The sending of money was encouraged, as special arrangements for advantageous purchasing had been made with publishers and with the great firms that run the railway book-stalls. One of these firms supplied second-hand copies of standard novels in good editions, at the rate of six shillings per dozen.

That these efforts to supply books to the huts, to the dugouts along the trenches, and to the men starting on the tedious railway journey to the Front were appreciated is proved by numerous letters received at Headquarters.

"Nothing is better," wrote a Y.M.C.A. worker, "for steadying the nerves of a regiment of young soldiers on the way to the front line for the first time than a good supply of illustrated magazines. It takes

their minds off themselves and prevents them from becoming jumpy."

One soldier wrote from the trenches: "We sit in our dugouts and just think! I wonder if you could send some books and magazines over here."

A man in Egypt, begging for magazines, said that he did not wonder that the children of Israel grumbled when they went that way!

Saloniki workers reported that mental cases were largely on the increase owing to intellectual stagnation, and that a good supply of books of all kinds was one of the best possible preventives of mental breakdown.

"We never can secure enough reading matter to while away the hours in the long French train journeys," wrote a Y.M.C.A. worker in France. A "sevenpenny" book given to a soldier as he boarded the train to the Front was read by every man in the platoon; when the owner was wounded he took the book to the hospital, where it was read by every man in the ward. Having finally regained possession of it, he intends to keep it for the rest of his life.

Frequently the magazines supplied to the troops were cut into sections to make them go round, and even the printed wrapping paper in which parcels were sent was smoothed out and read as literature. The Y.M.C.A. felt that if it could only get hold of the thousands of magazines and "sevenpennies" left lying about in clubs, railway carriages, and private houses, battalions of men might be enabled to forget

for a few moments the hardships, the risks, and the monotony of active service.

The general libraries contained stories, poetry, travel, biography, and essays. For the "Quiet Rooms" devotional libraries were provided, containing the writings of men like Augustine, à Kempis, Bunyan, Robertson, and Spurgeon, as well as the best outstanding books of the last ten years on religion. To fill this last need it was suggested that the various church organizations might perform a practical service for the men of the Army by making up libraries of this kind of literature.

Having taken over the work formerly carried on by the Fighting Forces Book Council, whose special task had been the providing of educational literature for the Army, it became necessary for the Y.M.C.A. to furnish educational books for the huts where lectures and classes were being carried on. There the need was found to be not so much for textbooks as for interestingly written reliable modern monographs like those in the "Home University Library" and Jack's series of "People's Books." Volumes of "Everyman's Library" and Nelson's reprints proved very useful. By means of such literature the men were enabled to follow up the lectures they had heard and to satisfy their newly stimulated book hunger and their interest in the history of "Old Blighty."

An officer commanding a military school of instruction in France wrote to Headquarters, asking for just

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Y.M.C.A. HUT IN FRANCE

M. Clemenceau said that, in his judgment, this kind of welfare work was essential to victory

Drawn by Edgar Wright

BOOKS IN THE TRENCHES

Opening a box sent out by the British Y.M.C.A.

such a library and sending a list of the kind of books which he was desirous of putting at the disposal of the cadets during the first stage of their education at his school. "I hope from all this," he concluded, "you may be able to gather the type of book we should like — authoritative, but not too long or too heavy for minds dulled to study by trench life."

The scope of this work was enlarged in the spring of 1918, when the Universities Committee of the Y.M.C.A., of which the Reverend B. A. Yeaxlee was the secretary, was put in charge of the Army educational work on the Lines of Communication in France. A comprehensive scheme, including plans for the library work, was immediately formulated. Dr. Richard Wilson was appointed Librarian to the Committee, with control not only of the activities of Wimborne House, but also of the provision of educational and general literature for all the libraries and classes of the Y.M.C.A. Before long Saloniki, Egypt, Italy, Russia, and Mesopotamia, as well as the home camps, were brought into the educational plan, and the library service of the great social organization took on a new aspect.

The policy of the educational secretary and the librarian was to provide the best books wherever they were needed and large demands were at once made upon the funds of the Central Council, which backed up the new scheme with generosity and enthusiasm. During the seven months following the appointment of Dr. Wilson, a sum of not less than fifty

thousand pounds was spent on new books, general and educational, while the beneficent work of Wimborne House was continued and extended.

Sir Henry Hadow, Principal of the Armstrong College at Newcastle-on-Tyne, was appointed Educational Director on the Lines of Communication, and after serving for two months, was succeeded by Sir Graham Balfour, the cousin and biographer of Robert Louis Stevenson and Director of the Staffordshire Education Committee. Professor Findlay, the well-known educationist of Manchester University, became Director in Saloniki, and Father Alexander Hill was, at a somewhat later date, appointed Director of the home educational work. As might be expected, the demands upon the library service increased rapidly, and every effort was made to provide for the new bands of eager educational workers not only the necessary textbooks, but also the larger and more expensive books required for carrying on the work by means of private study after class hours. The recreative side of the library service was overhauled with a view to providing lighter literature of a kind which would prove a useful auxiliary to the educational efforts. Fortunately the men at the head of affairs had a very broad and human conception of "that blessed word" education.

A standardized list of educational textbooks was drawn up by the officials of the Universities Committee. This was found necessary for the reason that men were continually being moved from camp to

camp and the educational work was liable to serious interruption if the same books were not used in all the Y.M.C.A. classes. The subjects of instruction included citizenship, English based upon a study of the Bible and Shakespeare, mathematics in all its branches, the sciences, especially those of a practical and experimental character, English, French, and other modern languages, philosophy, psychology, history, fine art, geography, commercial subjects, and the several branches of technology. The books sent out to the classes were of almost bewildering variety, ranging from a manual on butchering or cobbling to a treatise on some abstruse branch of philosophy.

The students were equally varied. At one end of the scale was the man whose mind had just been awakened by the mental shock of the war; at the other the post-graduate student pursuing some branch of original research for a doctor's degree at one of the universities. Several men seized the opportunity of their location in Saloniki to study Greek archæology with this end in view. Help was given to all, but the sympathy of the librarian was especially extended to the large number of men, some of whom were of advanced age, who had just begun to use the intellectual faculties which had lain dormant in times of peace and security; men who meant to come back, if their lives were spared, to a new life and a wider world of thought and action. Herein lay the great social opportunity of the Y.M.C.A.

"It is a real pleasure now to go round our huts and

find quite respectable libraries in process of formation. All our leaders speak enthusiastically of the service you are rendering," wrote Oliver McCowen from the Y.M.C.A. Headquarters in France.

A hut leader, also writing from France, reported that the magazines and books were not only read in the hut, but taken to the men's quarters and passed all round the camp. In the isolation camps the books were described as a godsend.

Another letter of acknowledgment said: "The men hailed with delighted gratitude this proof of the Y.M.C.A.'s interest and sympathy — as soon as I undid the string, I had a crowd of men round me to see what books I had got. I am most grateful for so much up-to-date material."

A. St. John Adcock, describing a visit he made to the Y.M.C.A. huts in France and Flanders, wrote as follows: "Wherever the troops go, the huts of the Y.M.C.A. spring up in the midst of them, or if you notice no huts it is because you are in the danger zone, and the Y.M.C.A. is carrying on its beneficent business as usual in dim cellars under shattered houses or in convenient dugouts among the trenches. . . . There is always a library in the Y.M.C.A. huts when their arrangements are completed. Sometimes it is in a small separate room; usually on half a dozen or more shelves in a corner, and, perhaps because books happen to be my own principal form of enjoyment, I always think it adds just the last touch of homeliness to the hut. And you may depend that thousands of

Photo from Brown Bros.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS INTERESTED IN THE WAR PICTURES OF AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE

AMERICAN Y.M.C.A. HEADQUARTERS IN PARIS

the soldiers think so, too. For one has to remember that our armies to-day are like no armies that ever went out to battle for us before. Most of our soldiers in the Napoleonic Wars, even in the Crimean War, did not require books, because they could n't read; but the British, Canadian, Australasian, and South African troops on service the world over are largely made up of men who were part of what we call the reading public at home, and if books were their friends in peace-time they are even greater friends to them now, especially when they have to make long waits in base camps, far behind the trenches, and have more than plenty of leisure on their hands." As Mr. Charles T. Bateman put it: "The private of to-day is not an ignorant yokel who has taken the shilling to escape some trouble."

Before making his visit to the Front, Mr. Adcock had received letters from soldiers asking for recitations suitable for camp concerts, for books by certain poets and essayists, and for textbooks on chemistry and biology. While he naturally found that in the camps, taken as a whole, the chief demand was for fiction, there were many requests for biography, essays, poetry, and history. One man who was reading Macaulay's "History" regretted that there was only an odd first volume in the library, as he was anxious to get hold of the second. A sergeant ran off a score of titles of novels and memoirs he had recently read, and was then tackling Boswell. He was anxious to know if Mr. Adcock could send him half a dozen copies of

Omar Khayyám, which he would like to give to some of his men as Christmas presents. There were several Dickens enthusiasts in the camp. One, who knew nothing of Dickens except "A Tale of Two Cities" before he went out, had, since being in France, borrowed and read "David Copperfield" and "Great Expectations," and was then deep in "Our Mutual Friend." "The youth spoke of these stories," adds Mr. Adcock, "as delightedly as a man might talk of the wonders of a newly discovered world, and it made me sorry that those who had given these books for his use could never quite know how much they had given."

Sometimes the men took the books just to read in the reading-room, but often they preferred to take them to their barracks, in which case they left a small deposit until the book was returned. They seemed to feel that if they had had twice as many books, they would not have had enough. More books of the better kind were especially needed. Any amount of fiction by Kipling, Wells, Bennett, Ian Hay, Barrie, Doyle, Hall Caine, Stevenson, and Jacobs could have been used, while Dickens, Scott, and the older novelists were wonderfully popular. There were also a surprising number of more serious readers who asked for Carlyle, Emerson, Green, Lamb, Ruskin, Shakespeare, and Tennyson — books which frequently could not be supplied.

"I overtook a smart young soldier one afternoon on the fringe of one of the base camps," continues

Mr. Adcock. "He limped slightly, and as we walked together I noticed a copy of Browning sticking out of his breast pocket, and remarked upon it. It seemed he had been for three weeks in the convalescent part of the camp with a badly sprained ankle, and had profited by that leisure to read for the first time the whole of Keats and Wordsworth, and was just beginning Browning. He came from Manchester and was, in civil life, a musician. 'But,' he laughed, 'you can't bring a 'cello with you on active service, so I have fallen back more on reading. I was always fond of it, but I've read more in the ten months I have been here than in any ten months at home.' He drew the Browning from his pocket, and I noticed the Y.M.C.A. stamp on it. 'Yes,' he said, 'they've got some fine little libraries in the huts. They are a godsend to the chaps here. But I have n't been able to come across a Shelley or a Francis Thompson yet. I would like to read Thompson.'"

Of the older volunteer workers who had given not only their time, but also their automobiles to the Y.M.C.A., Mr. Adcock saw three who had sons up in the trenches, and two who had sons lying in the soldiers' cemeteries behind the lines. "It is not possible for all of us to do as much as that," said he. "Most of us have neither time nor cars to give. But it is possible for all of us to do something to lighten the lives of our fighting men, and since I have seen what pleasure and solace they get from them, I know that even if we give nothing but

books, we have given infinitely more than our money could buy."

"The problem of dealing with conditions, at such a time, and under existing circumstances, at the rest camps, has always been a most difficult one," wrote General French from Headquarters, "but the erection of huts by the Young Men's Christian Association has made this far easier. The extra comfort thereby afforded to the men, and the opportunities for reading and writing, have been of incalculable service."

The providing of free stationery in all its buildings, at an outlay averaging a thousand pounds per week, was a beneficent and highly salutary phase of the work. The expense was more than justified, as the letters he writes mean everything to the soldier and to his friends. They not only help to keep him straight, but also preserve the happy relationship between the sender and the receiver. The millions of letters written on Y.M.C.A. paper have gone far toward keeping the recipients reassured by the realization that there was some one looking after their boys. Both Roman Catholics and Jews have written grateful letters to Headquarters because their friends received a welcome at the writing-tables without any question of creed. In view of all that the organization has done, both at the Front and at home, it is not strange that grateful soldiers interpret the welcome sign, "You Make Christianity Attractive."

CHAPTER XIII

BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR BOOK SCHEME (EDUCATIONAL)

SHORTLY after the outbreak of hostilities, three Englishmen, held captive in the makeshift camp formed out of the buildings attached to the race-course at Ruhleben, near Berlin, wrote to their friends in Great Britain, asking that books be sent them for purposes of study.

One of the recipients was Mr. (now Sir) Alfred T. Davies, permanent secretary of the Welsh Department of the Board of Education. He was so impressed by the request that he not only complied immediately, but set about organizing a system of book supplies for all British prisoners of war interned in Germany. The appeal for new or second-hand books which he sent out met with a liberal response, but as the station in life of the interned men varied from that of a university professor to that of a jockey, it was no light task to provide literature suited to the different tastes and capacities. The organization of the Camp Education Department, however, and another appeal to the public, sanctioned by the President of the Board of Education, made it possible to forward to Ruhleben during the first year about nine thousand volumes, which gave the two hundred lecturers and

their pupils, gathered from the four thousand civilians there interned, a fair library to draw upon.

With the approval of the Foreign Office steps were taken to extend to prisoners in other camps the service which had proved so helpful at Ruhleben. Inquiries conducted through the British legations at The Hague, Copenhagen, and Berne, and through the United States embassies at Berlin, Vienna, Sofia, and Constantinople, brought applications from various prison camps in Holland, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Bulgaria, and Switzerland. All these requests were filled from supplies gathered at the headquarters of the Board of Education.

As private individuals were not permitted to send books to prisoners in whom they were interested, the Book Scheme was the only means by which people in England could see that their friends or relatives in German prison camps were supplied with the books for which they had asked. Both the German and the British censorship held this organization responsible for what went through its hands. Of course all books on the war were barred. In some camps any books containing references to England and Englishmen as champions of liberty were badly mutilated or *verboten* altogether. Maps were often torn out of books. Few magazines could be sent, as most of them contained articles on the war. Books published in neutral countries invariably had the backs torn off, in a search for letters or other prohibited matter, and sometimes were seriously delayed. But on the whole

the books arrived in reasonable time, usually in from four or five weeks to two months, and in spite of all the difficulties the organization succeeded in supplying the men with what they wanted.

Forms on which the prisoners could indicate their needs were distributed, and as these came into the main office (in the South Kensington Museum) the titles were promptly looked up and the desired books forwarded. A postcard was enclosed upon which the recipient could say whether the book suited him or not. About seventy per cent of the returned postcards expressed satisfaction. A card index was kept, containing a card for every man who had ever asked for a book, with information as to the nature of the request; this furnished a clue to the prisoner's needs if he happened, as was frequently the case, not to be sufficiently specific in later requests. A register of requests, chronologically arranged, something like the accession book of a library, served as a further clue to the date when a book was asked for and when it was shipped from London. Such personal records were necessary for several reasons. In many instances the Book Scheme was the only source from which anxious friends and relatives could obtain information as to the arrival of the books. Furthermore, in their eagerness to get the books, prisoners often wrote to several people; then, if they failed to receive the books in what they considered a reasonable time, they wrote to these same people again. All these communications were turned over to this organization,

and the detailed records made it possible to avoid duplication.

In the matter of selection the small and mostly volunteer forces depended upon publishers, upon the advice of the editorial staffs of periodicals dealing with technical subjects, upon special departments of universities, upon a member of the staff of the British Museum who could be reached by telephone, and upon societies and private individuals.

Among the subjects on which books were specially desired were agriculture; art (including oil and water-color painting, pastel, drawing and perspective, printing and design, and lettering); architecture; atlases; aviation; biography; Celtic (Gaelic and Welsh); ceramics; commerce, finance and banking; dictionaries and grammars (English and foreign, especially Italian, Spanish, and Russian); encyclopædias; engineering in its numerous branches; forestry; handicrafts; Hindustani; iron and steel; law; light-houses; Mohammedanism; music of various kinds; natural history; navigation; pragmatism; pumps; Russian literature; telegraphy and telephony; trades, and travel.

Some strange requests were received; e.g., for "Stones of Venus," "Pluto's Works," and "French Simplified by Victor Hugo." Included in a list of biographies was Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," — evidently, says the librarian, supposed to be a sort of "Rake's Progress."

The object of the work was to save the British

prisoners of war interned in enemy and neutral countries from mental deterioration and to assist them in redeeming the time spent in captivity (1) by providing them with books for study purposes; (2) by securing recognition from university and other examining bodies for their studies during internment; (3) by enabling them to employ their enforced leisure in such a way that at the close of the war they would be better qualified to fight the battle of life. There are said to have been 6700 war charities and 160 prisoners of war charities, but only one prisoners of war charity providing books for purposes of study. Thus this Book Scheme did not duplicate the work of any other war organization.

The educational work of the Ruhleben Camp was intended to meet the requirements of three classes of men: (1) Those whose internment had interrupted their preparations for such examinations as the London matriculation, the various university degrees, or the Board of Trade nautical examinations; (2) those who had already entered upon a commercial or professional career; (3) those who were pursuing some form of learning for learning's sake.

"It will be a matter of surprise to many," said Sir Alfred Davies in 1918, "to learn that some 200 lecturers and teachers and 1500 students, organized in nine different departments of study (the arts, languages, sciences, navigation, engineering, music, etc.) have been busily at work in the camp, and that there is perhaps as much solid work going on among these

civilian victims of the Great War as can be claimed to-day by any university in the British Empire."

An interesting development was an arrangement by which interned men who attended classes might under certain conditions secure recognition of their work when they returned home. The Board of Trade, which welcomed the idea with enthusiasm, was prepared, in calculating the period of qualifying service required before a certificate of competency could be obtained, to take into account the evidence of study during internment, submitted on a special form. This record form, for use in the camps, was drawn up after consultation with various examining and professional bodies, for the purpose of obtaining and preserving authenticated details of the courses of study pursued by any student in a camp. It was hoped that this record might be of material benefit to the men when the time came for them to resume their interrupted careers. Thus a man who wanted to become a master, mate, first or second engineer in the mercantile marine, skipper or second hand of a fishing vessel, and was willing to devote a few hours a day to regular study in a camp where there was systematic instruction in navigation and seamanship, could have this work counted toward his certificate.

The Ruhleben Camp started a library of its own on November 14, 1914, with eighty-three books, received from the American Ambassador, Mr. Gerard, and Mr. Trinks. According to Mr. Israel Cohen,[1] "Books,

[1] *The Ruhleben Prison Camp: A Record of Nineteen Months' Internment* (London, Methuen, 1917), p. 212.

brochures, and maps were procurable through the Camp Bookseller (Mr. F. L. Musset); and on the walls of many a horse-box or in the passage of the stables were pasted large maps of the various theaters of war, upon which the course of operations was followed from day to day. Many men also cut out of their papers the small maps illustrating particular campaigns and preserved them for future reference. As these various publications had to be ordered through the Camp Bookseller and passed through the hands of the military authorities, the latter were able to prevent the entry of any printed matter that was considered dangerous." Books were also received from the Seamen's Mission at Hamburg and from Mudie's Library. By July, 1915, there were two thousand English and American magazines, three hundred German books, and one hundred and thirty French books. On the average two hundred and fifty books a day were taken out. As there was a printer in the camp it was decided to print a catalogue. The demands made upon the enlarged library were varied and curious, but nearly all could be supplied from the shelves. Books in forty-nine languages were asked for and were forthcoming. Dictionaries and books on electricity were constantly in demand. One man wanted a book on tropical agriculture; another needed a manual on cotton spinning; while a third asked for Schlumberger's "Siège de Constantinople." Another wrote for, and received through the generosity of the publisher, a beautiful work on the "Sculptured Tombs of

Rome," a subject on which he was planning to make a personal contribution after his release.

Toward the close of the war the circulating library at Ruhleben numbered eight thousand volumes and there was a reference collection of two thousand volumes. Holzmunden had three thousand books at the signing of the Armistice. "The library," writes a prisoner at the latter camp, "gave special facilities to officers taking part in the debates of the 'Wranglers,' formed for the free discussion of subjects of vital interest, and problems likely to confront us after the war."

Some R.N.V.R. men at Doeberitz sent in a comprehensive request for "The Agricultural Holding Act, a Motor Manual, Practical Navigation, Beekeeping and Furniture (periods and styles)." "We are working in stone-quarries with some Frenchmen," wrote a private, " and should like to be able to talk to them more." "I can speak Russian pretty fair, but not in their grammar," wrote a Jack Tar. A certified teacher confessed: " No one knows better than I myself how I am deteriorating," and asked for and received books on educational psychology, so as to catch up again with the trend of thought in his profession. The aim of the organization was to provide every prisoner with exactly the book or books he might desire or need, on any subject or in any language.

"No dumping allowed," was a rule applied alike to donors and recipients, according to Sir Alfred

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THE AIMLESS AND EMPTY EXISTENCE OF PRISONERS OF WAR

From a sketch by Raemaekers

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IN SOME PRISON CAMPS THE BARBER SUPPLIED HIS P[illegible]NS WITH ILLUSTRATED PAPERS

Davies. To the appeal, "Feed us with books," was added a request to prospective contributors to send first a list of books, with their dates of publication, in order that the managers of the Book Scheme might mark those that were likely to be of use. In this way they were able to protect themselves from people who wanted to clear out their libraries and rid themselves of old novels and old school-books. As it was, they received a constant supply of useful historical, technical, geographical, and other books, all of them in good condition and many quite new. A book-plate, giving the name of the donor and stating that the book was provided through the agency of the Board of Education, was placed in each volume.

"There is no doubt that when you are engrossed in a good book there is a chance of your forgetting your condition and imagining yourself a free man," wrote a British prisoner of war to a friend in London. *Captivorum animis dent libri libertatem.*

One prisoner, desperate with his weary months of captivity, wrote, "I shall go mad unless I get something to read," and his case is typical of many others. In support of Sir Alfred Davies's call for either money or books, a correspondent wrote to the London *Times* an appeal on behalf of the British prisoners of war. "You have fed, you are feeding their bodies," said he. "To the prisoners in Germany you are sending bread, which they badly need, as well as sardines and hams and jams and toothpowder and monthly magazines and other luxuries of life which they keenly appreci-

ate. But prisoners cannot live by bread alone, and not even a pot of marmalade or a thrilling story by X or Y can fill the void. They want food for the mind as well as for the stomach and the imagination, and, unless their minds are to decay, they must have it. . . . The months or years of internment need not be wasted time. The calamity may even be turned to good account (as other calamities incident to warfare are being every day) thanks to the scheme which enables enforced leisure to be filled with profitable study. . . . It is not only a question of providing the excellent cure for boredom known as 'getting your teeth' into a course of study. It is more even than enabling the younger prisoners to continue their education and keep up in the race with their more fortunate coevals. The iron has entered into the soul of many, or most, of these men. To provide them with the means of hard work for the mind may be to do more than enable them to win some profit out of calamity. It may be to affect their whole attitude toward life, the future tone and temper of their minds and spirits. It may be to bring them back to us full of vitality and gladness, not embittered and despairing; to save for cheerfulness and happy, hopeful work in the world what else might have been irremediably lost. Of all the existing schemes for the relief of prisoners, military and civil, this is surely the most beneficent."

"It is not a mere provision of recreation," wrote Professor Gilbert Murray. "Recreation is important, no doubt, but it is supplied without much difficulty

wherever a number of young Britons are gathered together. The Scheme is a plan for providing interesting and purposeful occupation to men for whom such occupation is a matter of vital necessity. There are thousands of our captive fellow countrymen who can face death and endure suffering with almost incredible fortitude, but may be unable to resist the slow demoralization of prison life with no steady purpose to look forward to and no distraction to make them forget their food-buckets and their jailers."

A letter of appreciation signed by some eighty men of letters was presented February 27, 1917, to the President of the Board of Education, the Right Honorable H. A. L. Fisher, M.P. "That some tens of thousands of books," it said, "among them the latest and best works in a variety of languages and on a great number of subjects — the arts and sciences, technology, navigation, commerce, and various industries — should have been collected or purchased and distributed gratis to the recipients, and without any charge to the Public Exchequer, is a work so meritorious that we feel it should not be allowed to pass without some acknowledgment on our part. The fact that it forms no part of the ordinary activities of a Government department, but is noncombatant service of an original character in connection with the war, which has been voluntarily initiated and successfully carried through, in addition to their ordinary duties and in the face of serious difficulties, by civil servants and other voluntary helpers, only

serves, in our view, to enhance its value as well as to increase our sense of indebtedness, which extends both to the officers and helpers referred to as well as to the Board of Education, which, by providing the requisite accommodation, has made the enterprise possible."

There is abundant testimony to the appreciation of the work from the camps, from the relatives of prisoners, and from both the Army and Navy. The Camp Librarian at Doeberitz wrote that since early in 1915 they had had a splendid general library, but that they had lacked educational books until application had been made to the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme. He added that since then there had been no case where an expressed want had not been supplied, immaterial of what branch of trade or study was concerned. "I can assure you there will be many a man who will leave captivity better educated than he entered it, thanks to your scheme of sending out books," was the word from Cassel.

By September, 1917, 200 camps had been supplied with books, for which 6500 requests had been received from prisoners. The number of parcels sent out in response to such requests approximated 7500, containing 43,700 volumes. The stock on the shelves at South Kensington averaged at least 12,000 volumes. The cost was about £250, five sixths of which is represented by purchases of books.

In all, six hundred camps and internment bases were reached by books in fifty-two languages, includ-

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FRENCH, ENGLISH, AND RUSSIAN PRISONERS ENJOYING AN AMERICAN WEEKLY

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A SCHOOL IN A PRISON CAMP

ing different East Indian dialects, Gaelic (both Irish and Scotch), Chinese and Japanese, Maori, and Esperanto. The books were not in every case gifts. Some officers could afford to pay for them, and did, often donating them later to the camp library.

Bishop Bury, who visited the camp at Ruhleben officially, said that there was so much studying going on that it deserved to be called the University of Ruhleben. The best idea of the intellectual side of life there can be had from the volume edited by Douglas Sladen: "In Ruhleben; Letters from a Prisoner to his Mother" (London, Hurst & Blackett, 1917). The writer of the letters is an anonymous young university undergraduate of the type responsible for the spirit of Ruhleben. On the second day in camp he was introduced into a little group which read Bergson's "Le Rire" under the most extraordinary conditions. He taught an intermediate French class, the pupils ranging from a sailor to a graduate of Aberdeen University. With a few comrades he read Schiller's plays and by himself worked through the "Theætetus" of Plato. He also helped a couple of men with some elementary Latin and was planning to take one of them in Greek.

Some of the London newspapers occasionally found their way into the camp. How they got there no one knew officially, but their much-bethumbed and ragged appearance after they had made the round of the camp showed how welcome was current news of the outside world. Mr. Israel Cohen says that up to April,

1915, the *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag* was the sole official channel of information as to current events. When newspapers were used as wrappings of parcels sent to prisoners they were rigorously removed by the guards at the parcels office before the parcels were given to the addressees. But in the summer of 1915 the authorities relaxed and permitted the sale of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the *Vossische Zeitung*, the *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung*, and the *Woche*.

The interned men published a magazine, *In Ruhleben Camp*, in which were reflected the various currents of thought among the prisoners. One Philistine sneered about every one wanting to learn several languages at once. "I do not suppose," said he, "there is a single man in the camp who cannot ask you how you feel, how you felt yesterday, in half a dozen different languages, but I doubt if there are more than ten who can say what is wrong with them in three." The Debating Society discussed such subjects as "Resolved, that concentration camps are an essentially retrogressive feature of warfare"; "That bachelors be taxed" (the meeting deciding wholeheartedly that bachelorhood was enough of a tax itself, since they had lived in an enforced state of bachelorhood from the opening of the camp); "That the metric system be introduced into Great Britain," which fell through because no speaker could be found to oppose it.

The Armistice brought up the question of what to do with the books. This is being solved by turning

over those which are now arriving from the abandoned camps to the Central Library for Students. This is an organization started since the war, to supply books for further study, free of charge, to students who cannot afford to buy them for themselves and cannot borrow them from a near-by public library. In some cases even the transportation is paid for by the Library. The books may be kept as long as three months, and if a group asks for a large quantity, as is often the case, they may have as many as they wish. The Central Library is also helping the War Office by furnishing some of the books needed by the soldier students in the occupied territory who are taking the Government's educational courses.

CHAPTER XIV

BRITISH MILITARY HOSPITAL LIBRARIES

In most British hospitals during the first years of the war there was no general supervision of the books apportioned to the various wards. The overworked nurses did what they could to keep them in order, but there was no central control and no system of exchange between different wards. While one ward might have an oversupply of Nat Goulds and no copies of Conan Doyle, the neighboring ward might have a surplus of Conan Doyle with an insistent call for Nat Gould, which could not be met. The nursing staff was much too busy to even things up.

In August, 1917, Lady Brassey initiated a system of library control. She visited personally a number of the leading military hospitals in the London command and secured the approval of a plan for installing librarians. The books found in the different hospitals were catalogued and were distributed to the wards on an equal basis. Worthless and worn-out books were discarded and sold for old paper at the high English rate of thirteen pounds per ton. Placards were posted and the neighborhood circularized for gifts.

"The initial steps of organizing hospital libraries are the hardest in most cases," wrote Lady Brassey, "as you are looked upon with suspicion as a busybody

who wants to get a footing in the Field hospital. . . . I don't blame the C.O.'s and matrons, as I know how they are pestered with women offering 'to help the dear men.' The dear men, I know, very often wish those kind, well-meaning ladies back in their own homes, to put it mildly. However, after a little talk, the C.O.'s usually realize that I am there to help the men and not to please myself. They usually begin by telling me, that in this particular hospital, the men don't like reading, or that the men have an ample supply. I ignore those remarks and proceed to tell him very shortly about the work of the War Library. He then usually rings for a matron — in some cases to protect himself; in others, because he is getting interested and sees that the hospital may be benefited."

At the Second London General Hospital, Chelsea, Lady Brassey was given the use of an empty schoolhouse, which she fitted up with book-shelves, writing-tables, and chairs. In addition to books from the War Library, there was a generous supply of books from various sources. A general catalogue was made of all the books in the hospital and a separate one for each ward. After a time, Lady Brassey became doubtful as to whether the separate catalogue for each ward was worth while, as the men who were able to be up and about could take out books for themselves and the bedridden ones could be looked after by the librarian or by some of the patients, who are exceedingly considerate of each other. "It's astonishing the

books the Tommies ask for — ranging from Sophocles to Nat Gould. I don't say that the latter is not more frequently asked for than the former. Nat Gould is very popular, but they do like good reading to a very great extent, and when a man is debating as to what he wants to read, you can often persuade him to try something good. What I enjoy is to see the men coming into the library of their own accord and looking for a book to suit them and to have a little chat. The picture papers are a great delight. Testaments are very readily taken."

The Third London General Hospital at Wandsworth was opened in August, 1914. It had two thousand beds and was one of the largest military hospitals in Great Britain. From the start, the Commanding Officer and the Matron resolved that the hospital should be (as far as possible) a cheerful memory for the patients. Every week-day there was a concert at which some of the best London talent was provided. Boxing men and professional billiard players gave exhibitions to the great delight of the patients, and during the summer athletic contests were held. Nor had the literary needs of the men been overlooked. While the supply of books came mainly from the War Library, gifts of considerable value were received from generous publishers and literary friends. One of the most prized was a large box from Mrs. Rudyard Kipling. Needless to say all the books in it written by her husband were borrowed from the shelves within twenty-four hours.

Each ward had a three- or four-shelf bookcase. A typed and bound catalogue of the entire library was exhibited in three different parts of the hospital.

"The handy cheap editions favored by the men have covers that possess limitations in wear and tear," writes W. Pett Ridge, honorary librarian. "The state of a ninepenny novel after a month or two of use is often a compliment to its author, and a reproach to the binder. I observe that Jack London's novels have a short life, and a busy one. Meredith Nicholson's works, by reason of their popularity, come at frequent intervals to be added to the mound of waste paper. The delightful novels by Alice Hegan Rice go from hand to hand, strenuously recommended by the last borrower. I transferred (not without reluctance) my own collection of the books by Mr. Dooley, and their present state may be described as war-worn. The men love 'Audrey' and all the rest from the great pen of Mary Johnston. As to British authors, affection is given to those who write books of adventure, or books that include a reference to sport, or books which are not devoid of the element of humor.

"'For the Lord's sake,' beg most of my blue-uniformed customers, 'don't you dare give us one that mentions the war!'

"My own view, — given for what it may be worth, — is that the patient should be encouraged to read anything likely to induce a yearning to get back again to the atmosphere of normal health. If he can

be taken, for an hour, into a world where the women are good (but not too good) and undeniably beautiful; where horses win races, by a short head; where heroines write plays that have an immediate and terrific success; where uncles go to the colonies for no other reason, apparently, than that of amassing fortunes to be left in the very nick of time to deserving young relatives at home, then the reader is likely to share the task of the doctors and nurses, and determine to lose no time in getting well. A great tribute to writers comes when a man returns one of their books, and says: 'I'll have another, if you don't mind, by the self-same party!'

"Our men from over-seas are the men for standard authors. I have an idea that they often, in the past, wanted to read Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and Jane Austen, but time and opportunity never came together. Now, with the leisure imposed by hospital rules, they begin the task with eagerness. I received last week a glorious present of a complete set of Dickens in the Gadshill edition, — noble volumes, scarlet bound, and a delight to look at and handle. The previous owner — but this is a question to be settled between himself and his Maker — had not cut the pages! To-day, each book shows evidence of close attention. We can arrange, if required to do so, in connection with the War Pensions Committee, for technical works of a special character to be obtained, and supplied to men who wish to carry on preparation for some civil career. Now and again, we are asked

for one of the classics. Young officers demand poetry, and cannot get too much of it; they read John Masefield, and Henry Newbolt, and Yeats. Privately I suspect many of them of an experiment in this medium, and an attempt to set down in verse the marvelous occurrences and sensations that have come to them, out Flanders way. I wish the lads, with all my heart, the best of luck in their new and difficult emprise.

"For myself, I have known in many long years the pleasure of writing books; I now recognize the happiness that can be found in circulating them. I pass on the discovery for the benefit of my colleagues and contemporaries in America who happen to be, like myself, past the fighting age, but not arrived at the years when one is content to fold hands and do nothing. The work I do at the Third London General Hospital, trifling contribution as it is, represents a joy to me. I honestly relish every moment I give to it."

Of course not all the patients were book-lovers; some, who were not in the habit of reading, had to be coaxed. Mr. Ridge tells of a man who asked whether he could get "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea." The book was found and brought to him. "I'm very glad to have it," said the wounded soldier. "I began it twenty years ago. Somebody pinched it from me when I was halfway through it and I've never had a chance of getting to the end of it."

"Yes — but you've read a large number of books since then, have n't you?"

"Oh, no," the man replied, "I never tried another."

The Grove Hospital at Tooting was "adopted" by a local Baptist church, which gave as a beginning fifteen hundred excellent books, appointed a librarian, and then, doubling its contribution of books provided the necessary bookcases and prepared a catalogue.

"Let it be understood," said Mrs. Gaskell in one of her letters, "that the soldier who has been at the front in all the din and racket cannot possibly read anything of a solid character at first, even when unwounded; pictures are all the brain can bear. Hence the necessity for illustrated papers, the penny novelette, and Nick Carter detective stories. They are very light to hold, the villain always gets punished, and virtue is always triumphant, or makes such a holy end that you cannot regret it! There are no psychological problems and perplexities. Indeed, the most modern novel, which deals with life as it is and lands one on no firm ground, is not popular with the mass. A tale well told is what our lads need, and if it is sentimental, so much the better. They love Miss Ethel Dell and Marie Corelli, and amongst the boys Ouida is a great favorite."

A patient at the dépôt of the British Red Cross Society in Genoa, on returning a book by Carlyle, said that he could n't make much out of it and warned a soldier standing near by to avoid choosing such books. "That is the only kind of book I read in

English," the soldier replied; "I read my novels in other languages." In fact, the variety of demands made upon the up-to-date hospital library necessitates the provision of all kinds of books. Especially is this true in convalescent camps and reconstruction hospitals, where the men soon weary of mere stories. Their recovery is often expedited by practical courses of study and up-to-date textbooks. Particularly do the men in trades and the professional men welcome the good books on their special subjects. A wounded lawyer, with a long and tedious fracture case, asked for "Tarmon on Wills" and the British War Library was only too glad to get it for him.

How appreciative the men are of these special efforts on their behalf, is shown by a letter received at the British War Library, addressed to "You Generous Folk who distribute reading matter":

"We are able to get literature here — but not the particular kind I would choose at such a time. Could you manage to get me some Kipling, please! I cannot get pay in hospital to buy it, and my parents are not in the position to get it for me — but I would love some Kipling. It would be such a treat after twelve and a half months in France, with an eight-inch Howitzer battery.

"Perhaps I am asking for something that is too expensive. I must apologize if this is the case. It occurred to me that perhaps you might know of some one who could get me what I want.

"I hope you will make an effort — good people —

if you can do this I shall forever be grateful to you. When one is in hospital good turns are much more appreciated than at other times.

"If you will let me know whether you are able to get me some Kipling or not it will save me wondering. So you will let me know, won't you please?"

The following is from a patient in Bramshott Hospital:

"The book you sent — 'Many Adventures' — arrived whilst I was bad — too bad to write you and let you know it was here — because my right arm has been giving me trouble for the last few days. It is getting better now and I am able to write at last and thank you from the bottom of my heart — 'a soldier's heart!' — for your kindness.

"I commenced reading yesterday — being unable to do so before — and I am enjoying the yarns immensely. Thank you too for dispatching the book so promptly. It cheered me — as I lay abed — to hear a comrade whisper, 'A book for you, Gunner.' Guessing it was from you I resolved to get well quickly — for I have looked forward to some Kipling ever since my arrival here.

"If you wish it, I will pass the volume on when I have read it. But I would love to keep it for my own — and I would be only too willing to lend it to any comrade who will read it.

"Thank you — I mean that. Thank you very much indeed, you have cheered up a Tommy."

Topical Press Agency, London

LIBRARY AND READING ROOM OF THE MILITARY HOSPITAL, ENDELL STREET, LONDON

The hospital was officered entirely by women

Topical Press Agency

SOLDIERS AND ATTENDANTS READING IN THE MILITARY HOSPITAL, ENDELL STREET, LONDON

THE MILITARY HOSPITAL, ENDELL STREET, LONDON

The Military Hospital in Endell Street, London, is the only one of its kind in England officered entirely by women. In the spring of 1915, when preparations were being made for the reception of the wounded sent back from the front, two well-known authors, Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Beatrice Harraden, were invited to act as honorary librarians. They were asked to collect suitable books and magazines, and by personal interviews with the soldiers to encourage reading. Their task was to help the men through the long hours of illness by providing reading matter that would keep them interested and amused. Miss Harraden, in an article published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, writes that from the outset it seemed an interesting project, but nothing like so stimulating and gratifying as it proved to be. It has shown the truth of the maxim that reading is to the mind what medicine is to the body.

The two women began their task by writing to their publisher friends, who generously sent large consignments of fiction, travel, and biography, with hundreds of magazines. Authors also willingly came to their aid. A dignified and imposing bookcase, presented by a lady, was placed in the recreation room as an outward and visible sign of the official existence of a library. Other bookcases followed and were soon filled. The hospital was suddenly opened and men arrived from the front while the librarians were

"still engaged in the heavy task of sorting and rejecting literally shoals of all sorts and conditions of books." It must be confessed that some of the contributions aroused the suspicion that the donors had said to themselves, "Here is a grand opportunity of getting rid of all our old, dirty, heavy book encumbrances!" — and Miss Harraden remarks that she does not recall ever having been so dirty or so indignant. But this was offset by the generosity and understanding of the many people who sent new books, or money with which to buy the much-needed volumes.

It was early decided to have no red tape. The bookcases were left unlocked at all times and the men were encouraged to go to the shelves and pick out what they liked. The librarians took books to the patients who were confined to their beds. After various experiments, Miss Harraden and Miss Robins divided the wards between them and made the rounds with notebook in hand, finding out from each soldier whether he cared to read and if so what kind of books he was likely to want. This mental probing had to be done without worrying the patient, for in some cases the thought of a book was apparently more terrifying than the idea of a bomb. In such instances, a smoke served as a substitute for reading, to which, generally speaking, it was a natural concomitant.

By carrying them stationery, writing their letters, sending their telegrams or cables, posting their parcels, and doing many other small kindnesses, in addi-

tion to supplying them with books, the librarians soon made friends with the patients and became acquainted with their tastes and preferences. "We made a point of never being dismayed by any demand whatsoever," says Miss Harraden, "and dispensed books in French and Japanese and Sanscrit and Spanish with equal calmness of demeanor. We had several studying for examinations, amongst them a Canadian reading up for his final in Law, and a young fellow coaching himself up for the London Matriculation. Others learned shorthand. Others read books on banking. Several studied wireless telegraphy, and one of them came back later on to say that he had finished his course after leaving Endell Street, and got a post. We got the weekly technical papers for the men, and they looked forward greatly to the advent of their particular journal. Probably nothing gave them more pleasure than this as the attention seemed so personal."

In order to be sure that the Canadian papers which were supplied by the Canadian Red Cross or the Canadian Pacific R. R. were properly distributed, care was taken to find out from which town each Canadian came. In the same way the librarians tried to look after the Australians and New Zealanders. If there was a Dane or a Swede in the hospital they wrote to the Danish or Swedish legation, asking for papers for him and suggesting that someone be sent to visit him. For a Roumanian who was in great distress over the fate of his parents, they were able to get

direct information by means of a telegram sent by the Roumanian Minister. From the beginning the doctors enlisted the services of the librarians and recommended to their care patients who appeared to need particular sympathy and consideration. It was a common occurrence for one of the medical staff to proffer a request that Private Jones be specially catered for, or Corporal Smith be encouraged to occupy his mind during the day so that he might sleep at night, — and give his neighbors a chance of sleeping likewise.

Often a man asked to have a book waiting for him after an operation, so that he might begin to read it as soon as possible in order to forget the pain.

Some of the patients had never learned to read; with one exception, these men were miners. Some who were not naturally readers acquired the reading habit while in the hospital; many when well enough to become out-patients asked permission for continued use of the library. It was a source of great pleasure to the librarians to see old patients stroll into the recreation-room and pick out for themselves books by authors with whom they had become acquainted in their early days at the hospital.

A glance through the librarians' notebooks shows the type of popular reading chosen by the patients. The following list, compiled by taking the order-books at random, but the entries consecutively, gives some idea of the result of the pilgrimages from bedside to bedside, through the different wards:

One of Nat Gould's novels.
Regiments at the Front.
Burns's Poems.
A book on bird life.
The Last Days of Pompeii.
Strand Magazine.
Strand Magazine.
Wide World Magazine.
The Spectator.
A scientific book.
Review of Reviews.
By the Wish of a Woman (Marchmont).
One of Rider Haggard's.
Marie Corelli.
Nat Gould.
Rider Haggard.
Nat Gould.
Nat Gould.
Nat Gould.
A good detective story.
Something to make you laugh.
Strand Magazine.
Adventure story.
A Tale of Two Cities.
Gil Blas.
Browning's Poems.
Tolstoi's Resurrection.
Sexton Blake.
Handy Andy (Lover).
Kidnapped.
Treasure Island.
Book about rose growing.
Montezuma's Daughter (Haggard).
The Prisoner of Zenda.
Macaulay's Essays.

The Magnetic North (Robins).
Nat Gould.
Sexton Blake.
Modern high explosives.
Dawn (Haggard).
Wild animals.
Book on horse-breaking.
Radiography.

The popular periodicals played a great part in this work with the wounded soldiers, *The Strand*, *The Windsor*, *The Red*, *Pearson's*, *The Wide World*, and *John Bull*, which the average British soldier looks upon as a sort of gospel, being most in demand. The very sight of *John Bull's* well-known cover proved cheering to new arrivals from the trenches; even if too ill to read it, they seemed to like to have it near them, ready for the moment when returning strength should give them the incentive to take a glance at its pages. Some of the soldiers had decided predilections for particular magazines and would not look at any but their pet publications. Miss Harraden tells of one man who confined himself entirely to *Blackwood's* and preferred a back number of that magazine to the current number of any upstart rival. Another was interested only in the *Review of Reviews*, while a third remained exclusively loyal to the *Nineteenth Century*. "Others have asked only for wretched little rags which one would wish to see perish off the face of the earth. But as time has gone on, these have been less and less asked for and their place has been gradually taken by the *Sphere*, the *Graphic*, the *Tatler*, the *Illus-*

trated London News, and the *Sketch* — another instance of a better class of literature being welcomed and accepted if put within easy reach. In our case this has been made continuously possible by friends who have given subscriptions for both monthly and weekly numbers, and by others who send in their back numbers in batches, and by the publishers, who never fail us."

The experience in the matter of book selection at the Military Hospital bears out that of the secretaries of the War Library. It was found necessary to invest in a great many detective stories, as well as books by Charles Garvice, Oppenheim, and Nat Gould, for large numbers of men would be satisfied with nothing else. No matter how badly off a wounded man might be, the suggestion of a book by his favorite author would often bring a smile to his face, with perhaps the whispered words: "A Nat Gould — ready for when I'm better."

The men who would read nothing but good literature were by no means a negligible quantity. If one man was reading Nat Gould's "Jockey Jack" — a great favorite — very likely the man in the next bed was reading Shakespeare, or "The Pilgrim's Progress," or Shelley, or Meredith, or Conrad, or a volume of Everyman's Encyclopedia. Six subscriptions to Mudie's were taken out, and were a great help. If there was a particular patient who really had a passion for reading, read quickly, and wanted all the up-to-date books, a subscription was set aside

for his use and his book changed as often as he wished. In this way many educated men were kept satisfied and happy. They appreciated the personal consideration and made grateful use of their privileges.

Curiosity prompted an inquiry as to why a certain reader who seemed most unpromising should ask for "The Last Days of Pompeii." It turned out that he had seen the story in a picture theater. He became riveted to the book until he had finished it, and passed it on to his neighbor as a real find. Another soldier who had been introduced through film-land to "Much Ado about Nothing" asked not only for that, but for several other volumes of Shakespeare.

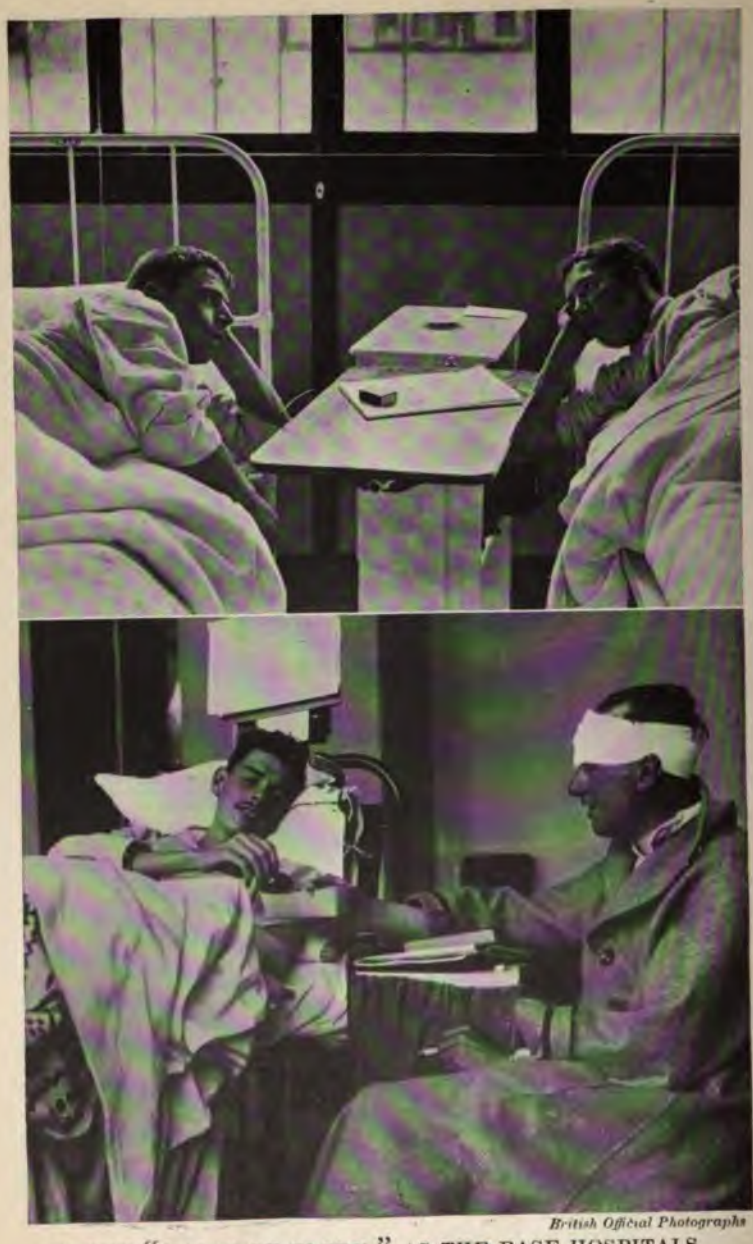
The New Zealanders and Australians were always keen on books about England. They also asked for their own poets and for Bushranger stories.

Although the librarians never attempted to force good books on the soldiers, they took pains to have them within reach. They found that when the men once began on a better class of literature they did not ordinarily return to the old stuff, which had formerly constituted their whole range of reading. Miss Harraden believes that the average soldier reads rubbish because he has had no one to tell him what to read. Robert Louis Stevenson has lifted many of the patients in this hospital to a higher plane of reading, from which they have looked down with something like scorn on their former favorites. In more ways than one, "Treasure Island" has been a discovery for the soldiers, and an unspeakable boon to the librarians.

Daily Mail, London

TWO "TOMMIES" IN HOSPITAL, DISCUSSING THE NEWS

Men who had been through it were fond of comparing notes and keeping posted



British Official Photographs

IN THE "HALLS OF GLORY," AS THE BASE HOSPITALS HAVE BEEN CALLED

"One of the most satisfactory sides of our work," Miss Harraden says, "was guiding the taste of these young boys of eighteen or nineteen, often very young for their age, very susceptible to wholesome influence, very clean hearted and simple. They have gladly renounced their horrid little badly printed rubbish and have adored the people they have been introduced to — Henty and Strang and Kingston, and then Stevenson and Dumas and Dickens. It has been an immense pleasure to look after them and to know that a joy in good books has been planted in their minds. Some of them have come back or written to report that all is well with their reading habits, and also that they are now buying books of their own.

"We have had many visits and numberless letters from former readers. We have often had letters from the Front from strangers in the trenches who have heard of the Library from their comrades and have been emboldened to write for a book or to ask the librarians to buy books for them, for which they have invariably sent the money. Several technical books have been sent by us in this way."

Current books which had aroused public interest were generously provided by the publishers, an endeavor being made to supply not only standard works but also books of the moment bearing upon the war. Books on aeroplanes, submarines, and wireless telegraphy were much in demand even before special attention was paid to technical subjects, while books

dealing with wild animals and their habits were always great favorites.

One day the librarians were asked for a particular book on high explosives. They hesitated about spending eighteen shillings to meet a single request, but on referring the matter to the doctor in charge they were told to go ahead and buy not only that but any other special books that seemed to be wanted. This suggested the idea of finding out just what subjects the men were interested in, what their occupations had been before the war, and their plans for the future. Thenceforth the work of the librarians became to a certain extent constructive, — and consequently tenfold more interesting, — inasmuch as it was helping to equip the men for their return to active life.

In came requests for books on aeroplanes; architecture; cabinet-making and old furniture; chemistry, organic and inorganic; coal mining; drawing and painting; electricity; engineering in its various branches; gardening and forestry; languages; meteorology; music; paper making, printing; submarines; veterinary medicine; violin making, and so on. A soldier from Nova Scotia, whose father's business was fish curing, asked for a book on that subject, wishing to learn English methods and to gain all the information he could about it before being sent back home. A book on Sheffield plate, lent to the hospital library by an antiquary, proved a veritable godsend to a crippled soldier who had been a second-hand dealer be-

fore the war and who considered it a rare chance that such a book had come his way, as the copious notes he was able to make from it would be invaluable to him afterwards.

"Our experiences," concludes Miss Harraden, "have tended to show that a library department organized and run by people who have some knowledge of books might prove to be a useful asset in any hospital, both military and civil, and be the means of affording not only amusement and distraction, but even definite education — induced, of course, not insisted on. To obtain satisfactory results, it would seem, however, that even a good and carefully chosen collection of books of all kinds does not suffice. In addition, an official librarian is needed who will supply the initiative, which in the circumstances is of necessity lacking, and whose duty it is to visit the wards, study the temperaments, inclinations, and possibilities of the patients and thus find out by direct personal intercourse what will arouse, help, stimulate, lift — and heal."

CHAPTER XV

READING IN THE PRISON CAMPS

"One of the greatest miseries of prison life, and one of the most demoralizing aspects of it," said Professor Gilbert Murray, "is the aimlessness and emptiness of existence from day to day. The reports which I have heard, both from escaped prisoners and from those who have visited the prison camps, have almost always the same burden: the men who fill their days with some purposeful occupation come through safely; the men who cannot do so, in one way or another, break or fail. The occupation must be purposeful; it must not merely while away the time, like playing cards or walking up and down a prison yard; it must have in it some element of hope, of progress, of preparation for the future. A man who works at learning a foreign language in order to talk to a fellow-prisoner is saved from the worst dangers of prison life; an electrician who goes on studying electricity is saved; a student who sets himself to pass his examinations, an artisan who works to better himself in his trade, an artist who works on his drawing or painting, a teacher who works at the further mastering of his subject — all these are protected against the infectious poison of their captivity."

Testimony to the truth of these words is abundant,

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GERMAN PRISONERS INTERNED IN HOLLAND

These men were supplied with reading matter by various welfare organizations

GERMAN PRISONER STUDENT READING AN AMERICAN BOOK
IN A BRITISH PRISON CAMP IN FRANCE

and evidence of the widespread desire on the part of the men in the prison camps to avail themselves of all possible opportunities for reading and study is to be found on every hand. In the judgment of Rear-Admiral Parry, of the British Navy, large numbers of prisoners of war were saved from serious mental deterioration by having access to interesting works on nautical astronomy, navigation, seamanship, and allied subjects in which they were specially interested.

Professor Sir Henry Jones, of Glasgow University, wrote that his son, who was interned at Yozgad, in Asiatic Turkey, after the fall of Kut-el-Amara, had tried to make the best of his condition by writing songs, an amateur drama, and a juvenile book, in collaboration with another officer. The arrival of some law books sent from the Headquarters of the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme (Educational) helped him to continue his preparation for the English Bar.

A teacher in the Italian section of the prison camp school at Ruhleben was of the opinion that more Italian was studied there than at the Universities of London, Oxford, and Cambridge in normal times.

A British company sergeant-major, imprisoned at Minden, was furnished with a Russian grammar and dictionary, and reported that he learned to read, write, and speak Russian fairly well. He mentioned various books which might prove helpful to him, but was quite content to leave the selection to those

at the Headquarters of the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme.

Hundreds of schools were maintained in the prison-pens of the contending armies by the American Y.M.C.A. Among the hordes of prisoners, not only thousands upon thousands of boys from twelve to twenty, but older men as well, were eager to study, and university professors, clergymen, engineers, and other professional men were ready and glad to give instruction in the branches in which they were proficient. Books were essential for the classroom work and an endless variety of texts and manuals was asked for. To meet this demand thousands of volumes were furnished by the American Library Association, to whom the Y.M.C.A. had handed over virtually its entire library business. What this meant to the prisoners in the camps cannot be overestimated; to all it meant hope and joy, to some perhaps even life and sanity.

Count L——, a prisoner in a Russian camp, asked for a good American story, and the Y.M.C.A. secretary brought him "Black Rock." The Count pronounced it one of the best novels he had ever read, and asked the secretary to send him ten others of the same kind from America "after the war." Having occasion to go to Petrograd a few days later, the "Y." man purchased books by Ralph Connor, Gene Stratton Porter, and Jack London, and gave them to the Count. No other volumes ever received such joyful reading. They were afterwards presented to

the prison library where they were in great demand. Other books of the same class were later sent to the prison.

An American Y.M.C.A. secretary in a Russian prison camp borrowed a Koran and the other books needed by the Mohammedans for a service, which he arranged for them. Another secretary, writing from the war prisons in Eastern Siberia, reported that the Germans and Austrians occupied much of their time in study. As at first it was impossible to secure books in any language but Russian, the prison schools were for a time equipped with Russian textbooks only. These were translated for the men by the prisoners who had a general knowledge of Russian. Many of the prisoners spoke English or French, and the more proficient among them organized study groups, so that all the camps soon came to have good-sized language schools. Some of the student captives learned four or five languages during their imprisonment. Commercial Spanish proved especially popular. As the prison schools taught everything from the alphabet up to literary and scientific subjects of university grade, some men were able not only to learn trades, but to secure three years' apprenticeship. In the course of time, thousands of German books arrived for the prisoners and so enabled many of the advanced students to continue studies interrupted by the war.

Thousands of German prisoners of war were taken to Holland in exchange for British prisoners. These men, reports Mr. Isaac F. Marcosson, took up the

study of Dutch, Spanish, or English, just as was being done in the prison camps in France and elsewhere, so that though rendered incapable of fighting further in the physical war, they were "preparing for the peaceful war after the war."

Mr. Will Irwin visited a prison camp in Southern France in December, 1917, and found many of the German prisoners quite studious. "The prisoners sat at tables, absorbed in books," wrote Mr. Irwin. "At the growling command of a sergeant, they sprang to attention; and then, on a gesture from the French officer who accompanied me, sat down again and resumed their books. I passed from table to table. One or two were reading novels; one was transcribing music; the rest were studying. Over the circulating library of some fifteen hundred volumes presided a tall, good-looking Bavarian. He was, he informed me in excellent French, not only the librarian, but also the schoolmaster." He had been a teacher before the war and was now instructing his fellow prisoners in French and mathematics. Courses in English, Spanish, mechanical drawing, and the theory of music were being given. Men qualified to teach other branches came into the camp from time to time, and while they were there classes were organized in the subjects with which they were familiar. Letters seen by Mr. Irwin from French prisoners in Germany showed that they followed the same course; whenever they had leisure and instructors were available, they employed the time in studying something.

In the military prison at Wesel, Wallace Ellison was confined in a cell five paces long and two and a half wide. In one pocket he found a stump of pencil, in another a few scraps of toilet paper, and setting to work, he wrote down all the verse and prose that he had committed to memory, only regretting that he had not memorized more.

Over and over again he said to himself —

"I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there of clay and wattles made."

"It mattered nothing that I could not arise and go," said he. "One day I should find my Innisfree, and that sufficed for me. I tried to remember Kipling's 'If' and 'Gunga Din,' Browning's 'One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,' Tennyson's 'Revenge,' and a score of others, finding tremendous consolation in them all." Two lines from Meredith's "Love in a Valley" were often on his lips:

"She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer —
Hard, but oh, the glory of the winning were she won!"

On the third day of his confinement, Ellison resolved to ask for something to read. In answer to his summons the warder appeared, accompanied by a tall sentry who stood in the corridor with loaded rifle and fixed bayonet.

"What do you want?" bellowed the warder.

Ellison told him, as politely as he could, that he would like something to read. The warder glared at him in amazement.

"Read! What do you mean?"

"Oh, a newspaper or a book — anything. You have no right to treat me in this fashion. At the very worst, we are in remand arrest. We have had no trial, nor has any sentence been passed upon us."

Reaching out, the warder tapped with his hand on the whitewashed walls of the cell. Putting his ugly face uncomfortably close to Ellison's, he shouted in a hoarse voice, charged with all the hatred that it could hold, —

"Here are the four walls of your cell. You are a prisoner. Read those!"

The key turned twice in the lock, and Ellison found himself alone again. To his astonishment the warder returned a quarter of an hour later, bringing with him a German blood-and-thunder story which Ellison read with great glee. From that time the man, who had been brutal and coarse to the prisoners in ways that cannot be described, tried very sheepishly to make amends for his former conduct.

Frequently, after long months of imprisonment, Ellison would repeat to himself Sterne's beautiful invocation to the Spirit of Humor: "Gentle Spirit of sweetest humor, who erst didst sit upon the easy pen of my beloved Cervantes! Thou who glidedst daily through his lattice, and turnedst the twilight of his prison into noonday brightness by thy presence — tingedst his little urn of water with Heaven-sent nectar, and all the time he wrote of Sancho and his master, didst cast thy mystic mantle o'er his withered

stump, and wide extendedst it to all the evils of his life, — Turn in hither, I beseech thee!"

A Scotchman, one of the "Old Contemptibles," told Ellison of his attempt to get something to read: "Mon, I mind fine how I tried in Doeberitz Camp to get my wife to send me an English newspaper in my parcels, but for a long time I could n't just hit on the right sort o' thing to say in my letters to her so that she would understand and the German censor would n't. At last I wrote to her and said, quite innocent like — 'Dear Mary, — I wish you could let me have the *fine times* which Angus Mackenzie lets you have every Sunday morning.' Angus Mackenzie is the news agent in the town where I live in Scotland, an' by the '*fine times*,' ye ken, I meant *Lloyd's Weekly News*. Mon, I got an awfu' letter back frae my wife!"

To a fellow prisoner, Ellison read Kipling's "Back to the Army, Sergeant," and saw his comrade's face light up with wonder. "By G——, that's just it!" was his comment. "It was as though many of these men had walked straight out of 'Barrack-Room Ballads' or the 'Seven Seas.' They respected Kipling almost to the point of veneration. I have come to the conclusion that critics who aver that Kipling does not understand human nature — and there are many such — simply do not know the types of men whom Kipling knows through and through."

"Yes, Ellison, I suppose this is what hell is like," said a fellow prisoner. "You are compelled to live year in and year out with a lot of men whom you

detest, and from whom there is no means of escape. Hell can't be any worse than this."

"Quite so," answered Ellison, "but with this one difference. If I have read my Dante aright, there is no escape from hell. But I think I shall find a way out of here."

After an attempted escape, Ellison was arrested in Berlin and confined to a cell. Books were allowed the prisoners, and although the range of choice was very much limited, he found solace in Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Peru," "The Autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury," the second volume of Morley's "Life of Gladstone," Walton's "Compleat Angler," the first portion of "Don Quixote," and Gordon's "Diary in Khartoum." He also managed to procure from a fellow prisoner a number of recently published books written by German flying-men, submarine commanders, naval officers, and war correspondents, which he found intensely interesting.

In his book entitled "Captured," Lieutenant J. H. Douglas, of the Fourth Canadian Mounted Rifles, gives us interesting glimpses of the thirst for reading among the prisoners of war. While with some of the men it merely served to pass away the time, to others it meant salvation. Two of his comrades had been in the hospital for a long time and had a few books that had escaped the censor. The German pastor who buried their dead had given them an English book entitled "The Life of a Curate." There was a waiting list for all English books, which were passed around

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FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR IN BARRACKS AT DARMSTADT

Improvised sleeping accommodations

© International Film Service

PRISONERS OF WAR READING AFTER LUNCH

The men who read and studied were "protected against the infectious poison of their captivity"

the hospital as fast as they could be read. Lieutenant Douglas says that if they had had a copy of Webster's Dictionary, it would have been devoured from cover to cover. The men subscribed to the *Kölnische Zeitung* and every evening after supper they gathered around the table while some one translated the dispatches: "We smiled when we read almost every day how the English had suffered *Blutige Schlag* (bloody defeat)." With the exception of the *Continental Times*, a pro-German paper distributed free among the prisoners, they had not seen a newspaper printed in English since they had been taken prisoners.

The study of French attracted many of the Englishmen. Lieutenant Douglas exchanged lessons in English for instruction in French with a French captain in the hospital. They managed to have textbooks bought for them in the city and did serious work for two hours every day — dividing the time equally between the two languages and going straight through the grammar, one lesson at a time. At first all the explanations were made in German as this was the language both knew best. Later they used only the language they were studying at the time. Exercises were written as part of the preparation for each lesson, and were corrected and rated as strictly as though they were university examination papers. All this served to make the day seem shorter, and the knowledge of French acquired proved of great value to Lieutenant Douglas later when he was transferred to Switzerland, where he and some of his fellow prison-

ers were allowed to register at the University of Lausanne and took courses in engineering and French literature.

The French captain was an indefatigable worker, and, as soon as he was able to do so, commenced the study of French law through some books ordered from Paris. For a year and a half he lived almost alone and maintained his sanity by very hard reading. In sheer desperation he took up the study of German with a *sanitaire*. He even attempted English by himself and made remarkable progress.

The prisoners as a rule were greatly interested in the belated foreign newspapers which came to them. For a long time only two — the London *Times* and the Paris *Temps* — were allowed in the camps in Russia, a restriction made in order to save the time of the Russian censors rather than on account of any distrust of other English or French papers. Not only all German and American, but all neutral newspapers were banned. It was only after America entered the war that permission was secured for the prisoners to receive the *New York Times*. Whenever any of the English papers were brought into the prison camps, some one who knew English well was selected to translate them aloud, while groups sat around and listened for hours at a time.

Mr. J. L. Austin, a British officer who was imprisoned in various German camps early in the war, has published his experiences as a German prisoner. He says that upon arrival at Torgau in Saxony, they

obtained a few English books at the railway station. The British officers formed a circulating library and English and French authors were readily procurable in Tauchnitz editions. "There was no lack of reading material, but there was a tendency for other people to borrow your book before you had finished with it, and if any one lost a volume that he had brought out, he had nothing to exchange for another. But in spite of certain irregularities the system worked well; many books also were sent to officers from home, and generally arrived safely. We were always allowed to take in the German newspapers, and for a short time, by the courtesy of a highly placed gentleman, a few copies of the *Times* and some illustrated English papers drifted into the camp. Thus we were enabled to read Sir John French's dispatches up to the end of the first battle of the Aisne, but at the other camps where we have been, it has always been impossible to obtain English newspapers. The German newspapers on the whole contained very little information, and whenever there was anything approaching a German reverse, it was published two or three days later as an unconfirmed report from London, Rome, or elsewhere. Most of the papers consisted of articles aimed at England, and were in many of their facts and in their expressions of hate somewhat grotesque and amusing reading. There was never, however, any attempt to disguise the loss of German ships, and we obtained fairly good accounts of the Heligoland fight and of the battle of the Falkland Islands."

"While British newspapers were distinctly *verboten*, we were permitted to purchase German publications, which were brought in daily, and sold by a German girl," says H. C. Mahoney in his "Interned in Germany." "For the most part, the Teuton papers comprised the *Berliner Tageblatt* and '*Aunt Voss*,' of which last, rumor had it, special editions were prepared for our express edification; but to the truth of this statement I cannot testify. Delivery was not exactly regular, and as the newsgirl had plenty of patronage, we could not understand, at first, her apparent indifference to trade. Later, we discovered that all of the papers were submitted to rigid censoring before they could be brought into the camp, and if they contained a line concerning a British success of arms, they were prohibited. By such action, the authorities doubtless hoped to keep us in ignorance of British military developments, but, once having gleaned the reason for the non-appearance of the papers, we naturally measured British successes by the days on which the news-sheets were not forthcoming. As time went on and the number of blanks increased, we rightly concluded that the German army was receiving a series of jolts which it did not relish. Consequently, by forbidding the papers, the Teutons defeated their own ends. Although we were somewhat in the dark as to the magnitude of the British achievements, we were free to speculate on the subject.

"One day a huge bundle of newspapers was

brought into camp, and to our astonishment they were freely distributed among the prisoners who quickly gathered around. That the authorities should present us with copies of a newspaper hot from the press was an outburst of magnanimity which quite overwhelmed us, and our delight became intensified when we read the title: *Continental Times*. We supposed this to be a Continental edition of the eminent British daily and we grabbed the proffered copies with eager delight. But when we dipped into the contents! Phew! The howl of rage that went up and the invectives that were hurled to the four winds startled even the guard. At first we thought the venerable Old Lady of Printing House Square had become bereft, since the paper was crammed from beginning to end with pro-German propaganda of an amazing and incredible description. It was a cunning move, but so shallow as merely to provoke sarcasm. Time after time that offensive sheet was brought into camp and given away; but on each occasion we subjected it to the grossest indignities we could conceive. What it cost the authorities to endeavor to deceive us in this way is only known to themselves, but it was a ghastly fiasco. Truly, the Teuton is strangely warped in his psychology."

Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P., in his "War Pictures, Behind the Lines," says that when he visited some of the prison camps he was able to dispel certain illusions and to disprove a large variety of stories which had been the main contents of the *Gazette des Ardennes*, a

bi-weekly newspaper published by the Germans at Charleville for the "benefit" of French prisoners. The prisoners told Mr. Malcolm that they always bought it, though money was scarce and it cost a penny, because there was always so much to laugh at in it. "Certainly, if all the issues were as unconsciously comic as those which I saw on that train, the penny was money well spent. Several men told me that on the days when this egregious newspaper appeared with its imaginary news of French defeats and of disasters to the Allies all over the globe, German officers and N.C.O.'s used to go round the camps and ask the men what they thought of it. The Germans, who unfortunately believed it all, were horrified to see their captives making exceedingly merry and declining to credit a single word. Another paper of the same agreeable kind is circulated for the benefit of English prisoners and is called *The Continental Times; a Journal for Americans in Europe*, price twopence halfpenny — and dear at the price. I can hardly imagine any sane American buying it, as it contains little but reprints of ravings against England (if possible by English writers), off-scouring from newspapers like the *Gaelic-American*, and clumsy inventions by way of war news. It is fair to add that it now publishes some of the French and English *communiqués* from the seat of war; but it did not include these items until it had done its best in all previous numbers to prove that such information from the Allies was unworthy of credence."

Captain Horace Gray Gilliland, in speaking of the dreariness of camp life at Munden, says that no daily paper, nor periodicals of any sort, not even German ones, were allowed the men. They had "only a rag called *The Continental Times; a Journal for Americans in Europe*, — probably the most scandalous paper ever produced, copies of which should certainly be printed after the declaration of peace, and would be worth a guinea a copy, I can assure you. There were only about a dozen English novels in the camp, and no means of obtaining more; consequently, to keep one's mind occupied, one had to read them over and over again."

Captain J. A. L. Caunter, of the First Battalion, the Gloucestershire Regiment, spent several years as a prisoner of war at Crefeld. According to his testimony the German people did not believe their own official reports and the *Times* was largely read by people in the town. "I have heard it actually said by a German," he states, "that he read it so as to get news of the war — the German papers containing nothing but stuff entirely favorable to the Fatherland. There was an official report issued by the Great Headquarters every afternoon and this appeared in the *Extra Blatt*, a yellow sheet of paper specially printed. This *Extra Blatt* used to be carried past the prison by an old Boche, who always shouted the same thing — 'heavy losses of the English, French, and Russians.' At last, after hearing him daily for two years or more, the prisoners began to assert themselves, and he was

received with cheers, which daily grew louder, until the commandant ordered that the old man should not come past any more and give opportunities for the prisoners to practice their sarcasm at the expense of the *communiqués* of the 'Great Headquarters.' New arrivals at the prison camp were hardly ever able to tell the old men anything that they did not already know from the newspapers."

Mr. Israel Cohen says that at Ruhleben English newspapers were strictly banned, with the exception of the *Continental Times* which was sometimes distributed gratuitously in the camp with a view to undermining the loyalty of the English prisoners. "But despite the military prohibition and the most vigilant precautions, we were able, nevertheless, to see at first the *Times*, and then the *Daily Telegraph*, fairly regularly. That these papers came into the camp was not unknown to the military authorities; but how they came remained an impenetrable mystery. One of the military officers, Rittmeister von Mützenbecher, was even sportsman enough to admire us for the skill with which we circumvented the regulations. In the course of a little speech, in June, 1915, in which he complimented the actors in a performance of 'The Speckled Band,' he dwelt upon the ingenuity of Sherlock Holmes, and said: 'I think this Sherlock Holmes had better remain in the camp until the end of the war. He may be able to find out for us how the *Times* gets into the camp. At present we don't know, but we should very much like to know.' The price paid for a

THE LIBRARY TENT IN A BRITISH PRISON CAMP IN FRANCE

PRISONERS OF WAR ALWAYS DISPLAYED AN INTEREST IN NEWSPAPERS

single copy of the English paper by the prisoner who acted as news-agent varied from five to ten marks, owing to the risk involved in the traffic, but the agent always made a handsome profit, as he lent the paper out, at one or two marks an hour, to groups of fellow prisoners. The borrower seldom knew who the agent was; a stranger brought him the paper and punctually, at the end of the allotted time, fetched it away again. The efforts made by the authorities to solve the mystery all failed lamentably. On one occasion soldiers were sent to sneak up behind the men who sat reading papers on the grand stand and see whether any of the papers were either English or French. One zealous soldier made two captures and marched his men with their papers to the military office, fully expecting punishment for the prisoners and praise for himself. But a moment's examination showed that one of the papers was *La Belgique*, which appears in Brussels under German censorship, while the other was the notorious *Continental Times*. On the whole, however, there were few regular readers of an English paper, as the luxury of a subscription was a little too costly for a prison camp. It was thanks to the same ingenious mechanism that copies of the weekly *Zukunft*, in which Maximilian Harden scarified his Government, made their way into our horse-boxes, and likewise that I was able to read at my leisure that remarkable exposure of Germany's guilt in causing the war, *J'Accuse*, the perusal of which is prohibited in Germany on pain of fine and imprisonment."

Mr. Percy L. Close, a member of the Volunteer Squadron of the Eighth Mounted Rifles, was taken prisoner by the Germans in Southwest Africa, and has given an account of the dreary prison life at Marienthal and Gibeon. "Those who were fortunate," says he, "had a few magazines and one or two novels to read. It did not matter whether the reading matter was utter trash. We read anything for the sake of reading." He adds that just before he was released, one of the officers had with him on arrival at Tsumeb a weekly edition of the *Cape Times*. This was passed from hand to hand, and from the "Diary of the War" which it contained, the men were able to inform themselves of the principal events during the period of their internment.

An "exchanged officer," in his "Wounded and a Prisoner of War," mentions an evening made memorable by the arrival of a parcel of books, Tauchnitz edition, which the men had been allowed to order. He adds that no doubt the publishers were glad of the chance to unload their stock of British authors, as after the close of the war there would not be likely to be much demand for the Tauchnitz volumes.

In August, 1915, a committee of four persons was called together in London by Dr. C. T. Hagberg Wright, to provide Russian prisoners in Germany with Russian books. This English committee, which was enlarged in October, 1916, worked with the Russian committee in Holland, through whom they were first put in touch with many of the camps. A few

typical examples of the kind of letters received from prisoners, both civil and military, will show how their efforts were received.

The first is from a young girl volunteer, a prisoner at Havelberg, who had written asking for a parcel of food: "I am a schoolgirl of nineteen years, and have been a prisoner two and a half years, but what I want is to have some books to study English; if it is possible, please reply to me."

Another is from a young soldier: "I am a student of the Oriental Institute of Vladivostock where I was studying Chinese and Japanese, and now, after eighteen months of captivity, I find that I have in part forgotten these languages. If it be possible I should so like to obtain something on these languages, either in Russian or French, to enable me to continue my studies."

A Russian lieutenant begged for some books on jurisprudence such as are used in the courses of "our Institute for the study of neurology and psychology."

An officer in control of the Langensalza camp library wrote: "Our camp is very large, and there is a continual and extraordinary demand for books. Popular scientific books and books on social questions are most in demand."

"Where no specific request has been made," said Dr. Wright, "we have sent books of a varied character. For the common soldiers elementary school books and simple reading books, scientific primers, books on agriculture, and religious books and the

works of great Russian writers have been selected. For the officers we have chosen books of a more advanced description, embracing every conceivable branch of knowledge. A large number of grammars and dictionaries have also been sent, and are in continual request. Roughly fifty grammars and dictionaries have been dispatched to Altdamm — but this is a mere drop in the ocean when one considers that many of the camps number over one thousand men. The demand for special books of study has as far as possible been complied with, but in a few cases great difficulty has been experienced in obtaining what is wanted in Russian."

In a supplementary manuscript report, Dr. Wright, in detailing the later work of his committee, expressed the hope that, whatever be thought of the revolution in Russia, it should not be forgotten for a single instant that these prisoners were sufferers for the good cause, that they lost their liberty as fellow workers with the English.

From every prison camp in Germany and Austria came appeals for books — and the men who made them did not wish to read merely to kill time; they did not turn to books as a narcotic or for amusement — they desired to *learn*. They formed classes, with a view to alleviating their captivity by instruction. The Russian prisoners did not ask for novels, but for Russian schoolbooks, for grammars and dictionaries of foreign languages, for works on political economy and the economic history of England, for treatises on

engineering, agriculture, and other applied sciences. From the camp at Altdamm came requests for a Chinese grammar, works on chemistry, electricity and metallurgy, an English grammar and reader. In a camp near Magdeburg, Russian books on mathematics and physics were called for.

"I write to tell you," said one prisoner, "that we have in our camp a library and a school, but we are badly in need of manuals for primary and higher teaching. We would gladly receive books in French, German, and English as well as in Russian."

From Parchim came a letter dated October 26, 1917: "Some schoolmasters working in the camp schools are full of thoughts, dreams, and plans about the work they shall take up in their own country after the war. We all understand that the question of popular education will change in a radical way as the result of the general position in Russia. There is a wish to prepare even a little for the work which is anticipated. The American technical school with its method of teaching chiefly attracts our attention. As far as time allows we are learning the books before us which apply this method to Germany. We are very anxious to learn something about the English schools, which it appears have some similarity to the American schools. Therefore, I venture to ask you to send us some books which would give a general view of methods and administration of English schools, above all, elementary. It is difficult to believe that you will find such a book in Russian and especially

one with the design of informing us on this point. I have begun to learn the English language and I hope that in a few months I shall be able to understand English."

From the women's barracks, at Havelberg, Dr. Mary Minkewitsch wrote, under date of December 4, 1917: "If possible, do send us some magazines on artistic questions and music. We have very few books."

From Plassenburg, a lieutenant sent a request for a history of England and a Russian-English dictionary. A prisoner at Bischofswerda said that he needed more scientific books; that he had become interested in experimental psychology, and would also like to have a copy of Clayden's "Cloud Studies." The Committee of the Prisoners' Camp at Czersk, at the request of some medical men, asked for Mackenzie's "Diseases of the Heart," and Hutchinson's "Diseases of Children." The Library Committee of the Prison Camp for Russian officers at Burg, near Magdeburg, on behalf of the readers expressed "sincere thanks for the continual care taken in sending them spiritual food in the monotonous life in the camp."

CHAPTER XVI

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

Soldiers' letters afford ample evidence of the prevalent desire for reading in leisure moments. "A Scholar's Letters from the Front," written by Stephen H. Hewett, a second lieutenant in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, published posthumously, contain several passages showing the writer's literary tastes:

"In the trenches and out, we have many opportunities for writing letters and for thinking. Instead of doing either, I find myself simply devouring literature, which I thought I had for the time forsworn. . . .

"Why is it that I sit here like a mole, with newspaper on the table and candles for a light, only praying that I may live long enough to finish 'The Gathering of the Clans'? I have often heard, and now quite realize, that here one is mainly occupied with the thought of food and sleep: but in my own case, though we have been shelled to-day, and will be shelled again to-morrow and the day after, I have still a great hunger for reading. Though what I have to do at present even with a book about my favorite poet, or with the heaths of Dorsetshire (for I am also deep in 'The Return of the Native'), I can't for the life of me imagine. . . .

"A great joy for me during the last fortnight has been the reading of 'Lorna Doone,' which I am quite

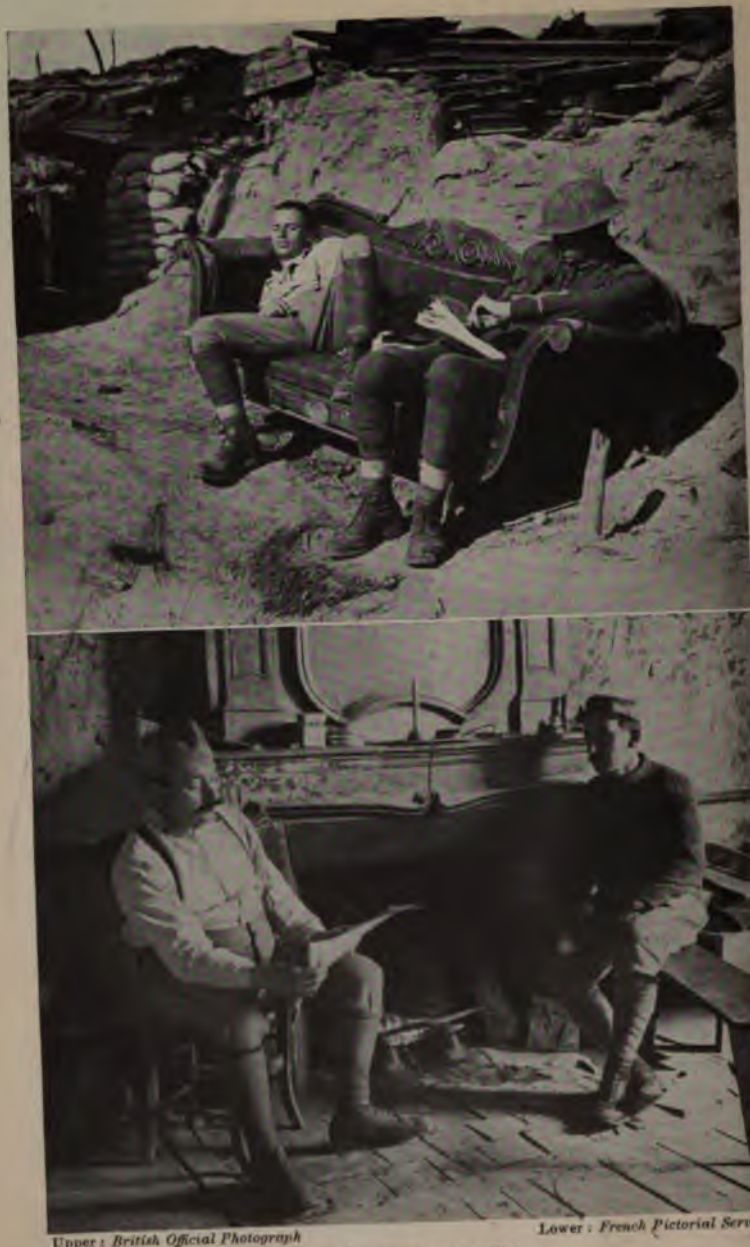
ashamed to say I have never read before, though a finer book either for a child or an old man, or any one at all, could hardly be imagined. I can't remember ever having been more fascinated by any book, and can well imagine now why so many people re-read it every year of their lives. Our young Company Commander, Captain Bryson, whom I like and admire as much as any one I have yet come across, has read it twelve times, and he is only twenty-one! I can remember starting the book when I was eight, but then I was fonder of games than of reading."

A member of the First Canadian Contingent wrote home in the spring of 1915: "There is one thing which I believe would be most acceptable and would not be expensive, and that is a supply of reading material in the form of old magazines or cheap paper-covered books of all kinds. The men in these regiments are in many cases accustomed to reading, and in billets in the long evenings, and in the trenches, they have a great deal of spare time, and I know welcome a book on the rare occasions when it can be got. They are passed around till they are worn out. The cheaper the books are, the better, for we move often, and such things cannot be added to the already too heavy packs."

The varying literary tastes of the men at the front are brought out by H. G. Wells in "Mr. Britling." Hugh, writing to his father about life in the trenches, says:

"We read, of course. But there never could be a

A.L.A. BRANCH LIBRARY IN THE Y.M.C.A. AT PELHAM BAY



Upper : *British Official Photograph* Lower : *French Pictorial Service*

WAR'S CONTRASTS!

No sooner was the upper photograph taken at the Battle of Menin Road than every one had to run to cover

library here big enough to keep us going. We can do with all sorts of books, but I don't think the ordinary sensational novel is quite the catch it was for a lot of them in peace-time. Some break toward serious reading in the oddest fashion. Old Park, for example, says he wants books you can chew; he is reading a cheap edition of 'The Origin of Species.' He used to regard Florence Warden and William Le Queux as the supreme delights of print. I wish you could send him Metchnikoff's 'Nature of Man' or Pearson's 'Ethics of Free Thought.' I feel I am building up his tender mind. Not for me, though, Daddy. Nothing of that sort for me. These things take people differently. What I want here is literary opium. I want something about fauns and nymphs in broad low glades. I would like to read Spenser's 'Faërie Queene.' I don't think I have read it, and yet I have a very distinct impression of knights and dragons and sorcerers and wicked magic ladies moving through a sort of Pre-Raphaelite tapestry scenery — only with a light on them. I could do with some Hewlett of the 'Forest Lovers' kind. Or with Joseph Conrad in his Kew Palm-House mood. And there is a book — I once looked into it at a man's room in London; I don't know the title, but it was by Richard Garnett, and it was all about gods who were in reduced circumstances but amidst sunny picturesque scenery — scenery without steel, or poles, or wire — a thing after the manner of Heine's 'Florentine Nights.' Any book about Greek gods would be welcome; anything about

temples of ivory-colored stone and purple seas, red caps, chests of jewels, and lizards in the sun. I wish there was another 'Thaïs.' The men here are getting a kind of newspaper sheet of literature scraps called *The Times Broadsheets.*[1] Snippets, but mostly from good stuff. They're small enough to stir the appetite, but not to satisfy it. Rather an irritant — and one wants no irritant. I used to imagine reading was meant to be a stimulant. Out here it has to be an anodyne."

The general tenor of this fictitious letter is supported by the real letters of an American member of the Foreign Legion, Henry Weston Farnsworth, who died from wounds received in battle, September, 1915. He wrote to his father that he had not yet finished Cramb's book, but could see how well written it was. "I don't see why it makes the Germans any more understandable to you. It, as far as I have gone, draws them as maddened and blinded by jealousy. I wish Cramb could have lived to read how the English and French are fighting."

To his brother he confided: "Warm things are nice to have and books are interesting to read, that is granted. But if you come in from four hours' sentinel duty in a freezing rain, with mud up to your ankles, you do not want to change your socks (you go out again in an hour) and read a book on German thought.

[1] These broadsheets were published by the London *Times* "to meet an urgent demand from soldiers in the trenches and men with the fleet for the best literature in a portable form." The passages were selected by Sir Walter Raleigh. The public was urged to enclose the broadsheets in letters to their men at the front.

You want a smoke and a drink of hot rum. I say this because several times I have been notified that there were packages for me at the paymaster's office. To go there hoping for such things, and receive a dry book and a clean pair of socks has been known to raise the most dreadful profanity. Don't dwell on this. It's only amusing at bottom." He says that "the only kick he has about mail" is that *Life*, which he had much enjoyed, had stopped coming. He read Charles Lamb, "Pickwick," Plutarch, a lot of cheap French novels, and "War and Peace" over again, which he hopes his mother will re-read. In his opinion, Tolstoy, even more than Stendhal, arrives at complete expression of military life. He asks his people to send him from time to time any novel, either in French or English, that they may find interesting. "Books are too heavy to carry when on the move. The state of the German mind, Plato, or Kant, are not necessary for the moment, and I have read Milton, Shakespeare, and Dante." In one letter, written as they were momentarily expecting to be called into action, he notes that his friend is very calm and is reading the *Weekly Times*, including the advertisements.

Another *Légionnaire* and contemporary of Farnsworth at Harvard, Victor Chapman, though not essentially a bookish man, has left in his letters evidence of the effect reading had upon him while serving in the American Aviation Corps. May 14, 1915, he writes: "After twenty minutes the shooting lessened and we turned to other things — I to read-

ing Lamb, whom I found tedious till I hit the 'Dissertation on Roast Pig.'" A few days later he "attacked the 'Autocrat,'" but felt he had to read such a lot to get a little nutrition that he thought it hardly worth while.

A fellow *Légionnaire* says that Chapman "received almost all the Paris newspapers and magazines, not to speak of novels and volumes of poetry. One day he also received a book from America. Chapman undid the parcel, and buried himself in his cabin; when he came out some hours later he was joyful, exuberant; he had read at a sitting the anti-German book that his father had published in New York to enlighten those fellows over there." The book was the one entitled "Deutschland über Alles; or Germany Speaks; a collection of the utterances of representative Germans in defense of the war policies of the Fatherland."

Chapman later tells his father that he thinks the book capital; that he "had seen one or two of those fool remarks, but not by any means the greater part. I hope it sells, for it shows up their craziness so wonderfully well. I have been reading my Galsworthy again; a collection of English verse by a Frenchman, bad as a selection of verse, but still interesting; a short story by Alfred de Vigny, and your 'Homeric Scenes.' Strange and violent ends some of the books of Frise have come to. Outside our cabin door I found, for cleaning the *gamelles*, the pages of the 'Swiss Family Robinson' in French; while yesterday, before

another cabin, I found pages of 'Quentin Durward,' also in French. British authors are not the only sufferers, however. The third volume, yet intact, except the back cover, of the 'Meditations of St. Ignatius' is placed over the stove for lighting the pipes."

In another letter he reports finding relaxation from war by reviewing the requirements for admission to the Harvard Dental School and talking over examinations with a comrade who was thinking of taking up dentistry when he was through with aviation. He adds that he enjoys the New York *Tribunes* which are being sent him frequently, as they keep him a bit in touch with America, even though they are three weeks old when they arrive

"Letters from Flanders," by Lieutenant A. D. Gillespie, an Oxford man, presents some interesting side lights on the subject of reading matter at the front.

The writer says that between eating, sleeping, and writing he finds little time to read, but managed in the first months of service to get through Dante's "Inferno," and asks that his copy of "Paradise Lost" be sent him from home, together with Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," or any other of Scott's works in a cheap edition — "in fact anything solid, for I don't think sixpenny novels would go down so well at present. . . . A *Sphere* or an *Illustrated* [London *News*] would be interesting to me, and to the men afterwards. . . . I have got H. S. Merriman's 'Velvet Glove' to read, but so far I seem to have been busy

digging, eating, or sleeping. . . . [Merriman] does n't perhaps go very deep, but he can tell a rattling good story, which many of those modern psychological novelists, with their elaborate analysis of character and of sensation, quite fail to do. . . . Merriman talks of the 'siren sound of the bullet, a sound which the men, when they have once heard it, cannot live without'; but I don't think I shall want you to fire volleys under my window to put me to sleep when I get home. . . .

"I wanted to get some French newspapers, but I could find only an old *Matin*, with nothing in it except translations from the London papers. . . .

"I got hold of a German paper yesterday; it had a short account of a football match in Berlin, so did a French paper of one in Paris the other day. But what interested me was to notice that they gave very fairly and accurately the British Admiralty's report of one day's operations in the Dardanelles, except that they multiplied the number of our dead by four. I know this because I happened to have noticed the figures; and so had another subaltern. That is just typical of their system in all their reports. They tell as much truth as they think necessary to hide their lies — or, rather, tell as many lies as they think their public can reasonably swallow. . . .

"I have got hold of a book of Tolstoy's stories. There's something very charming about them, they are so direct and simple; and in the same book one has sketches of Sevastopol during the siege, — curious

reading just now, when we are doing our best to give the Russians what we fought to prevent them getting sixty years ago. I once read them before in French, and I think I'm right in saying that he does n't mention the British once — it's always the French, and yet we all have the habit of thinking that we did all the fighting in the Crimea."

At another time he writes:

"I wish you would give me, as a birthday present, Gibbon in Everyman's. Send out a couple of volumes at a time; then I can get rid of them as I read them. For even though it takes time and men and ships to force the Dardanelles, I think the story of Constantinople will be taken up again where it was left in 1455.

"The *Sphere* never comes now. I don't mind for myself, because I always see it in the mess, but if you are ordering it, it ought to come, and the men might like to see it. Send me on two copies of Forbes-Mitchell's 'Reminiscences of the Indian Mutiny,' (Macmillan's one shilling series). He was a sergeant in the 93d, and I remember that at Sunderland two copies which I gave my platoon were very popular. . . . And if you will give it to me for a birthday present, I should like to read a book which has just come out, 'Ordeal by Battle,' by F. S. Oliver; he used to write a good deal for the *Round Table*, which, by the way, I have not seen lately. Send me the current number and others as they come out . . . I used to take it regularly, but I'm afraid I have missed several quarters since last August."

The anonymous "Letters of a Soldier, 1914–1915," written by a French artist to his mother (London, Constable, 1917), are full of references to the influence of books and reading in actual warfare. The following extracts show how he at least carried out the injunction of an eminent French military authority, Colonel Émile Manceau, who at the very height of hostilities said: "Let us read, let us give much time to reading."

"*Aug.* 6, 1914. What we miss is news; there are no longer any papers to be had in this town.

"*Aug.* 26. I was made happy by Maurice Barrés's fine article, 'l'Aigle et le Rossignol,' which corresponds in every detail with what I feel.

"*Sept.* 21. To sleep in a ditch full of water has no equivalent in Dante, but what must be said of the awakening, when one must watch for the moment to kill or be killed!

"*Oct.* 23. I have re-read Barrés's article, 'l'Aigle et le Rossignol.' It is still as beautiful, but it no longer seems in complete harmony.

"*Oct.* 28. I am glad that you have read Tolstoy: he also took part in war. He judged it; he accepted its teaching. If you can glance at the admirable 'War and Peace,' you will find pictures that our situation recalls. It will make you understand the liberty for meditation that is possible to a soldier who desires it.

"*Jan.* 13, 1915. I did not tell you enough what pleasure the *Revues hebdomadaires* gave me. I found

THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS WERE WELL PROVIDED WITH NEWSPAPERS

French Pictorial Service

A Y.M.C.A. MAN READING DURING A LULL IN THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE

some extracts from that speech on Lamartine which I am passionately fond of. Circumstances led this poet to give to his art only the lowest place. Life in general closed him round, imposing on his great heart a more serious and immediate task than that which awaited his genius.

"*Jan.* 17. What surpasses our understanding (and yet what is only natural) is that civilians are able to continue their normal life while we are in torment. I saw in the *Cri de Paris*, which drifted as far as here, a list of concert programmes. What a contrast! However, mother dear, the essential thing is to have known beauty in moments of grace.

"*Jan.* 19. I have received two parcels; the 'Chanson de Roland' gives me infinite pleasure — particularly the Introduction, treating of the national epic and of the Mahabharata which, it seems, tells of the fight between the spirits of good and evil.

"*Feb.* 2. I am delighted by the Reviews. In an admirable article on Louis Veuillot I noticed this phrase: 'O my God, take away my despair and leave my grief!' Yes, we must not misunderstand the fruitful lesson taught by grief, and if I return from this war it will most certainly be with a soul formed and enriched.

"I also read with pleasure the lectures on Molière, and in him, as elsewhere, I have viewed again the solitude in which the highest souls wander. But I owe it to my old sentimental wounds never to suffer again through the acts of others.

"*Feb.* 4. Dear, I was reflecting on Tolstoy's title 'War and Peace.' I used to think that he wanted to express the antithesis of these two states, but now I ask myself if he did not connect these two contraries in one and the same folly — if the fortunes of humanity, whether at war or at peace, were not equally a burden to his mind.

"*Feb.* 6. Mother dear, I am living over again the lovely legend of Sarpedon; and that exquisite flower of Greek poetry really gives me comfort. If you will read this passage of the 'Iliad' in the beautiful translation by Lecomte de l'Isle, you will see that Zeus utters in regard to destiny certain words in which the divine and the eternal shine out as nobly as in the Christian Passion. He suffers, and his fatherly heart undergoes a long battle, but finally he permits his son to die and Hypnos and Thanatos are sent to gather up the beloved remains.

"Hypnos — that is Sleep. To think that I should come to that — I for whom every waking hour was a waking joy, I for whom every moment was a thrill of pride! I catch myself longing for the escape of Sleep from the tumult that besets me. But the splendid Greek optimism shines out as in those vases at the Louvre. By the two, Hypnos and Thanatos, Sarpedon is lifted to a life beyond his human death; and assuredly Sleep and Death do wonderfully magnify and continue our mortal fate.

"Thanatos — that is a mystery, and it is a terror only because the urgency of our transitory desires

makes us misconceive the mystery. But read over again the great peaceful words of Maeterlinck in his book on death, words ringing with compassion for our fears in the tremendous passage of mortality.

"*March* 3. I have been stupefied by the noise of the shells. Think — from the French side alone forty thousand have passed over our heads, and from the German side about as many, with this difference, that the enemy shells burst right upon us. For my own part, I was buried by three 305 shells at once, to say nothing of the innumerable shrapnel going off close by. You may gather that my brain was a good deal shaken. And now I am reading. I have just read in a magazine an article on three new novels, and that reading relieved many of the cares of battle.

"*March* 11. I have nothing to say about my life, which is filled up with manual labor. At moments perhaps some image appears, some memory rises. I have just read a fine article by Renan on the origins of the Bible. I found it in a *Revue des Deux Mondes* of 1886. If later I can remember something of it, I may be able to put my very scattered notions on that matter into better order.

"*March* 17. The other day, reading an old *Revue des Deux Mondes* of 1880, I came upon an excellent article as one might come upon a noble palace with vaulted roof and decorated walls. It was on Egypt, and was signed Georges Perrot."

The published letters of the late Arthur George

Heath, fellow of New College, Oxford, and lieutenant in the Royal West Kent Regiment, show that he was a good deal of a bookworm. He writes from France that he is quite comfortable, but would really like a little literature. "If we are in for trench work, it will come in handy," says he. "I would like Belloc's 'General Sketch of the European War,' and, if you would not mind my being so luxurious, the 'Oxford Book of English Verse' in as small a size as you can get it. . . . I've found time here to read quite a lot of novels, mostly very bad ones. I wonder if Turgenev would be good for the trenches? . . . Don't suggest that I should read 'War and Peace.' If one makes ambitious plans like that, one certainly gets killed in the midst of them. . . .

"I have ploughed through Buchan's 'History of the War' — six volumes, and no end of names you cannot remember! This will give you an idea of the leisure we get here [in reserve] compared with what was, and, perhaps, with what will be. The 'Oxford Book of English Verse' has been such a pleasure in the trenches. I don't get time there to read anything long, and a little poem now and then warms the vitals, as the old lady said of her gin and water."

In a letter written by Harold Chapin, the dramatist, to his mother and found in his pocketbook after his death, occurs this paragraph:

"Books — yes, I want a pocket Browning with everything in it! Is such a thing to be had, I wonder? Of course, I've got sizable pockets. Still it's a tall

order. Anyway, I want 'Paracelsus' and 'Men and Women' particularly."

In an earlier letter to his wife he had asked for "The Revenge" and King Henry's speeches — "the one about England and the one beginning 'Upon the King,' and the charioteer's speech from Euripides in Gilbert Murray's translation. O Lord, what *is* the play? I suppose I must do without it. Send the others *at once*, though. This is really important."

R. A. L., the author of "Letters of a Canadian Stretcher-Bearer," has a number of references to reading at the front:

"When I read the American magazines — or rather read the ads. — I just *ache* to be back. I found some new 'Penrod' stories and also some 'Wallingford' ones. Oh, Gee! but it's fine to read something live again! I've got hold of a book called 'Queed.' . . .

"For the last hour, I've been reading the *Bystander*, *Sketch*, and old newspapers, and altogether enjoying myself. . . .

"What must be the general make-up of a person's mind who collects, packs, and mails all the way from Canada a parcel of 'literature' for the boys in France — consisting of *Literary Digests* dated 1912? I see some one has done it here. Queer, eh! . . .

"By the way, will you find out if there are any books on the subject of trench first-aid? It will have to be some that are written since the war, of course. The first-aid books generally sold are no good for up the line, as they don't take account of conditions

under which the work has to be done. If you find anything that may be of use, I should like to have it. . . .

"I have really got hold of a *Saturday Post* with a yarn by Gardner in it. Reading matter has been terribly scarce here all the time. To have a *Post* is to be in real luck — though somehow looking at the 'ads' and things always makes me homesick. . . . It's all so different, like going on leave; the fact that people have comforts and luxuries, can be *free*, hits you like the concussion of a shell."

"Books here are plentiful enough in a way, and I keep getting them and losing them by lending," writes an English bookseller while in service in France. "Anything I recommend goes steadily round the battalion, and I hear many appreciative remarks which warm the heart of a bookseller. The men can read excellent stuff when it is put before them. This fact encourages in me a belief held, that booksellers function truly when they sell the best books for the book's sake. I have been delighted recently with a local revival of interest in Shakespeare, and have watched with delight the progress of a sergeant-major through 'Hamlet' — the wonder, the appreciation of something great. The officers are all keen on modern stuff. Among them I have lost a Swinburne and a Yeats, and have persuaded another that he knows little of modern fiction if he has not read Butler's 'Way of all Flesh.'" [1]

[1] "It is singular how that ruthless book makes its way across all frontiers," said Arnold Bennett apropos of a question put to him in Paris in 1915.

In commenting upon this, another bookman writes: "My own experience with the soldier friends I have come across has been that they are only too anxious to find worth-while books; that they would rather find another form of recreation than waste their time on unsatisfying literature. In one instance where I had handed a man a copy of Arthur C. Benson's works I was subsequently asked to send a list of essayists who were worth reading. The soldier was not a 'high-brow'; he was of the non-reader type and had been a carpenter by trade. Evidently what the soldiers want most of all is a reader's guide."

CHAPTER XVII

PICTURES AND POETRY

After a Y.M.C.A. Sunday morning service at the front an officer, who had evidently been pursuing his own line of thought as he sat with his men, remarked: "Do you know, this hour has been a very wonderful one for me? It is n't that the service itself has moved me in any particular way, but as I took my place my eye fell on that picture. It took me back to the nursery at home, and all the while I have been in this hut the memories of childhood and the sanctities of home have been calling in my heart." The picture that made such a deep impression was an ordinary print of Millais's Bubbles.

The idea of supplying pictures to soldiers was probably a new one even to the people most interested in the welfare and comfort of the men. The Y.M.C.A. authorities, ever anxious to have even a hut, barn, cellar, or dugout suggest thoughts of home to the men who were using it, wanted good pictures for their "Quiet Rooms," knowing the silent influence of such furnishings upon all who spend a few minutes there in reading or meditation. Giving the men pictures to put up in their own billets, messes, and dugouts had also been suggested.

A printed appeal for the support of this special work was issued, reading in part as follows: "The dis-

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READING ROOM IN THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CLUB, NO. 11, RUE ROYALE, PARIS

© Brown Brothers, N.Y.

A BUGLER READING BY FLASHLIGHT IN HIS TENT

A book of travel or romance, a magazine, or even a newspaper often proved a "magic carpet" by which one was happily carried far from the war

play of crude or objectionable pictures has increased of late, chiefly because in many places there is little or nothing else to be had. If you could spend a single day amidst the desolation and monotony of a modern battle-field, or out in the wastes of sand where our armies are to be found in Egypt or Mesopotamia, you would understand why any bit of color, anything with human life in it, is so eagerly seized upon by a soldier. It keeps his imagination alive. He finds it a refuge from sheer mental and spiritual shipwreck. That is another reason why we should send him the best, and plenty of it. We are making a great effort to send out at least twenty or thirty cartoons, color prints, black-and-white drawings, and half-tone reproductions for the decoration of each center where we are at work. We hope also for a large reserve from which to supply every man who would like a picture or two for himself."

Artists, curators of art galleries, heads of poster departments and picture-publishing firms, editors of popular illustrated weeklies, chiefs of railway and shipping lines, and many friends in various walks of life responded to this appeal of the Y.M.C.A., the leaders asking those interested to organize a canvass of their locality for a suitable collection. Unframed pictures were deemed best, color being preferred to black and white. Drawings of animals, coaching and hunting scenes, garden, woodland, countryside, sea and land drawings, figure studies, heads, studies of children, famous art gallery series, and humorous

prints were gathered together and sent out in sets or in portfolios, as well as collections of good pictures from the art monthlies and supplements to Christmas numbers of well-known periodicals. The small pictures were found useful for dugouts and billets while the larger ones served for the huts and "Quiet Rooms." Classical and modern pictures on religious subjects proved much in demand. Everything was sent, in fact, that was really good of its kind and that would remind the men of home and country, especially everything that would bring a smile to their faces and wholesome laughter to their lips.

The librarian at Camp Devens conceived the idea of collecting illustrative material for classroom use and wrote to several librarians, asking that suitable pictures be cut from magazines, mounted, and sent to the camp library. Within a week over one thousand mounted pictures were available for reference purposes, covering such a wide range of subjects as artillery, aviation, camouflage, communication (balloons, pigeons, signaling, telephone, wireless), field hospitals and kitchens, map drawing, range-finding, transportation and tunneling. In lieu of a regular filing-cabinet, wooden packing-boxes were pressed into service.

The pictures thus collected were used mainly for exhibition purposes, green burlap stretched across one end of the library room forming the exhibition surface. The men coming into the library were almost without exception attracted to the exhibit and to the books placed beneath. Two privates were known to

spend most of their leisure time on Saturdays looking over this changing picture collection. On Sundays the soldiers who had enjoyed the pictures often brought their out-of-town guests to look at them. Some of the officers spent considerable time in going over the collection making notes on the possible use to be found for the different pictures. Loans of pictures on trench warfare, wire entanglements, obstacles, and kindred subjects, for use in illustrating lectures, were frequent. Diagrams and maps were also in much demand. Even postcards illustrative of the different war fronts were wanted for use in the radioscope.

C. Lewis Hind, the art critic, in his book "The Soldier Boy," gives an incident which demonstrates the eloquence and inspiration of a good picture. A young musician, sub-lieutenant in the Royal Navy, is described at home on leave, sitting in his London study, gazing at a large photograph of Rembrandt's "Polish Rider" — "that unforgettable picture, a warrior riding forth through a romantic landscape, but the mission of this rider is born of the spirit, not of the flesh: he rides forth for right, not for might." "That picture sustains me," said the musician-soldier. "I return here for another look at it. Its message cannot fade. This war has taught me that a picture can have the essence of immortality and can help us to see light beyond the blackness of the moment."

Mr. Hind writes of another soldier who would willingly have been a preacher-painter, but who had no talent. He had made a laborious copy of Watts's

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi, and when chided for cherishing so sad a theme, said, "That picture is a reminder to me of the Undying Things." He himself later met death gallantly for his country. When Hind went to pay a visit of condolence to the lad's mother, he visited the studio again. Looking at the shrouded figure of the dead warrior in the picture, he thought of his friend beneath French soil. Death seemed hateful; life but a horrid game of chance. In the gathering twilight the gray picture grew grayer. "Why did he like it?" he murmured. From a presence, felt rather than seen, came the answer: "Read the painted words above the warrior":

> What I spent I had.
> What I saved I lost.
> What I gave I have.

To those who have not looked into the matter, poetry would seem to have as little place at the front as pictures. But James Norman Hall, writing in the *New Republic* for November, 1916, on "Poetry under the Fire Test," recounts in this connection certain experiences of an old classmate of his, Mason by name, who had joined the British Army and gone to the front.

Mason tells of his return to the front line about two o'clock in the morning of a rainy autumn day. His way leading him through an old communication trench filled nearly a foot deep with water, he fell into a short sap which looked like the entrance to a dugout. Between the shell explosions he heard voices. Pausing for a moment to listen, he discovered that some one was reading aloud. These were the words:

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THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION
AN ARMY CLUB FOR COLLEGE MEN IN PARIS
Established by the joint action of a score of American colleges and universities

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READING ROOM IN THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION, RUE RICHELIEU, PARIS

Aimed to meet the needs of American university and college men who were in Europe for military or other service in the cause of the Allies

"Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild, of calm and serene air;
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth; and, with low-thoughted care
Confined, and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown which virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats."

Poetry! "Comus"! At such an hour and under such conditions! Mason confesses that the circumstance so affected him that he began to cry like a baby. But in his own words: "I cried for pure joy. You say that you would want to forget that there was such a thing as beauty in the world. Well, I had forgotten. My old life before the war was like a cast-off garment which I had forgotten that I had ever owned. The life of soldiering, of killing and being killed, of digging trenches and graves, seemed to have been going on forever. Then, in a moment — how is one to tell of such an awakening? — I felt as the Ancient Mariner must have felt when the body of the albatross slipped from his neck and fell — how does it go? — 'like lead into the sea.' What I am trying to make clear to you is this: without realizing it, I had lost my belief in all beauty. During all those months I was vaguely aware of the lack of something, but I did n't know what it was. It is impossible to think of that time without a shudder.

"This adventure marked the beginning of what I

think I may call a new epoch in my trench experiences. The seasons of fearful depression which I used to have were past and gone, although the life was just as wretched as before. At night, as I stood on sentry, I would recall the fragments of poems I knew in old days. I wrote immediately to friends in London, who prepared for me a little trench anthology of the poems I liked best. You have no idea what a comfort they have been. I've put them through the fire test, and they have withstood it splendidly."

Hall expressing an interest as to the selection, his friend handed him a booklet in soiled paper covers. Loose leaves from books of various sizes had been sewn together into a little volume which went easily into the pocket of his soldier's tunic. Among others were "Kubla Khan," "Comus," "The Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," all of Keats's odes and "The Eve of St. Agnes," Shelley's "Alastor," Henley's "London Voluntaries," and some selections from the nineteenth-century sonnets edited by William Sharp. Hall expressed surprise at seeing several poems by Francis Thompson, whom he had never thought of as a soldier's poet. On asking his friend why Thompson was included, Mason, by way of answer, took the volume and read the first stanza of "The Poppy":

> "Heaven set lip to earth's bosom bare
> And left the flushed print in a poppy, there.
> Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came
> And the hot wind fanned it to flapping flame."

"You have n't stood on sentry day after day, watching the poppies grow in No-Man's Land! We have no need of war verse in the trenches. What we do need is something which will take our minds off the horrors of modern warfare, after the strain is relaxed."

"Do you mean to say that all of you fellows out there are finding solace in poetry?"

"Certainly not. I merely give you my own experience. But you would be surprised if you knew how many other men do find it essential. Since that night in the communication trench I've been making inquiries, very cautiously, of course, for it would never do to let some of the men know that one has such æsthetic tastes. Recently, I met a sergeant major whose experience, slight as it was, bears out splendidly this one of mine. Once, he said, when he believed that he was on the point of a nervous breakdown, he remembered suddenly two lines from Shakespeare:

> "'Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.'

"I may have quoted incorrectly, although I think I have it straight. The effect upon him, he said, was really miraculous. His battalion had been in the first line continuously, for two weeks, and had suffered heavy casualties. At night every sandbag in the parapet had appeared to be a distorted human countenance. The men who are killed in the trench are placed on the parapets, you know, until there is an opportunity to bury them. He was in a bad way, but those two lines saved him. They called to his mind a picture

of some place which he was sure that he had never seen, but one of such great beauty that he forgot the horrors of the trenches. They became a talisman to him, offering just the relief he needed in times of great mental strain. Another fellow, a man of my own company, found this relief by repeating Hood's sonnet on Silence. You remember it?

> "'There is a silence where hath been no sound,
> There is a silence where no sound may be;
> In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
> Or in wide desert where no life is found.'

"It's one of the finest sonnets in the language, to my way of thinking; but imagine a soldier repeating those lines to himself, under shell fire! Odd, is n't it?"

"Odd? That is hardly the word. If any one but you had told me of it, I should have said it was extremely improbable."

"My dear fellow, that is simply because you have never had occasion to put poetry to the test of fire. Come out and join us! It is worth all the hazards to discover for one's self that Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty. Yes," he added, "by Jove! it is worth it!"

Private No. 940, in his book "On the Remainder of our Front," describes the rain, mud, and filth of the trenches. "I have finished 'The Inviolable Sanctuary' and I can't get out another book, as my haversack is so beastly slimy. . . . Everything was too filthy for writing. In the afternoon I endeavored to forget my surroundings by plunging into the intricacies of

Browning, and between the showers I got through two thousand lines of 'The Ring and the Book.'"

In a letter to his mother, a Canadian subaltern, speaking of the night his trench was bombarded, tells of the fierce desire that came to him, after seeing five of his men die, not only to do all the damage he could to the enemy, but to preserve at all costs the lives of the remaining men. Rushing from bay to bay of the sector, he exhorted them to be steady and cool, cursing them when they were not, his one thought, his one idea, to hold them firm, while all the time running through his mind, crowding out fear, exhaustion, and thought of self, were the words in Kipling's "If":

> "If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
> To serve your turn, long after they have gone,
> And so hold on, when there is nothing in you
> Except the Will, which says to them 'Hold On.'"

As further evidence that poetry has stood the fire test, let me quote a few passages from Lieutenant Gillespie's "Letters from Flanders." In one of his letters home he speaks of "a famous epitaph of Plato on a friend who died young, which plays on the contrast between the morning and the evening star. Shelley has translated it, so far as I can remember:

> "'Thou wast the morning star among the living
> Ere thy pure light had fled.
> Now thou art gone, thou art as Hesperus giving
> New splendour to the dead —'

but the Greek is simpler and better."

On the eve of the attack in which Gillespie was killed, he wrote his father a long letter ending thus:

"It will be a great fight, and even when I think of you, I would not wish to be out of this. You remember Wordsworth's 'Happy Warrior':

> "'Who if he be called upon to face
> Some awful moment to which heaven has joined
> Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
> Is happy as a lover, and is attired,
> With sudden brightness like a man inspired.'

"I never could be all that a happy warrior should be, but it will please you to know that I am very happy, and whatever happens, you will remember that."

The anonymous officer, whose letters to his mother were published under the title "From Dugout and Billet," says that in the case of men with traditions to maintain, breeding and training constitute a kind of armor.

> "Who misses or who wins the prize,
> Go strive and conquer if you can;
> But if you fall or if you rise,
> Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

"We may funk it for a moment. Sometimes we do. But it does n't matter. The main thing is not to show that you are afraid, and to act as if you were n't. . . . By the way, it's rather curious, is n't it, that men should be more deeply addicted to poetry than women? There's hardly one of us who has n't got his favorite battered volume of poetry somewhere handy.

Kipling bestrides this fighting terrain like a Colossus and lies in our pockets in small editions; but I've come across a lady on the battle-ground — a slim little collection of — guess — Ella Wheeler Wilcox!"

"Just between you and me (don't tell my lieutenant)," writes a private from Camp Lewis, "I much prefer to sit down to a little 'Cymbeline,' 'Hamlet,' or 'Lear' any day than grind over the stupid I.D.R. My beloved books, over which I was crazy before I came here, seem now more precious than before. Truly I think it has enabled me to keep up my spirits and health more than anything else, to have a couple of hours free occasionally to sit in a comfortable library and read. And I have discovered that, in proportion as this camp experience is vital, all the great works of literature have a different — a larger, deeper, finer — meaning than ever before. The terrible war has a thousand and one compensations which only gradually make their appearance as time goes on.

"I don't know how it is in other libraries, but in ours there is an unusually fine collection of poetry. It is comparatively large and surprisingly well selected. That was the last thing I expected of such a library, but was happily surprised. In addition to the standard poets, there are such books as Stephen Phillips's 'Paolo and Francesca,' D'Annunzio's 'Francesca da Rimini,' and a great variety of contemporary poets. Fiction predominates, as it should in such a library, and embraces most of the standard authors complete. There are, however, a great many

curiosities on the fiction shelves — many of them should be called relics — representing, I suppose, the gifts of well-meaning, but untutored patriots. I am constantly surprised by the new (to me) titles of such recondite volumes. Let me assure you with all my heart that anything you or the library in which you work may do for the camp libraries is work well directed and of unquestioned service to the men who find themselves in the army. I know!"

One of the first requests at a Red Cross receiving house was for Omar Khayyám. The officer who got the "Rubáiyat" for him thought that probably the boy had seen a quotation from it in some cigarette advertisement, but found that he really knew much of the poem by heart.

A patient at Camp Zachary Taylor Base Hospital was much taken with W. E. Henley's lines:

> "Out of the night that covers me,
> Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
> I thank whatever gods may be
> For my unconquerable soul.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "It matters not how strait the gate
> How charged with punishments the scroll,
> I am the master of my fate;
> I am the captain of my soul."

The patient expressed an interest in Kipling and the librarian gave him a copy of "If" that she had had typewritten. He read it several times and then commented: "That's pretty good. There's more reason than rhyme in it."

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JEWISH WELFARE BOARD HUT, SEWARD PARK, NEW YORK

NEGRO SOLDIERS AT CAMP GORDON READING ALOUD TO THEIR ILLITERATE COMRADES

Poetry, after fiction, undoubtedly stands high as a military favorite, Kipling leading, with Robert Service a close second. "Service sounds as if he were talking to you," a man in Camp Wadsworth Hospital said to the librarian in explaining the popularity of poetry among soldiers. "I wish that I had enough poetry in me to thank you for this," said an American soldier to a Y.M.C.A. worker in France who had loaned him a copy of the "Oxford Book of English Verse."

During one of his rounds about Camp Doniphan a stern and sturdy old general asked the librarian for James Whitcomb Riley's "The Prayer Perfect." Modern poetry was asked for by a man of evident literary antecedents, and poetry to copy and send home to his wife was wanted by a man who later asked if he could buy a copy of Longfellow to take home when he got his discharge. Curiously enough, the most consistent Shakespeare reading in one camp was done by a negro labor battalion.

While helping unpack a consignment of books in one of the big camps, an enlisted man came across a copy of "Evangeline." "I have n't read that in a long time," he said, and borrowed the book on the spot. "I certainly did enjoy it," was his comment on bringing it back.

Even the Montauk hydro-aeroplane station asked for poems, especially Kipling's poems of the sea. In answer to an inquiry as to what in the world naval officers studying hydro-aviation could find of value

to them in the poetry of Kipling, a naval officer replied: "All sea-going men can learn lots of valuable things from Kipling's poems. The sea-poems are a textbook. A sailor who's been around the world can take 'The Song of the Cities' and explain things that no landlubber could possibly understand. A shipbuilder or an engineer on a ship can point out many interesting things in the story, 'The Ship that Found Herself,' that go completely over the average reader's head. Kipling is the only poet in existence who understands the navy and the men who are building the navy."

The experience of an English nurse in France amplifies still further the testimony as to the salutary influence of poetry in the tragic days of the war.

"Out here," writes a V.A.D., in "From Cambridge to Camiers," "there is not much time for reading, but poetry has resumed something of its ancient power to console and strengthen and revive the spirit of man. Novels, though useful enough when one is sick, are either too exciting or too incongruous with our daily work, and we have no time nor energy for books that demand close study. But in the long watches of the night, when the sick or wounded are sleeping quietly around us, or in our hours off duty, when we can lie for a little while on the cliff among the sea-pinks and the tall white daisies and bask in the warm sunshine and the salt sea-breeze, then is the time to take out a thin volume of Rupert Brooke's or James Elroy

Flecker's and lose ourselves in the beauty that is never old and never tires. My sister sent me last Christmas a book of 'Georgian Poetry,' and in it there is much delight for tired minds. Here is Walter de la Mare's 'Music,' and John Drinkwater's 'Of Greatham,' with its remembrances of the beloved land from which for a while we are exiles. There is John Masefield's unforgotten picture of the 'Wanderer.' Even better, I think, I do love James Elroy Flecker's song of the 'Gates of Damascus,' with its vision of the four Grand Wardens leaning on their spears, and the four roads that lead, one to gay Aleppo, one to Mecca the holy, one to the burning desert, and one to the enchanted sea. And yet, powerful as is the spell of these, I turn more often to the thin volume of Rupert Brooke's '1914,' and find there solace and refreshment. It has the thirst for beauty that marks the other Georgian poets, the delight in every quick and vivid movement of the senses, but it has something more too — a perception of the soul of the war that lifts it into the realm of great and tragic things. More than any other poet of the time, Rupert Brooke interpreted and embodied the spirit in which our men have gone to this fight — not from blind lust of battle or desire of conquest, not as slaves driven to the slaughter by a military tyrant, but with clear eyes and steady hands keenly conscious of the joy of life, of all that they are relinquishing, yet willing and unafraid. To us here, who have so often to tend the dying and grieve for the

dead, it is good to know how friendly Death looked to one who was so soon to face it."

In the early part of the war a Scotch lad often expressed the wish that if he fell his grave should be marked with Robert Louis Stevenson's "Requiem." When he was killed, one of the sergeants furnished the lines from memory and had them engraved on the cross over his last resting-place:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

"This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be:
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BIBLE IN THE TRENCHES

LIVING his uneventful life before the war, the average Englishman, says Donald Hankey, could hardly be said to possess a philosophy at all, but rather a code of honor and morals, based partly on tradition and partly on his own observation of the law of cause and effect in the lives of his associates. When war came and the average Englishman found himself in the ranks, he discovered that his easy-going philosophy did not quite fit in with the new demands made on him. So he had to try and think things out. But this was by no means easy. He had read very little that was of any help to him now. He could remember nothing but a few phrases from the Bible, some verses from Omar Khayyám, and a sentence or two from the Latin Syntax — one of which was *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* But when he found himself in a support trench, heavily shelled by the enemy, Omar, who had lived before the day of high explosives, was of little comfort, and "it did n't seem quite playing the game" to turn to the Bible then after having neglected it so long. Though he could not have defined his attitude of mind, he wavered between fatalism and the gospel of the "will to prevail," and was near to becoming a disciple of Nietzsche.

To illustrate how dogma has lost its hold on the common mind, the Reverend Neville S. Talbot, in his "Thoughts on Religion at the Front," tells of a song he often heard at the informal concerts given by the soldiers. It is called "The Preacher and the Bear," and he quotes it with apologies to the easily shocked. The song is about a colored minister who, against his conscience, went out shooting on a Sunday and on going home met a grizzly bear. Taking refuge up a tree, this is his prayer:

"O Lord, who delivered Daniel from the lions' den,
Also Jonah from the tummy of the whale — and then
Three Hebrew chilluns from the fiery furnace,
As the good Book do declare —
O Lord, if you can't help me, don't help that grizzly bear!"

"Here," says Mr. Talbot, "is an epitome of a far-spreading incredulity about the Bible. It is the Higher Criticism in its crudest popular form, and men are at the mercy of it. I have known a mess of officers engage in argument about the Bible with a skeptical Scots doctor, cleverer than they. As old-fashioned believers in the Bible, they had to admit being thoroughly 'strafed' in the argument, yet they had no way out, such as an intelligent understanding of the Bible affords."

This reminds one of the sailor to whom the words in the Book of Revelation, "there was no more sea," were a source of acute misery. While unlettered he was a deeply religious man, and also a literalist, and he found the thought of a world without a sea almost

Photo by Paul Thompson

PRINTING THE TESTAMENTS FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY

The American Bible Society furnished a million testaments to the Y.M.C.A. for our soldiers and sailors

Photo by Paul Thompson

PACKING THE KHAKI-COVERED TESTAMENTS FOR THE SOLDIERS

The aim was to furnish one for every man in the service

intolerable. The Bible was to be believed, but what was to become of the sailors?

No belligerent government deliberately placed obstacles in the way of Bible distribution, and from the latest reports available the offices of the British and Foreign Bible Society were still open in Berlin, Vienna, and Constantinople — the most unlikely places. The National Bible Society of Scotland reports that in 1917 its office was still open in Hungary, though its work was being carried on under famine conditions. The British and Foreign Bible Society has distributed over 7,000,000 Bibles, Testaments, and portions, not only among the British troops and the Allied forces, but also in the very ranks of the enemy. In this most savage of wars, waged with the most devilish of methods and begetting an unparalleled intensity of hatred, we have had cases of Russian prisoners in Germany being supplied with Bibles printed on German presses, paid for by American money sent through British channels! The demand of the Bulgarian soldiers in the trenches exhausted the stock of the American Bible Society in Sofia. Many copies of the Scriptures in Chinese were sent from Shanghai for Chinese workers in France.

The American Bible Society, which had had experience in war-time distribution of the Bible in the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Russo-Japanese War, the Spanish-American War, and in the recent disturbances on the Mexican border, has been hard at work supplying the troops of to-day.

Since the entrance of the United States into the war, the Society has issued in its Army and Navy editions 2,231,831 volumes of Scriptures. The majority of these have been free gifts to the chaplains of the United States Army and Navy for distribution among the troops, and to the War Work Council of the Y.M.C.A. Special rates, often much below the cost of manufacture, were made on all the other copies. The special grant of a million copies of New Testaments to the Army and Navy through the Y.M.C.A. was fulfilled in spite of all the difficulties due to the fuel, transportation, and climatic conditions from which the country suffered during the winter of 1917–18. The two chief problems before the Society were to secure the necessary funds and to meet the growing demand. There was a rush of orders from many widely different sources. The Society's presses were running for weeks up to two o'clock at night.

The copies were sent to the troops, first of all through the nine home agencies of the Society, most of which made special efforts to distribute them. Next they used auxiliary societies, such as the Massachusetts and the Maryland Bible Societies. Then the Y.M.C.A., with whom the American Bible Society had an understanding, drew very largely upon its resources.

The directors of the Society felt that every enlisted man in the Army and Navy ought to have a Testament, or a Gospel, or a whole Bible for his own use. Some of the men were glad to get them and willing

to pay for them, but to others they had to be given free. At one of the forts in New York Harbor, before the men were transferred to concentration camps, one hundred and fifty soldiers called in one day and personally asked for Testaments.

"The Bible is certainly the best preparation that you can give to an American soldier going into battle to sustain his magnificent ideal and faith," wrote Marshal Foch.

It was felt that the best way to give a soldier a Bible or a Testament was to have it come from the people in his own home, his own town, or his own church. Many saw to it that he got one before he left. The Society worked through these channels, and supplied a large number of individuals, churches, Sunday schools and local organizations. The Northeastern Department of the Society's Atlantic Agency in Pennsylvania secured $400 from the churches of Scranton with which to buy Bibles for the soldiers going from that city and region. For the special use of the Maryland troops, the Maryland Bible Society ordered 10,000 copies of the Scriptures with a letter inserted from President Wilson, written at the request of Dr. Goucher, president of the Maryland Bible Society. The Massachusetts Society had a letter from the Governor of the State inserted in its books and gave many thousand copies to its troops. The New York Bible Society, operating in New York City and Harbor, distributed 25,000 Testaments and portions, containing a similar letter from Colonel Roosevelt.

The constitution of the American Bible Society prevents its placing anything within the covers of the Bible except an identification page. As the reserve funds of the Society were exhausted, it was compelled to raise more money by a special campaign, in order to cover the cost of the books already issued, and make further provision for future issues.

Exclusive of the work of the Continental Bible Societies, from which figures are not available, a conservative estimate places the number of Bibles, Testaments, and portions distributed by the American, British, and Scottish Bible Societies at fifteen million copies. "Never before in human history," says Dr. William I. Haven, "were there so many copies of any one book in the hands of armies as during this war — not only our King James Version, but Jewish Scriptures, selected and bound in khaki, for the soldier's pocket; the Douay Testament, got out by the Chaplains' Aid Society of the Catholic War Council; Moravian textbooks; and courses of reading prepared by the Young Men's Christian Association."

The Pocket Testament League, with an office in the Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, did an exceptional work through army chaplains and the Y.M.C.A. It issued various editions of the Testament in different bindings. One of these has the President's message to the troops on Bible reading; another has messages on the same subject from General Pershing and Colonel Roosevelt. There is also an "emergency"

TESTAMENTS BEING DISTRIBUTED BY THE NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY

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The work was highly commended by General Leonard Wood and Rear-Admiral Usher

U.S. NAVAL RADIO SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A special library installed in the old library building of the Harvard Divinity School

list of selections for the soldier to read when he is lonely, troubled, or in danger. Inside the back cover is a page marked "My Decision," which thousands of soldiers and sailors have signed. The son of a titled woman, a young officer serving at the front, was killed and so mangled that the only means of identification was the "decision" signature in an "Active Service" Testament found on his person.

This is President Wilson's admonition to the men of the Army and Navy:

"The Bible is the Word of Life. I beg that you will read it and find this out for yourselves — read, not little snatches here and there, but long passages that will really be the road to the heart of it. You will not only find it full of real men and women, but also of things you have wondered about and been troubled about all your life, as men have been always; and the more you read the more it will become plain to you what things are worth while and what are not; what things make men happy — loyalty, right dealing, speaking the truth, readiness to give everything for what they think their duty, and, most of all, the wish that they may have the real approval of the Christ, who gave everything for them; and the things that are guaranteed to make them unhappy — selfishness, cowardice, greed, and everything that is low and mean.

"When you have read the Bible you will know that it is the Word of God, because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own happiness, and your own duty."

Colonel Roosevelt's message to the men of the forces was as follows:

"The teachings of the New Testament are foreshadowed in Micah's verse (Micah VI, 8): 'What more does the Lord require of thee than to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'

"Do justice; and therefore fight valiantly against the armies of Germany and Turkey, for these nations in this crisis stand for the reign of Moloch and Beelzebub on this earth.

"Love mercy; treat prisoners well, succor the wounded, treat every woman as if she were your sister, care for the little children, and be tender to the old and helpless.

"Walk humbly; you will do so if you study the life and teachings of the Saviour.

"May the God of justice and mercy have you in his keeping."

"I am glad to see that every man in the Army is to have a Testament," wrote General Pershing. "Its teachings will fortify us for our great task."

A representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church Mission in France reports that one day he went to see a poor, unfortunate soldier in jail and left with him a New Testament. The following week he went again to see him. He was asked for copies for the other prisoners, and a Bible for the guard. "It was really impressive," the pastor writes, "to see that poor fellow behind the iron gate smiling at me and sending me greetings of thanks and gratitude."

© *Colonel E. J. Parker*

CAMOUFLAGED TENT OF THE SALVATION ARMY

Just behind the line at Bouillon

© Colonel E. J. Parker

THESE WOMEN SERVED BOOKS AS WELL AS DOUGHNUTS

Among the negroes employed there, says the same pastor, was one who already knew a little of the New Testament. On Easter Monday he was seen crying like a child. He had in his hand the book which had been given him and a letter.

"What have you got, my lad?" asked the pastor.

"I heard wife dead in Madagascar, and me read the New Testament."

Another negro from New Caledonia wrote:

"I ask you for some more many copies of the Gospel for comrades, and one Saint Mathieu for me. Me doing well, — and you, my pastor, and your son, and your daughter?

"I am your son who loves you.

"DANIS."

An English soldier was sitting on his bed reading his Bible, when several gathered round, and one said, "Don't keep it all to yourself, lad. If you read it aloud, we can all hear." He had quite a good audience as he read several chapters. After that, Bible reading in that hut became a regular thing, and the young man was frequently called upon to explain passages.

The Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., Knights of Columbus, and Young Men's Hebrew Association, working side by side for the welfare of the soldiers, did much to break down denominationalism. A story is told of a Catholic priest asking a Y.M.C.A. secretary for a Protestant Testament to take to a Jewish boy in the hospital.

A pastor who always carried with him a few Testaments for distribution, gave one to a young soldier. Months later the pastor was visiting a hospital and was accosted by this same soldier, who, coming up, grasped him by the hand most cordially and said:

"You do not know me, do you? But I remember you. In fact I shall never forget you. I owe you a debt I can never repay. You remember that some months ago you were distributing New Testaments at the station of X——, and you gave me one. I put it in my bag, and when I got out to the front, in the midst of the awful scenes of destruction, facing danger and death, when one did not know what the moment would bring, I found time to read the little book you gave me. I am a changed man. And it is your little book that has done it. I do not know how I can ever thank you enough!"

A member of the Kansas cavalry said: "I have neglected my Bible, but I am now beginning to find out that missing the reading of the Book is just like forgetting to brush one's teeth. It seems to make an unclean feeling come upon me. So I am now keeping up my reading pretty well."

A private at Camp Custer wanted a Testament, although he could neither read nor write. "I can't read," he said, "but I like to feel one in my pocket."

Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, while serving as hospital librarian, offered a novel to a former bartender before she noticed that he was absorbed in the Bible. "No," he said, without looking up, "I don't want to read

nothing 'til I see how this here turns out." One of the books most frequently asked for in the hospital was "that little red book," as a certain pocket edition of the Gospel of St. John was designated.

"During the terrible epidemic of influenza that struck our camp with such violence," writes an American army chaplain, "I came into closest personal touch, day by day, with the poor victims of its ravages and I know positively of a number of young men whom I sincerely believe were kept alive only by the comfort and fortitude received from reading a Vest Pocket Testament. And many others were strengthened and supported for the journey through the Valley of the Shadow by the blest promises on which they leaned so heavily."

A soldier of the Second Pennsylvania Infantry said to his chaplain: "This is not the kind of Bible I wanted." When asked what kind he did want, he replied: "I want an Old Testament with the Lord's Prayer in it." The chaplain told him that it had not yet been published. The soldier said he thought that was what he wanted. "At least, I want the part of the Bible that I can read every day." When the chaplain told him that he could read any part of it daily, the soldier was not satisfied. He said, "My mother used to read me one part of the Bible every day and that is what I want." The chaplain then began quoting the 23d Psalm. "That's it. That's what I want," he cried.

Certainly in the wars of old the thunder of the

Psalms was an antidote for the thunder of battle. In the Crusades, there were but few battles against the Saracens in which there was not sung the *Venite* of the 95th Psalm, the battle-cry of the Templars.

In 1380, when the Tartar hordes were advancing on Moscow, Demetrius, Grand Prince of Russia, advanced to meet the invaders on the banks of the Don. After reading the 46th Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength," he plunged into the fight which ended in the defeat of the Tartars.

The Psalms were the war-shout of John Sobieski. From them the Great Armada took its motto. They were the watchwords of Gustavus Adolphus and Cromwell, the battle-hymns of the Huguenots and the Cévennois.

At the battle of Courtrai in 1587 the Huguenots chanted the 24th and 25th verses of the 118th Psalm. "The cowards are afraid," cried a young courtier to the Duc de Joyeuse, who commanded the Roman Catholics; "they are confessing themselves." "Sire," said a scarred veteran, "when the Huguenots behave thus, they are ready to fight to the death."

Cromwell's "Invincibles" were a body of men who, as Carlyle says, had the fear of God, but knew no other fear. No plundering, drinking, disorder, or impiety was allowed. Tradition says that every soldier in Cromwell's army was provided with a small Bible. This was not a complete Bible, but a sixteen-page pamphlet consisting of appropriate quotations from the Genevan Version of the Scriptures and entitled

THE SOULDIERS Pocket Bible:

Containing the moſt (if not all) thoſe places contained in holy Scripture, which doe ſhew the qualifications of his inner man, that is a fit Souldier to fight the Lords Battels, both before he fight, in the fight, and after the fight;

Which Scriptures are reduced to ſeverall heads, and fitly applyed to the Souldiers ſeverall occaſions, and ſo may ſupply the want of the whole Bible; which a Souldier cannot conveniently carry about him:

And may bee alſo uſefull for any Chriſtian to meditate upon, now in this miſerable time of Warre.

Imprimatur, *Edm. Calamy:*

Joſ. 18. This Book of the Law ſhall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou ſhalt meditate therein day and night, that thou maiſt obſerve to doe according to all that is written therein, for then thou ſhalt make thy way proſperous, and have good ſucceſſe.

Printed at *London* by *G.B.* and *R.W.* for *Aug:* 3d *G. C.* 1643.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE CROMWELLIAN BIBLE

The Souldiers pocket Bible.

A Souldier muſt not doe wickedly.

Deut. 23. 9 WHen thou goeſt out with the hoſt againſt thine enemies, keepe thee then from all wickedneſſe.

Luke 3. 14 The ſouldiers likewiſe demanded of him, ſaying, and what ſhall we doe? And he ſaid unto them, doe violence to no man, neither accuſe any falſly, and be content with your wages.

Levit. 26. 27 37. And if you will not for this obey me, you ſhall not be able to ſtand before your enemies.

Deut. 28. 25. And the Lord ſhall cauſe thee to fall before thine enemies, thou ſhalt come out one way againſt them, and fly ſeven wayes before them.

A Souldier muſt be valiant for Gods Cauſe.

1 Sam. 18. 17. Be valiant and fight the Lords battells.

2 Sam. 10. 12. Be ſtrong, and let us be valiant for our people, and for the Cities of our God, and

the "Soldier's Pocket Bible," presumably issued in 1643. The selected texts refer to warfare and were intended to nerve the men for battle. In 1693, during the war with France, the pamphlet was reprinted under the title, "The Christian Soldier's Penny Bible," with the quotations altered in accordance with the King James version.

In Great Britain's Civil War the beginning of a battle was frequently heralded by the singing of Psalms. This was true of the battle of Marston Moor. As his troopers bore the body of John Hampden to his grave, they chanted the 90th Psalm, which since 1662 has had its place in the burial service of the Prayer Book.

The Psalms were the battle-cry of the Huguenots in 1704 when Cavalier won a brilliant victory. It was with the singing of the 48th Psalm that Roland, one of the Camisard leaders, routed the Royalists at the Bridge of Salindres in 1709.

Reading and believing as did these warriors of old produced men of the type of Sir Richard Grenville, who, with his hundred men and his little forty-ton frigate, fought against fifty-three Spanish ships of war manned with ten thousand men. Sir Richard's last words have been lovingly preserved for us by Sir Walter Raleigh:

"Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honor. Whereby my soul most

joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do."

CHAPTER XIX

BOOKS FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS

In the recreation room of an English military hospital, I was watching a group of wounded men playing billiards. One very young lad who had lost both legs was taking his turn in the game from the point of vantage of a wheeled chair. I started to talk with him, but he saw at once that sympathy was uppermost in my mind. "Oh," said he, trying to help me out, "I'm not so badly off. My pal's the one to be pitied. He lost both his eyes!"

Anything rather than that, was the feeling of the fighting man. Nothing is more heartrending than the sight of the wounded in the hospitals, with eyes bandaged, their fate not yet known to themselves. Here you see men with one eye gone and the other much injured — clinging to the belief that the remaining one is or will be quite sound.

The old idea that responsibility ended with the return of the soldier to private life has given place to a new sense of duty on the part of the Government. It is now felt that it is not enough to heal the soldier's wounds and give him a pension; he must be re-educated and equipped for his return to civil life so that he may be as useful as possible to himself and to his country.

With this end in view, England, France, Italy, and

the United States have introduced into their convalescent hospitals practical instruction for wounded soldiers. Actual manual work is being utilized not only for its good effect upon both mind and body, but for its real vocational and commercial value to the soldier upon his return to civil life. Courses in light metal work, mechanical drawing, woodwork, clay modeling, automobile and internal combustion engine work, shoe repairing, netting, gardening, poultry-keeping, rabbit-keeping, bee-keeping, and floriculture are being offered to the wounded soldier just as soon as he is able to undertake physical and mental exertion. The result is that already, in many instances, though handicapped by loss of limb and even sight, the reëducated soldier has been able to take a position often more remunerative than the one he held before enlistment.

The task of providing books for the blinded soldiers is one that requires no small amount of thought and care. It must be remembered, in the first place, that these men are beginners in reading with the fingers, and that it is necessary to supply them with books where fully contracted Braille is employed. This means that they have to familiarize themselves with many abbreviations. Technical handbooks must be prepared to aid them in mastering the various occupations which it is essential for them to learn in order that they may be able later on to take their places in the world of workers. A soldier also wants to keep up to date as regards the news. The Na-

Photo by Bassano

CLASS ROOM IN ST. DUNSTAN'S HOSTEL, LONDON

Each pupil had an individual instructor

tional Institute for the Blind, in London, publishes a weekly newspaper, *The Braille Weekly Edition of the Daily Mail*, which consists of sixteen pages of the week's news and is sold for a penny.

It is surprising to note the rapidity with which the soldiers learn to read and write in Braille. This is no doubt due to the fact that each pupil is given an individual teacher. Many of the men used to an active, open-air life, their hands calloused by work, have to acquire the sensitiveness of touch necessary to enable them to pass their fingers over the embossed dots of a Braille page and make them do the work of their eyes. Yet many of them become comparatively proficient readers in six months' time. After that it is only a matter of continued practice for them to become more and more expert. Many of the men, who in the ordinary course of life would read but little good literature, are now, because of the handicap of their blindness, beginning to read some of the best authors. As a compensation for their loss of sight they are being introduced to the joys of good reading and are being reëducated along new lines.

Two institutions in particular have become quite famous for this work of reëducation, — St. Dunstan's in London and Le Phare de France in Paris.

THE WORK IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE

Under the stimulus of Sir Arthur Pearson's genius for organization, St. Dunstan's hostel for blinded

soldiers and sailors has become a model of practical work for the blind. The success of the undertaking, all the more remarkable since Sir Arthur is himself blind, has been due in part to the excellently maintained system of communication between the medical and military authorities. Even before the blinded soldier leaves the military hospital some little task is given him to occupy his mind and encourage him in his efforts to acquire a new form of usefulness. At St. Dunstan's everything that ingenuity can suggest and generosity provide is done to lift him from mental despondency over his loss. It is the aim of the institution to develop the imagination and stimulate individual initiative; to impress upon the man that but for the loss of sight he is normal, and to arouse in him pride of achievement, to the end that he may learn to look upon his blindness as an opportunity rather than as a calamity. The hostel has been called the "Happiest House in London." "What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve about," is its motto.

Education begins the moment the man enters, and so successful are the methods employed that in less than a week he can conduct visitors around the grounds and workshops, no small feat when one realizes that they cover more than fifteen acres.

The point of view on which the work is based is that "blindness is only a handicap, and one that it is quite possible to get the better of." The starting-point of the treatment is the physiological fact that

our other senses — hearing, smell, and touch — but little called upon when sight exists, have become, in consequence, almost atrophied by disuse. Systematic treatment awakens and develops these senses to an almost incredible degree.

In the classrooms the man is taught Braille reading and typewriting, and as soon as he has passed the writing test, he is given a typewriter for his own use. He stays until he is proficient in some line and he is then assisted in various ways to make his entry into the new life. On leaving he is well supplied with Braille books. The National Library for the Blind lends books free to all British soldiers blinded in the war, the cost of transportation being met by the National Institute for the Blind.

Although the study of Braille is only one of the many tasks to which the men apply themselves simultaneously, most of them master its intricacies in from five to six months, and are able, by the time they leave St. Dunstan's, to read quickly enough to thoroughly enjoy a book. When distributing prizes a short time ago to the men who had passed the test of the National Institute for the Blind in writing Braille, Sir Arthur Pearson told them that already three hundred and thirty-four St. Dunstan's men had passed this difficult test. "When you realize," he said, "that out of the total blind population of the Kingdom only three hundred outside of St. Dunstan's have passed it, you can see what reason you have to be proud of yourselves."

The trades and occupations taught — selected after careful consideration as likely to provide the most practical openings for sightless men desiring profitable work — are massage, shorthand writing, telephone operating, poultry farming, joinery, matmaking, boot repairing, and basketry. Instruction is also given in netting, but this is regarded rather as a paying hobby than as an occupation. As a rule, training in the simpler occupations is completed in from six to eight months. Shorthand takes longer. The course in massage requires from a year to a year and a half; besides gaining the necessary manipulative dexterity, the men have to acquire a considerable knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and pathology, and the examinations which they must pass are very severe. A fine collection of technical books in Braille type, many of them compiled by an ex-pupil of the school, who, having lost his sight in the middle of his medical career, turned his attention to the practice of massage, is presented to every student.

While massage is not a new occupation for the blind, heretofore the blind masseur had in every case been a person of superior intellectual attainments, and for this reason expert authorities were at first inclined to consider it impracticable to attempt to train blinded soldiers for this work. It is therefore all the more remarkable that in a year or two a large number of men, blinded in the war, should have so equipped themselves as to be able to help in the cure of other wounded men lying in military hospitals.

"The transition from a state of hopelessness and helplessness, with the haunting prospect of a useless life, to this exercise of highly trained skill in work of the utmost utility, is amazing to contemplate," says Sir Arthur Pearson in his recently published book, "Victory over Blindness."

Play is considered as important at St. Dunstan's as work. Rowing, swimming, boxing, and wrestling are popular. Dancing is much enjoyed, and games of all kinds are played in the evenings. The daily papers are read aloud every morning. A debating club holds very interesting meetings.

All these activities help to carry out Sir Arthur's idea in establishing St. Dunstan's — to create "a little world where the things which blind men cannot do are forgotten, and where every one is concerned with what blind men can do." The men are advised not to emphasize the difference between themselves and others by twisting phrases unnecessarily, but to speak naturally of "seeing" a person or "reading" an item of news in the paper. A blinded soldier, who, on his arrival from the hospital, had been taken over the building and through the classrooms, the workshops, and the grounds, was asked when he returned if he had been happily impressed. His answer was, "Yes, sir, only I cannot believe that all these men are blind!"

As each man goes away he is equipped with the necessary apparatus for the particular trade he has been taught, and is assisted in installing it in his

home. Even then his connection with St. Dunstan's does not cease, for by means of its After-Care Department the institution keeps in touch with its former students, and plans to do so as long as any of them are alive and need its aid.

The case of a young scientific chemist, blinded by a laboratory explosion while engaged in conducting experiments connected with the perfection of a new form of high explosive for military purposes, furnishes a striking example of the way in which it is possible for a blind man to hold his own in pursuits which to many people seem utterly beyond his powers. Fortified by the promise of a position with the great chemical firm for which he had previously worked, he attacked the problems that confronted him with the utmost vigor and persistence, learned with unusual rapidity, and with the help of some of the leading teachers and experts in London kept himself well abreast of scientific progress. On his return to work he was entrusted with the supervision of all the patents; he has also reviewed and indexed the accumulation of patent literature in the library, making synopses of the interesting cases, and has been called upon with increasing frequency for reports on research problems affecting the various departments.

In summing up the reasons for the speed with which the blinded soldiers at St. Dunstan's are able to learn, Sir Arthur Pearson lays special stress upon the fact that their teachers are also blind. Thus there is a bond between teacher and pupil. In attacking their

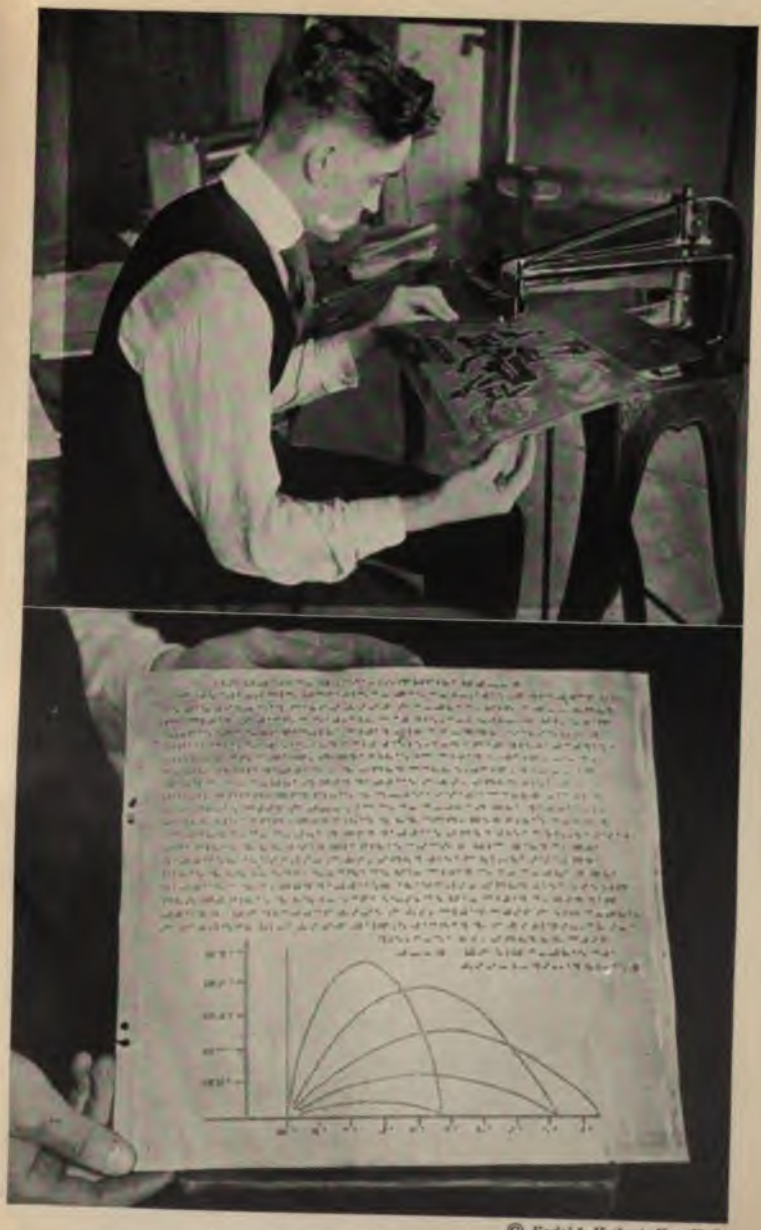
unaccustomed tasks the men realize that they are not being asked to do something impossible, by some one who does not understand; they feel, on the contrary, that what has already been done by a man similarly handicapped they too can learn to do. "Since I have seen St. Dunstan's," exclaimed one visitor, "'blind leaders of the blind' will never again mean anything to me but a proverb of human helpfulness!"

In France, work similar to that at St. Dunstan's is being done by Le Phare de France, Paris, and Le Phare de Bordeaux. Le Phare de France, literally "the lighthouse of France," under the supervision of the Department of the Interior and the Ministry of War, claims the distinction of being the only college for the reëducation of the blinded soldier. It was opened in March, 1916, by the President of the French Republic and the American Ambassador. It publishes a French Braille magazine *La Lumière*, partially edited by blinded soldiers and distributed wherever a blinded soldier can be found. It has also issued no less than ten thousand volumes covering a wide range, from music to novels. The blinded soldier can borrow almost anything from "The Last of the Romanoffs" to Kipling's latest volume, or from a grammar to a manual of anatomy to be used in his study of massage as a part of his reëducation.

Miss Winifred Holt, a daughter of Henry Holt, the New York publisher, was one of the founders of the "lighthouse." Her schemes for arousing the interest of the blind are very practical. A visitor noticed a

small bronze elephant near the edge of her desk. "He is one of my best friends," she said. "When I have a blind soldier brought in to me for the first time he sits hopelessly in that chair, and it is my business to get hold of him. Presently, after the manner of the blind, his hands vaguely grope as he talks and soon fall on the elephant, and I say, 'What are you touching?' In a moment he has run his hand along the animal and says, 'An elephant.' Then I can show him that he need not despair since he can see with his hands."

Although the aim of Le Phare de France is the higher education of the blinded soldier, its doors are open to all classes from the officer of high rank to the humble poilu, the only passport required being blindness and potential intelligence. Of the subjects taught, typewriting and stenography are the most popular as well as the most necessary, for it is through these two branches primarily that the blind soldier can be reunited with the seeing world. The special commercial courses are also popular, while the arts and crafts, such as weaving, the operation of knitting machines, printing presses, modeling and the making of pottery, likewise come in for their share of attention. A wounded patient from Verdun, his right arm as well as his sight gone, on being introduced to an American checker-board adapted for the blind and finding that he could still beat his kindly visitor with all her faculties intact, was so pleased and encouraged that he took a new interest in life and from checkers



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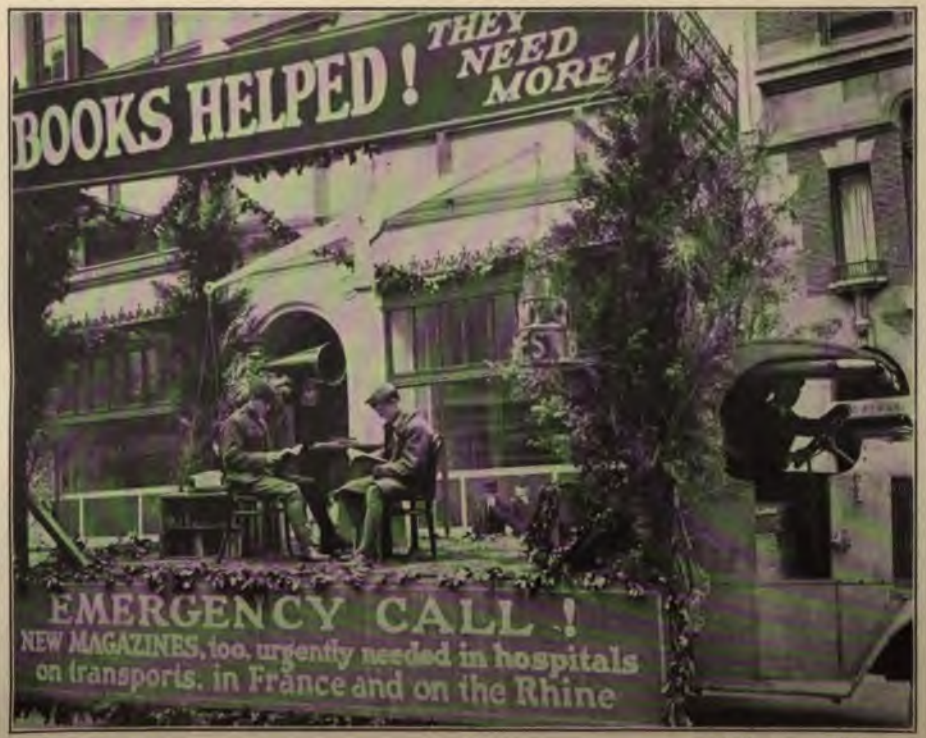
LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

Upper: Making an embossed map of the seat of the war
Lower: Braille sheet with diagram showing the range of projectiles



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FLOAT SHOWING THAT BOOKS OUTWEIGHED "ARMY BLUES"

Victory Liberty Loan Parade, New York City

went on to learn Braille and other simple things until he was able to leave the military hospital and take up in earnest the study of some line of useful work.

A strong Zouave came back carried like a child, with no eyes, no legs, and only one arm. However, he laughed aloud when he found that he could not only learn to read but that one arm could do things which were useful and of commercial value.

The Valentin Haüy Association has organized a commercial course and gives instruction in reading and writing Braille, in writing with a pen and with a "guide." It prints in Braille easily read books of an attractive kind, like the works of François Coppée, Alphonse Daudet, and Alexandre Dumas. Its library is open to blinded soldiers, and twice a day readings are given for their benefit — the morning session being devoted to the newspapers. The Association aims at a sort of family life. The idea underlying all its work is that a blind person can and must reconstruct his life.

"A Beacon for the Blind," the life of Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General of England, by Miss Winifred Holt, with a preface by Lord Bryce, has been put into Braille by the National Institute for the Blind, and is now being read by the British soldiers blinded in battle. The National Institute has also put a French translation of this work by the Marquis de Vogüé into French Braille — a gift from the British to their blinded allies.

Miss Alice Getty, an American, is doing in Paris a

novel work for the blinded soldiers. It originated in the fall of 1915 when she was asked by two blinded French officers if she would not give them some lessons in English so that they could converse with their English-speaking blinded comrades. Miss Getty tried to find an English grammar written in Braille, but learned that the only ones in Paris were at the Valentin Haüy Association and could not be loaned. Thereupon she decided to make up her own Braille grammar. While doing this, she became impressed with the urgent need for literature for the blind. She purchased a machine for printing in Braille and transformed a vacant apartment into a printing shop called *La Roue*, "The Wheel" (the Eastern symbol of wisdom).

When a request for a French-Spanish grammar reached her, and no such book could be found, Miss Getty made up one with the aid of a person who knew the Spanish Braille alphabet. Next came a request for instruction books in massage — a calling in which blinded soldiers have become particularly adept. Miss Getty then began to issue books which would help to keep blind men in touch with modern thought and the literature of to-day. Copies of each work were sent to six Braille libraries in the provinces. Before long ninety-seven blinded soldiers were drawing individually on the collection which Miss Getty had established.

When the printing office and library developed to a point where they were too large for Miss Getty to

handle personally, they were taken over by the American-British-French-Belgian Permanent Blind Relief War Fund. This Fund supplies books to the various institutions in the different countries as well as to any individual blinded soldier with whom the officials may get in touch.

The English grammar with which Miss Getty began is now in its third edition, as is also its companion volume, "English Words Grouped According to Sound." Two editions of the Spanish grammar by Sauer-Serrano have been issued, followed by a better one by Hernandez. The record for the last three months of 1917 was 875 volumes printed and bound in cardboard. A recent report states that a total of 3765 volumes have been turned out. Two or three books are sent each month to every person on the "Wheel's" mailing list. Some of these works are being illustrated by a special process.

Miss Getty's plant and library, supported largely by donations from the United States, are now located at the headquarters of the Fund, 75 Avenue des Champs Élysées, Paris.

THE WORK IN THE UNITED STATES

The methods employed by the United States government for the rehabilitation of the blind incorporate the best features of the English and French systems. The men are cared for in France before embarkation; training is provided for them on board ship *en route* to this country; and after their return

they are given a complete course of instruction in a hospital school. When they are ready to reënter civil life, suitable positions are found for them.

For this work Mrs. T. Harrison Garrett has given her residence, with its ninety-acre estate, at Roland Park, near Baltimore. The house has been fitted up as a complete hospital school for the blind, known as "Evergreen Hospital." Classrooms, auditoriums, shops, swimming-pools, and gymnasiums have been built on the grounds. Here the blinded soldier is trained to live as a blind man, to have faith in himself, to realize the mental and physical value of steady employment, to find light through work. The course of study includes reading and writing Braille; the use of the typewriter; transcribing from the dictaphone, telephone switch-board operating, and various branches of gymnastics and athletics. The essentials of certain occupations, such as weaving, woodworking, cement work, and netting, are also taught. A period of from three months to a year is required for the entire course.

Some of the men who will get $100 a month for total disability and $57.50 from their Government insurance, feel at first that they do not have to work, but they soon become convinced that employment is necessary for their happiness. "Do not let any one do anything for you that you can do for yourself," is the instructor's advice to the newly blinded.

Every effort is made to induce the men to learn

Braille, as a means of contact with the outside world which they cannot afford to neglect. Sometimes resistance is encountered, but nearly every man can be persuaded in one way or another. One man was led to take up the study through his interest in a Braille slate. To others the incentive came through their desire to participate in the card parties which are arranged as an opportunity for social entertainment, and to which young ladies are invited; in order to use the cards, which have raised figures, it was necessary to master the rudiments of Braille. "I do not want to learn to read," said an old man, "but I would like to learn to play solitaire." Through learning solitaire he became a most enthusiastic reader. Recently forty-four men were taking Braille at one time.

Some of the men had been farmers before going into the Army, and had not gone beyond the seventh or eighth grade of the public schools. At the hospital they take up English and arithmetic and get a common school education. In Braille they begin with primers and contractions, and then go on to short stories, which are being copied by volunteers all over the country.

An English soldier, a veteran of the Boer War, who had become naturalized and had enlisted in the American Army, lost his sight in the recent war. While at the United States Soldiers' Home he took correspondence courses in English and law. In order that he might master Blackstone's Commentaries

the text was read into a dictaphone and then copied off in Braille.

Another blinded soldier is studying anatomy from the cadaver at the Johns Hopkins University Medical School, using as a textbook Gray's Anatomy, transcribed in Braille.

An American soldier, who lost his eyesight and both his hands in France, recently received from a young British soldier who had suffered the same fate a remarkable and interesting letter, written at the instigation of Sir Arthur Pearson, in the hope that the story of the writer's experiences and successes might bring hope and cheer to another in the same situation.

The letter was written by the soldier himself on a specially constructed typewriter, operated by means of a small hammer attached to his artificial hand. It did not contain a single mistake or erasure. In it the writer states that thanks to the course in elocution which Sir Arthur arranged for him he is able to earn his own livelihood, which he does by speaking on the work of St. Dunstan's and the National Institute for the Blind; in addition he organizes and controls the lantern slide department which is the advertising medium of these two institutions, and finds the work most interesting.

With this letter, typed "with his own hands" to show the practicability of the feat, was enclosed a longer communication which he had dictated, relating in more detail his experiences since the days

when he had considered himself "the most unfortunate person on earth," and describing the steps by which he had come to realize the possibilities still open to him.

The number of things which he has learned to do with his artificial hands surprises everybody, he says — himself most of all. Besides using a typewriter he can handle a fork and spoon, carry a walking-stick, and take his cigarette case from his pocket and help himself to a cigarette. By way of physical exercise he finds Swedish drill, swimming, roller skating, and dancing practicable. By having the reins passed through his artificial hands and strapped to his wrists he is even able to ride.

On one occasion he addressed a meeting without any of the audience knowing that he had lost his hands. "Since I have been like this I have traveled quite a lot up and down the country, and have had many amusing experiences," he says; "and I take considerable satisfaction in the fact that I am able to deceive ninety-nine per cent of the people I meet."

The soldier to whom these letters were written has also received from Helen Keller a letter which has been an inspiration not only to him, but to many others:

"Some day you will ask yourself why men fight and kill and maim other men with whom they have no quarrel. To satisfy your curiosity you will read. May I suggest that you read such books as 'Men in War,' by Latzko; 'Under Fire,' by Henri Barbusse,

and Bertrand Russell's 'New Roads to Freedom.' Those books will make things clear to you. Through the medium of those men's great souls you will hear the cries of the multitude whom no one can number — the victims of calamity, of oppression, of fierce injustice in every land. If you have the kind of mind that urges you to seek knowledge, you will keep on reading and investigating until you discover what is the warp and woof in the tissue of things that cause men to struggle savagely one against another on the fields of war, industry, and commerce. I think you will come to the conclusion that mankind is menaced by a remorseless enemy — an enemy which is destroying the happiness, the gentleness, the goodness in the world — an enemy which, under the mask of civilization, darkens men's minds, hardens their hearts, and brings to naught their highest hopes, their noblest aspirations. There can be no peace or liberty or happiness upon earth while this enemy rules in the high places."

So interested has Eugène Brieux, the French playwright, become in the reëducation of the blinded soldiers, that he has addressed to them a series of four letters written in a style whose charm springs from its simplicity, sincerity, and freedom from sentimentality. They have been copied in Braille so that every blind soldier can read them for himself. Though intended primarily for agricultural laborers and mechanics, they contain information, advice, and encouragement for all men who are trying to adjust them-

selves to "a new life wherein their eyes are in their finger tips." The first is a note of cheer to take up life anew, with serenity and courage, as well as happiness, for "when one knows beforehand that in playing a game one is bound to win, there is no need to hesitate, but play the hand." In the other letters he urges the learning of a handicraft, discusses the choice of a craft, and strongly advises the learning of Braille, not merely for the pastime and instruction, but also for the sake of correspondence and the keeping of accounts. Brieux firmly believes that there are

> "New lamps for old — behind those vacant eyeballs
> There lies a brain that has a thousand eyes
> That can be taught to see the hidden world
> That in an unseen world most truly lies."

CHAPTER XX

READING FOR THE FUTURE

In response to the insistent call for vocational literature which, as soon as peace was in sight, replaced the previous demand for military and technical works, the American Library Association printed several million copies of carefully selected lists of books on various trades. These were sent to camp libraries, branch reading-rooms, welfare centers, and public libraries, and were even made available through such novel distributing agencies as armories, banks, clubs, chambers of commerce, employment bureaus, factories, hotels, post-offices, restaurants, stores, and waiting-rooms.

The men were relaxed and unsettled, and welcomed these guides to reading which might be of use to them in their future work. Many looked forward to making a change in their civil occupations. Boys who had never farmed, for example, showed a great interest in agriculture, feeling that they could not go back to the confinement of indoor life. In one hospital ward books on soils, on berry culture, on poultry-raising, and on breeds of farm animals were all asked for on the same day.

An Italian at Fort Leavenworth who found Bailey's "Principles of Agriculture" on the shelf, inquired whether they were going to have any simpler works

RUG-MAKING IN THE CURATIVE WORKSHOP, WALTER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Books on color and design were essential to a class of this kind

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on the subject. "After de war I taka da land," he explained, "so I study farming now." A young lieutenant and a private in the same ward, who both wanted a book on farm tractors, willingly shared the volume.

Boys from the farm had had enough of seeing things destroyed and were, as a rule, desirous of getting back to a life where they could watch things grow. They too were eager for information. "I've farmed all my life, but I'd like to learn anything new there is about it in the books," said one farmer-soldier. A young marine at Chelsea appropriated every volume on soils and on poultry-raising that he could get hold of. "The other fellow can have the Zane Greys if I can have these," he said.

A man in the Camp Dodge Hospital who could n't "settle down to a story" was much pleased when the librarian suggested that he might be reading up on his trade. He left the library with a book on electricity under his arm and a broad smile on his face. Another man, who had been a stenographer before enlisting, seized the opportunity afforded by his stay in camp after the Armistice to study the literature of modern business methods.

The librarian at a debarkation hospital reported that Hiscox's "Gas Engines" had been thumbed by every man in one of the wards, and that there had almost been a free fight because one man hid the book under his mattress while he went out one afternoon.

BOOKS FOR THE A.E.F.

For the American Expeditionary Forces in France the National War Work Council of the Y.M.C.A. planned a novel kind of "university," with classrooms in the five hundred huts scattered along the French front. In addition to the teaching of elementary subjects, provision was made for advanced students whose college studies had been interrupted by the war. General Pershing offered the services of all soldiers who were competent instructors and could be spared from strictly military duty. This educational work was afterwards taken over by the Army. The A.L.A. coöperated in every possible way and was made responsible for the selection and distribution of the special book collections needed for supplementary reading.

In each of the divisions of the A.E.F. a man with library experience was appointed from the Army to act as division librarian. It was his duty to forward to the Paris Headquarters of the A.L.A. information as to the number and size of the classes being formed and the subjects to be studied, together with such other details as might be necessary for assembling the proper equipment of educational books (exclusive of textbooks, which were supplied by the Army). It was also his province to see that when the books reached the division, they were promptly and properly distributed, that competent men were detailed to attend to their administration, and that they were

used to the best possible advantage. He carried on his work in close coöperation with the division school officer, who had general oversight of the educational work in the division.

For each army the A.L.A. appointed from its own personnel an Army librarian, who supervised the library work and gave to the division librarians such assistance and advice as they needed.

Uniform reference libraries, of about 400 volumes each, were supplied to some 500 schools of instruction established by the Army Education Commission and scattered throughout the American Expeditionary Forces, and an approximately equal number of smaller collections of specially selected books were furnished for posts where only elementary or specialized work was given. These books covered a range of about 1000 titles. For this purpose more than 300,000 volumes were purchased in the United States and shipped to France on special tonnage granted by the War Department. The Army Post-Office transported them, in 120-pound cases, by mail cars, thus greatly facilitating delivery to points where educational work was being carried on. Supplementary books for which need arose from time to time were delivered either by a weekly courier service, or, where that was impossible, by mail.

The number and variety of the courses offered in the Army schools was such that a soldier could study almost anything he wished, from typewriting to the theory of music. Among the subjects taught at Le

Mans, to take a single instance, were law, shorthand, salesmanship and advertising, penmanship, Spanish, French, mathematics, journalism, public speaking, art, and architecture. An opportunity was thus afforded to every man in the service to increase his fitness for his former position in civil life, or to train himself to fill a better one when he got back to the States.

The A.L.A. also provided a library for the A.E.F. University opened in March, 1919, at Beaune, near Dijon. The enrollment in this institution was limited to those who were at least prepared for college work; as a matter of fact, about half of the 10,000 men in attendance at the fourteen colleges already held academic degrees. That the educational director of the enterprise, Dr. John Erskine, of Columbia University, was able to cite several hundred instances in which students elected to remain at Beaune, though given the option of returning to the United States with their units, shows that the work done there was well worth while.

The two great library problems at Beaune were books and room. A collection of 30,000 volumes was installed, and two supplementary buildings were added to the main library, bringing the seating capacity up to 1500 readers. This library performed two types of service. While its main function was that of the ordinary college or university library, the call for general reading could not be ignored and it also did the work of a public library. Fiction proved to be the

class of literature least in demand, and this despite the fact that the copies on the shelves were absolutely new; its percentage of circulation in comparison with class books was about one to six. The explanation for this is to be found in the fact that the library was well stocked with fresh copies of the kind of books that the men particularly wanted — available on open shelves. "The appeal of the shelves and new books is very strong to men who have been roughing it for one or two years," said the librarian. "These new books include practically every subject that men might be interested in — all the businesses, professions, vocations, the sports, history, politics, travel, and literature. Books on France are consistently popular, but drama, poetry, essays (with a surprisingly large call for appreciations of art and literature) are well in the foreground."

BRITISH RECONSTRUCTION WORK

Even while fighting was in progress the British Government was planning for the period of reconstruction after the war. One of its numerous schemes for furthering the resumption of ordinary pursuits was the Active Service Army School of the War Office, which gave the British soldier, whether at home or in the occupied territories, a chance to study for his own pleasure and profit while still in the service. Instruction was not limited to purely vocational studies, although these were included in great variety, but covered almost all the subjects taught in

less *en masse*, this department dealt only with individual cases and individual needs. Blanks were sent to all the hospitals, to be filled out by the patients, who indicated what subjects interested them, or more often, especially in the case of university men, the particular books they wanted to read. When the request was not definite, the Department consulted an expert in the field of the student's interest in order that it might be filled in the most satisfactory manner. Books were either bought or obtained from some society or private individual, and, unless the subject was one of especial difficulty, were sent out within twenty-four hours of the receipt of the request. The service, including postage, was free.

In all these activities the Central Library for Students, in London, played an important part. This library was started to meet the needs of students taking university extension courses but unable to buy the expensive books which were required. In 1915 a grant was obtained from the Carnegie Foundation, and the collection which had been gathered together at Toynbee Hall by the Workers' Educational Union became the nucleus of a larger library, which almost at once began to be of use to the Government. At the request of the Ministry of Pensions, technical books were loaned to wounded soldiers trying to fit themselves for their return to civilian life. The resources of the library also proved of the greatest possible value to the soldier students of the Active Service Army School, and to the work of

the Appointments Department of the Ministry of Labor.

AMERICANIZATION

"The war has brought clearly to view the fact that national unity is endangered, not only by illiteracy, which fact has long been recognized, but by diversity of language, with its resulting lack of complete understanding and coöperation," said Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler recently. "No American community should be permitted to substitute any other language for English as the basis or instrument of common school education." The program formulated by the National Committee of One Hundred, appointed by the Commissioner of Education to devise plans for strengthening the public system of education, laid special stress upon the common use of the English language as a means of developing a common understanding and appreciation of American standards, ideals, and responsibilities of citizenship. "Our un-Americanized aliens," said Mr. H. H. Wheaton, chairman of the committee, "are the greatest weakness in our chain, and this weakness has been analyzed in Europe and used against us."

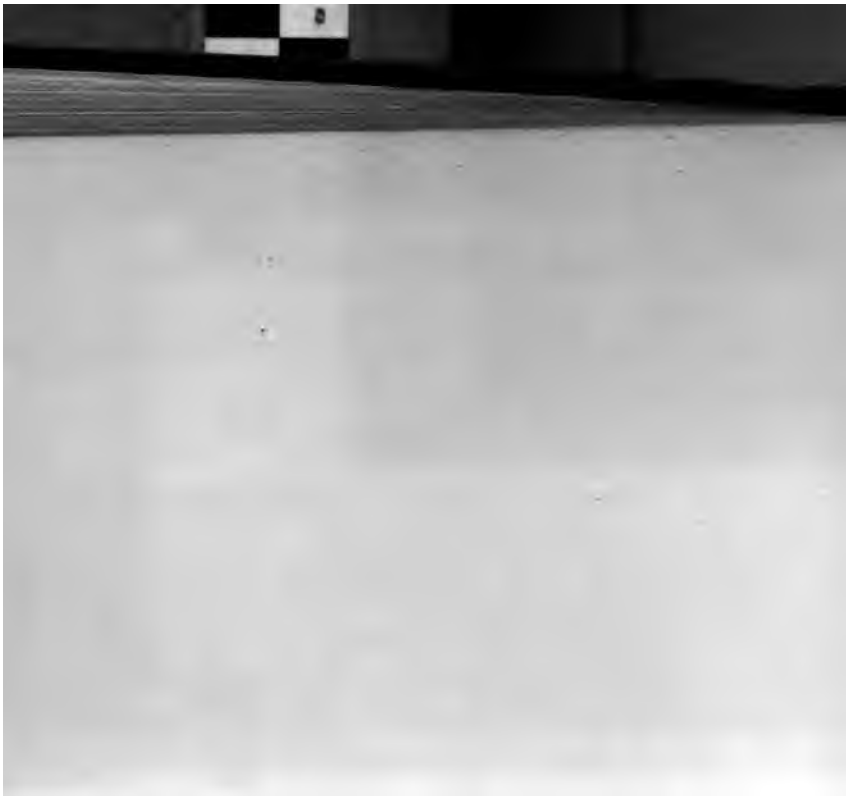
There were in the cantonments thousands of foreign-speaking men who had to learn to understand, read, and give orders in English. For these men the Y.M.C.A. and other organizations established schools, while the camp libraries contributed books. To each camp were sent a number of copies of a book

on elementary English intended for adults. For use as textbooks in the classes the Massachusetts Free Public Library Commission sent to Camp Devens copies of Field's "English for New Americans" and Plass's "Civics for Americans in the Making." The English lessons were largely conversational and were planned as far as possible to center around the daily duties of the men. Faustine and Wagner's "New Reader for Evening Schools, adapted for Foreigners," was found very useful by some librarians. A Pole who could not read or speak a word of English when he arrived at Fort Sam Houston Base Hospital, was able to read the entire book when he left, and had become so attached to it that the librarian made him a present of the copy which he had used so constantly.

"Why do you not come to the library any more for Italian books?" was asked of a swarthy shoemaker attached to a military hospital. "I like very much to read Italian books, but now I am learning to read English," he answered with pride. An officer looking for an interpreter in the same hospital asked a boy who had just received his citizenship papers, "Are you an Italian?" "No, Sir," came the quick response, "I am an American, but I speak Italian."

Before the foreign-born soldier can read or speak English he must be supplied with books in his own language. Therefore the camp libraries contained books in Yiddish, Polish, Lithuanian, French, Italian, German, Scandinavian, Russian, Chinese, Lettish, and many other tongues. One request forward

A.L.A. HOSPITAL LIBRARY, NEWPORT NEWS, VA.



The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS
U . S . A

been given a copy of De Amicis's "Cuore," requested an Italian second reader. He said that he had been to school in Italy, but had never been to an American school. He rejected Miss O'Brien's "English for Foreigners," but was much pleased with Baldwin's "Second Reader." Books in Italian and Polish were requisitioned for the use of patients in the hospitals at Camp Hancock who could scarcely speak English and could not read it at all.

At Camp MacArthur the books in Spanish, French, Modern Greek, Italian, Russian, Roumanian, Yiddish, and Polish were in constant use. One bright young Pole told the librarian that his wife and two children were in that part of Poland invaded by Germany, and that he had not heard from them since the beginning of the war. He had enlisted in the hope of helping toward a free Poland. His father had told him, he said, that some day Poland must be free, and that he must do his part. A request for a small collection of books in Arabic was accompanied by the statement that there were over a hundred men in the camp who could use these books and who had previously been accustomed to borrow them from the Milwaukee Public Library. One of the men suggested the desirability of a Bible and some of the classics in Arabic. A list of Hebrew and Yiddish books, compiled by some of the soldiers at Camp Gordon and sent in by the librarian as a recommendation for purchase, represented some of the best and most popular authors in this class of literature.

"No read Englis," said a patient voice, brokenly, in response to the offer of an illustrated weekly. "Read Italiano?" ventured the hospital librarian. The tragic look disappeared and the man smiled when he was given the New York daily *Il Progresso Italiano* and one of the "romanzas" which every Italian holds dear. The librarian asked him whether he had fought in Italy. "In France," he replied, "in the American Army."

Two lads hobbled up to the library truck at Camp Dix. The first hunted for a "good love story," while the second, after much hesitation, picked out a thin volume which he showed to his companion a bit sheepishly. "That's right, buddy, you'll like that," said the first. It was Roberts's "English for Coming Americans: Beginners' Course." "He's Russian," explained number one. So the librarian called attention to some Russian stories on the other side of the truck, and with one of these under one arm and the "Beginners' Course" under the other the boy limped back to his cot.

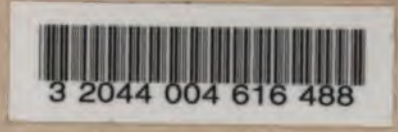
"It is remarkable to note the type of book which interests our foreign-born men," wrote the morale officer at Camp Devens to an official of the Massachusetts Free Public Library Commission. "They seem to be desirous of obtaining the works of the best authors, and appreciate the opportunity of having them available in the camp library, through the efforts of the various auxiliary organizations. I wish that you might be able to bring it to the attention of the Free

Public Library Commission of Massachusetts that the possibility of reading good literature in their native tongue, which has been given to those who read Arabic, Armenian, Finnish, French, Greek, Italian, Lithuanian, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Swedish, and Yiddish, has been of great assistance to the military authorities in maintaining a good spirit among the men, and in developing them mentally while at Camp Devens."

At the Camp Merritt Hospital books in Greek, ancient or modern, and in Polish were asked for. "We had neither," reported the librarian, "but the Greek, who could read some English, took Creasy's 'Fifteen Decisive Battles' and later a history of Greece, which he liked so well that a colored man in the same ward wanted it on his recommendation. The Pole was offered and accepted a translation of Sienkiewicz as a stop-gap, and when he returned it, we had received some Polish newspapers, at which his face lighted up with pleasure."

In the surgical ward of the Base Hospital at Camp Dix was a laconic Swede from the ammunition train. Pointing to his disabled leg, he stated his case briefly: "I was trying to break a horse; he break me." While laid up he wanted books, not on horse-breaking, but on electrical engineering.

"Have yez anny books by George Birmingham?" the hospital librarian at Camp Dix was asked. Promising a book by that author for the next morning, she stopped to jot down the request and copy



This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

DUE DEC 12 1919

DUE MAR 2 1920

DUE MAR 8 1920

DUE MAR 20 1920

DUE AUG 25 1920